

THE STORY OF ● ●
ROYAL WINDSOR

A black and white silhouette of Windsor Castle, showing its various towers and battlements. A flag flies from a tall pole on the left side of the main tower. The castle is set against a light, textured background.

Albert Lee

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE STORY OF ROYAL WINDSOR



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE BROOKS, ETON.

THE STORY OF ROYAL WINDSOR

BY
ALBERT LEE

Author of "England's Sea Story," &c., &c



LONDON

JARROLD AND SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E C

All Rights Reserved.

PREFACE.

THIS STORY OF ROYAL WINDSOR would probably never have been written had it not been for a public utterance by the Vicar of Windsor—the Rev. J. H. J. Ellison. Preaching before the Mayor and Corporation some months ago, he spoke of Windsor Castle as “more widely known than any other building in the world. Men living far away have been familiar with its outline from their earliest years. The picture of Windsor Castle hangs on the walls of their farms and ranches out on the South African veldt, or the back blocks of Australia, and when they come home to England, Windsor Castle is one of the places they must see.”

The Vicar endeavoured to convince those who belong to the Royal Borough of the necessity of promoting a sense of patriotism, and in the minds of the youth of the town and county particularly. Thousands visit the place, coming from every quarter of the world, and these should be shown “a population proud of the history of the town, and looking upon itself as the custodian of one of the central shrines of the British Empire.”

Then came the suggestion that “a place is waiting . . . for the man who shall write a simple history of the town suitable for use as a reading book in our Elementary Schools.”

As the outcome of the Vicar’s sermon, I was

approached, and it was my sincere pleasure to write the book. Now I send it forth—a contribution which serves to display a story not to be paralleled, perhaps, in connection with any other place the wide world over.

I have endeavoured to write a book for “all sorts and conditions of men”; for the youth of Windsor and the surrounding counties, as the Vicar suggested; for the citizens of the town; and for those thousands who visit a place which has so unique a history.

I owe my sincerest thanks to the Hon. John W. Fortescue, the King’s Librarian at Windsor Castle, for making it possible for me to consult books, without which I could never have produced this story.

I am also indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Canon Dalton, of St. George’s Chapel, in giving me information which seemed to be peculiarly his own.

As for the many and valuable illustrations which embellish the book, I am under great obligation to Mr. Arthur E. Goddard, the Editor of the *Lady’s Pictorial*, and to Alderman A. T. Barber. Mr. Barber was singularly kind, for he gave me permission to use for my purpose any of the pictures which are in his valuable and unique collection at “The King’s Head Museum,” in Church Street.

The photographs from which the blocks were prepared were taken by Messrs. Russell, of Windsor.

ALBERT LEE.

Windsor.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
PREFACE - - -	vii.
I. THE GREAT MOUND - -	1
II. WINDSOR'S ROMAN MASTERS -	12
III. THE ROUND TABLE . -	18
IV. "THE SPOTLESS KING" -	28
V. WINDSOR'S EARLY DAYS - -	36
VI. WINDSOR AFTER THE CONQUEST	45
VII. A TURBULENT REIGN - -	58
VIII. A TREACHEROUS PRINCE -	62
IX. THE GREAT DAY AT RUNNYMEAD -	72
X. THE BARONS' WAR - -	78
XI. WHEN HENRY III. WAS KING -	82
XII. BAD DAYS FOR WINDSOR -	92
XIII. HOW WINDSOR GAINED HER CHARTER	98
XIV. THE DAYS OF THE EARLY EDWARDS	105
XV. WINDSOR GREAT FOREST - -	110

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVI. WHEN EDWARD III. WAS KING -	120
XVII. WINDSOR'S PATRON SAINT -	127
XVIII. THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER	134
XIX. WINDSOR'S FAMOUS PRISONERS	145
XX. DARK DAYS - - -	159
XXI. THE FOUNDATION OF ETON COLLEGE	168
XXII. ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL - -	184
XXIII. THE TUDOR KINGS IN WINDSOR	193
XXIV. WHEN ELIZABETH WAS QUEEN -	204
XXV. "THE MELANCHOLY REIGN OF CHARLES I." - -	218
XXVI. RESTORATION AND REVOLUTION	227
XXVII. WHEN ANNE WAS QUEEN -	240
XXVIII. WINDSOR UNDER THE EARLY HANOVERIANS - -	244
XXIX. WHEN "FARMER GEORGE" WAS KING - - -	249
XXX. WINDSOR'S LATER GLORIES -	260

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE BROCAS, ETON <i>Frontispiece</i>	
SHOWING HOW WINDSOR CASTLE STANDS ON THE GREAT MOUND - - - - -	3
THE VIEW FROM THE GREAT MOUND - - - - -	5
THE EAST TERRACE AND GARDENS, WINDSOR CASTLE - -	7
SHOWING HOW WINDSOR CASTLE STAND ON THE GREAT MOUND - - - - -	9
WINDSOR CASTLE : THE RIVER SWEEPING ROUND THE GREAT MOUND - - - - -	15
WINDSOR CASTLE : BIRD'S-EYE VIEW ; THE MOUND IN THE PICTURE SHOWS THE PROBABLE SITE OF KING ARTHUR'S STRONGHOLD WHICH CONTAINED THE ROUND TABLE	21
ROUND TOWER : SUPPOSED SITE OF THE ROUND TABLE. ORIGINAL TOWER PROBABLY BUILT OF TIMBER -	23
THE ROUND TOWER AS IT STANDS TO-DAY - - - - -	25
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE OLDEN TIME	33
THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER - - - - -	41
THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER IN 1826 - - - - -	43
OLD WINDSOR BRIDGE - - - - -	47
THE SOUTH ELEVATION OF WINDSOR CASTLE, BUILT BY HENRY I., EDWARD III., AND HENRY VII. AND VIII. -	49
THE NORTH ELEVATION OF WINDSOR CASTLE AS REBUILT BY EDWARD III., HENRY VII., QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND CHARLES II. - - - - -	51

	PAGE
NORTH-WEST VIEW OF THE ROUND TOWER OF WINDSOR CASTLE, WITH PART OF THE QUEEN'S LODGE -	55
THE CASTLE IN 1793 - - - -	65
MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND: WHERE THE GREAT CHARTER WAS SIGNED - - - - -	73
CASTLE HILL - - - - -	83
AN EXTRACT FROM WINDSOR'S CHARTER - - -	101
WINDSOR GREAT FOREST - - - -	111
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE III. IN THE GREAT FOREST, COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE "COPPER HORSE" -	113
HERNE'S OAK, IN THE GREAT FOREST - - -	117
THE EAST ELEVATION OF WINDSOR CASTLE, AS BUILT BY EDWARD III. - - - - -	123
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, SHOWING PART OF THE CEREMONY OF AN INSTALLATION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER	135
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: ON THE RIGHT ARE THE MILITARY KNIGHTS' QUARTERS - - - - -	143
THE PRISON IN THE CURFEW TOWER - - -	147
THE NORMAN GATEWAY—THE PRISON OF JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND AND MANY OTHER FAMOUS PRISONERS IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE MOAT GARDEN - -	155
ETON COLLEGE: QUADRANGLE AND STATUE OF THE FOUNDER, HENRY VI. - - - - -	171
ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE SLOUGH ROAD - - -	175
ETON, FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS. TIME, 1840 -	177
ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE RIVER - - - -	181
ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: WEST FRONT - - -	187
THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL. ORIGINALLY HENRY VII.'S TOMB-HOUSE - - - - -	189
CHOIR AND ORGAN OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WITH THE BANNERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER -	191

	PAGE
HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY ON THE LEFT. TIME, EARLY VICTORIAN - - - - -	197
OLD HOUSE; IN CHURCH STREET, HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY IN THE DISTANCE. NELL GWYNNE'S HOUSE ON THE RIGHT, AND THE KING'S HEAD MUSEUM - -	199
THE GREAT TERRACE: IN ITS PRESENT FORM IT IS KNOWN AS THE NORTH TERRACE. THE TWO TOWERS FORM PART OF THE NORMAN GATEWAY - -	207
THAMES STREET IN THE OLDEN TIME - - -	211
TOWN HALL. - - - - -	213
WINDSOR PARISH CHURCH - - - - -	215
THE GRAND QUADRANGLE, WITH EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHARLES II. - - - - -	229
THE LONG WALK - - - - -	233
THE TOWN HALL, PRESENT DAY, SHOWING T.M. KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA RIDING THROUGH THE TOWN - - - - -	235
WINDSOR CASTLE AND TOWN. SOUTH-WEST VIEW. TIME, 1785 - - - - -	245
THE MASONIC HALL, USED BY THE BRETHREN OF THE "WINDSOR CASTLE" LODGE - - -	247
EAST FRONT. TIME, ABOUT 1820. HIS MAJESTY'S APARTMENTS - - - - -	251
THE GRAND STAIRCASE: ABOUT 1839 - - -	253
STATE ENTRANCE, IN GRAND QUADRANGLE, AT THE TIME OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION - - -	255
THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, 1781. NOW DEMOLISHED -	257
WINDSOR CASTLE: VIEW FROM LIBRARY WINDOW -	261
WINDSOR CASTLE: NORTH FRONT -	263
QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY - -	265

THE STORY OF ROYAL WINDSOR

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT MOUND.

IN the days gone by, long before men wrote the world's story, and when indeed the art of writing had not been dreamed of, a huge chalk mound stood on the edge of a mighty forest. Round the great base a broad stream rolled, going slowly in the days of summer, but moving furiously when the winter snows were melting, and the land was soddened with incessant rain. It was a mound without a name, a place without a story, a desolate spot visited by savage beasts, or made the eyrie of the still more savage men who hunted them.

The great chalk cliff stands there to-day, no longer desolate and deserted, and skirted at its base by a sullen stream, but made glorious by the story that has gathered concerning it in the course of many centuries—a story of heroic deeds and tragedies, alternating with scenes of pomp and chivalry, of feasts and tournaments, centered as it were on this now historic mound, on which stands

“the grey old fortress and its towers and crenellated walls,” where kings were born, held courts and councils—the stately home of a sovereign of the greatest empire the world has ever known.

The grey-walled palace, from whose Round Tower floats the Royal Standard of England, is Windsor Castle. The town which gathers about its walls is known of men the whole world over. The county on the borders of whose rich foliated landscape the stately pile stands, is Royal Berkshire. One gazes at the chalk cliff to-day, and the palace is so great and beautiful that the hope of Shakespeare comes :

“That it may stand till the perpetual doom.”

When men now mount on the castle tower and look abroad, they gaze upon a scene of perfect beauty. The winding Thames glides tranquilly between its green and shadowy banks, shining like a ribbon of burnished silver. Across the valley one sees the distant hills covered with forest trees. Nearer yet in the midst of the great sweep of meadow-land, the old red and grey building of Eton displays itself, peeping out from among the elms, and willows, and chestnuts. One recalls the words of the poet Gray, when he pictures the magnificent prospect :

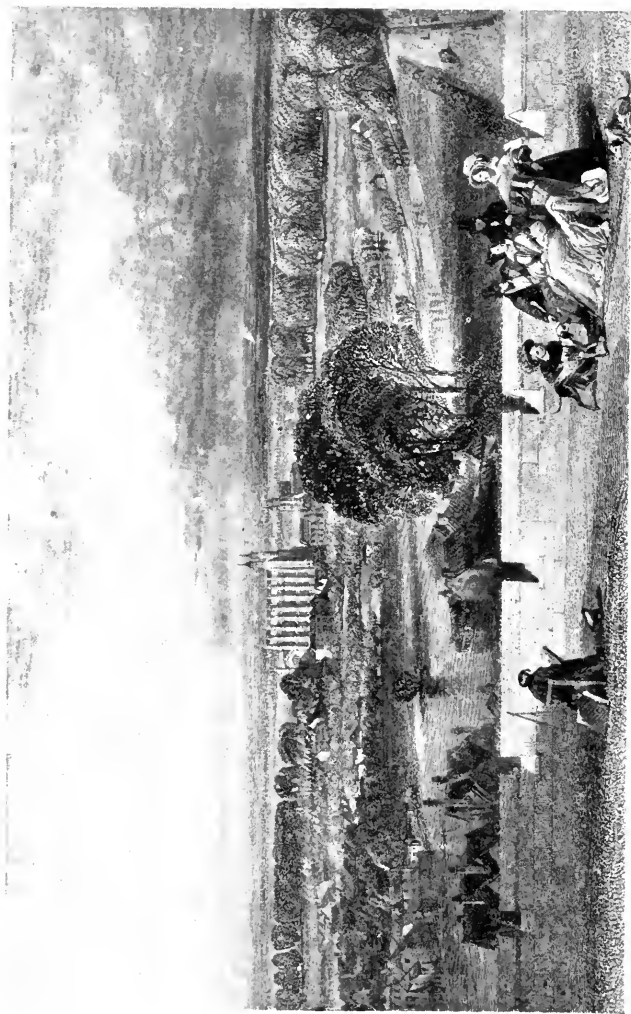
“From the stately brow
Of Windsor’s heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.”

The man who hunted in the country round about in the prehistoric days, and sometimes climbed the great hill where few trees grew, saw no such scene as this. The romantic river as we know it now does not resemble that mighty stream which then swept on and on towards the sea. In winter, when the snows were melting, and great slabs of ice like floating islands moved on the waters, and the heavy rains were deluging the land, filling the air with the monotonous swishing sound of the continuous down-pour on the foliage, the river was so wide and turbulent that the most reckless swimmer feared to breast the stream to swim from bank to bank.

Yet when summer came, while the waters had lost their sweeping force, and moved but slowly onwards, there were vast marshes where the ground lay flat and low, where the rhinoceros wallowed in muddy pools, and dense rushes and reeds became the home of flocks of water-fowl.

The savage saw other things than can be seen to-day, when he gazed from the summit of the mound, here into Surrey, there into Buckinghamshire, and into Berkshire. The broad meadows, starred with summer flowers, the winding silver stream, and the clump of elms in the Brocas were not there. He saw instead an immense forest, so dense as to be impassable in many parts, with open spaces here and there, and glades which broke the mass of foliage. It was a country full of tangled jungle and trees, but quite as full of wild beauty.

The man himself who gazed in all directions, was strange to look upon, hairy, and without clothes,



THE VIEW FROM THE GREAT MOUND.
(*North Terrace in the foreground, Fleet in the distance.*)

who did not build a home for himself since, with his wife and children, he was for ever on the move, chasing the great creatures that roamed the forest, and were no more savage than himself. To-day this hunter is called a Paleolithic man, or the man of stone, since every weapon he used was made of the stones and flints he found about him, roughly chipped into shape, and fastened to cleft sticks which served for handles.

When the man walked down the slopes, to look for his wife and little ones, perhaps to tell them that in the far distance he had seen a mammoth, or an elk, or a herd of wild oxen, he turned his way towards a tree in the branches of which the family had slept in the night, out of the reach of the wild beasts. It was all the home he had, save when in winter-time he found a cave or some deep hollow, scooped out to shelter him and his from the blinding wind and snow, or pelting rain. The life he led was that of a savage of the lowest order. The food was eaten raw, since he knew nothing about the kindling of a fire.

But in time this man, and all the others of his kind died out, and in Royal Berkshire and elsewhere, new men came. It may be that they were descendants of the others who had become somewhat civilised, changing their habits, and in every way advancing. They are called Neolithic men, or new stone men, from the Greek word *Neos*, which means new. Their tools and weapons were made of stone, but they were better shaped. They took the trouble to make them ornamental, and polished them.

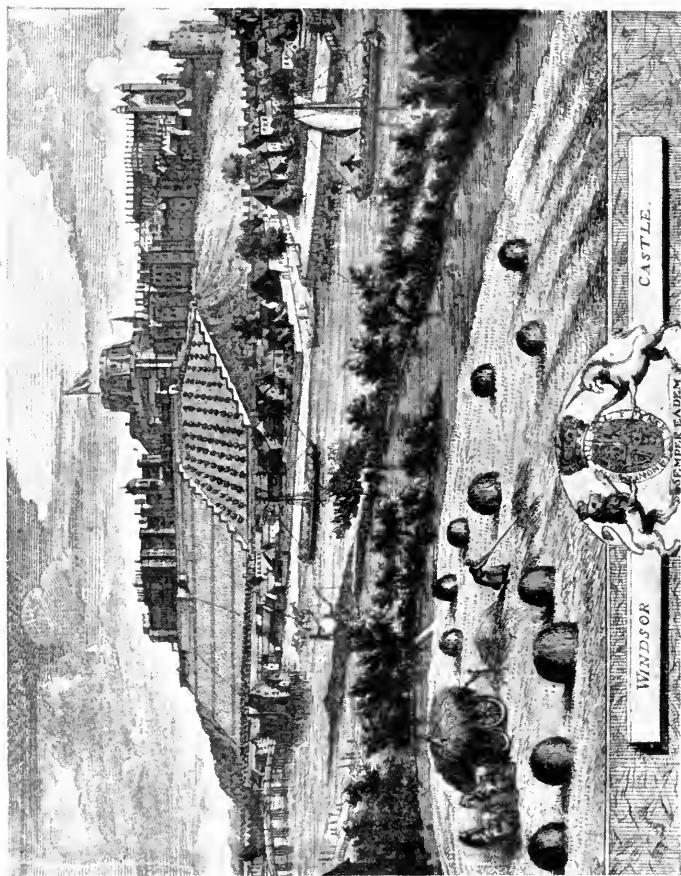


THE EAST TERRACE AND GARDENS, WINDSOR CASTLE.

There was a change, moreover, in the habits of these later men who came at times to gaze across the land from the height of that great mound where Windsor was some day to be built. The early stone man was an unsociable creature, who never troubled himself about his neighbours, who was bent on getting food, and had no care for other things. The new stone man began to have dealings with others. He did not like the lonely life, and consequently went to live with the others, who, when they found a place to their liking, began to build huts, and formed a village. Then they chose one of their number to be their chieftain. One can imagine such a village being built on the Windsor mound, from whence the people could go to the river to fish for a change of food.

In some way never yet explained, the Neolithic men discovered how to make tools of bronze instead of stone, and later still of iron.

It was a discovery which served them well in dangerous days. War was their chief occupation, for circumstances left them no choice. Men from a distant land were looking for another home. Crossing the sea from Europe came warriors by thousands, a strong race whose trade was war, and having gone through Kent and other districts in the south with sword and fire, and sweeping up the Thames, travelling on either side of the broad stream, they reached Windsor's mighty mound, and took possession of it for themselves. From its summit they saw the land they had come to conquer, the forests of Berkshire, the lowlands and open



SHOWING HOW WINDSOR CASTLE STANDS ON THE GREAT MOUND.

spaces of Buckinghamshire, the river-swept districts of Surrey, and went away to master the people there.

These invaders were the Celts, some of whom would go no farther, since they saw that Windsor was a pleasant place to dwell in.

They were a finer race in every way than those whom they had conquered ; tall and large-limbed, blue-eyed, and fair-haired. They were known as *Goidels* ; but in time the *Brythons* followed, and being more capable men, better armed, and better fighters, they drove out the Goidels, and settled down in the territory they had won. Gradually we find the name of Briton used instead of Brython, and we can well suppose that the land they conquered was in time called Britain.

We now come to a time when dates begin to tell ; to a time fixed as being some five hundred years before the Romans came with Julius Cæsar. These tribes settled around the great Windsor cliff, some of their number spreading away into Buckinghamshire and elsewhere. Gradually they gathered flocks and became herdsmen. Desiring to have dealings with those who dwelt in other districts, they passed and re-passed, between the various places, until they beat down a sheepwalk through the forest and open country, but in time these narrow winding paths broadened into roads with the constant traffic. Such a change was going on, not in Berkshire only, but in every part of Britain.

The Britons of Berkshire were not the savages we are led to suppose by the old Roman writers. They

were the Atrabates, and the Thames served to separate them from their fiercer neighbours, the Duboni, who were on the other side of the Thames, in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire. Cæsar called them painted savages, but in reality they were so advanced in civilisation four hundred years before that one traveller says he saw them growing corn, and doing many things which savages would not do. They had a coinage, and were skilful in many trades, as well as dwellers in houses built of timber and reeds. It is true that they tattooed, but English sailors also do such a thing to-day, and are not counted as savages.

Such were the men of Windsor; the men who dwelt on and around the mound which was to become famous as Royal Windsor.

CHAPTER II.

WINDSOR'S ROMAN MASTERS.

WHY Julius Cæsar came to Britain it is not easy to say. Doubtless he desired to add to his glory as a Roman "the romance of a brilliant adventure," while for his excuse to the Senate at Rome, he wrote to say that the people of the island were giving him trouble by helping the Gauls whom he was conquering.

The day came when he was free to punish the Britons for assisting his enemies, and in B.C. 55 he carried an army across the Channel, and landing in Britain, found what he did not expect, some desperately hard fighting. The invasion was not a success, and when the Britons sued for peace, Cæsar, not finding himself strong enough in numbers to conquer the land, agreed to terms, and returned to Gaul, as France was then called. The next year he brought over a very great army, and after some of the fiercest fighting he had ever known, he succeeded in driving back the Britons into the forests.

After resting awhile, to give his soldiers time to regain their strength, Cæsar marched northwards across the Surrey downs, forcing the enemy back continually, until he came to the Thames and found

himself in Berkshire. There is a tradition that just outside of Windsor, on the road which lies between Forest Gate and Ascot, at a point where three trees now stand close by the ditch, the valiant British chieftain, Caswallon, or Cassivelaunus, stood and spoke to his warriors before he led them against the Romans who were marching into Berkshire.

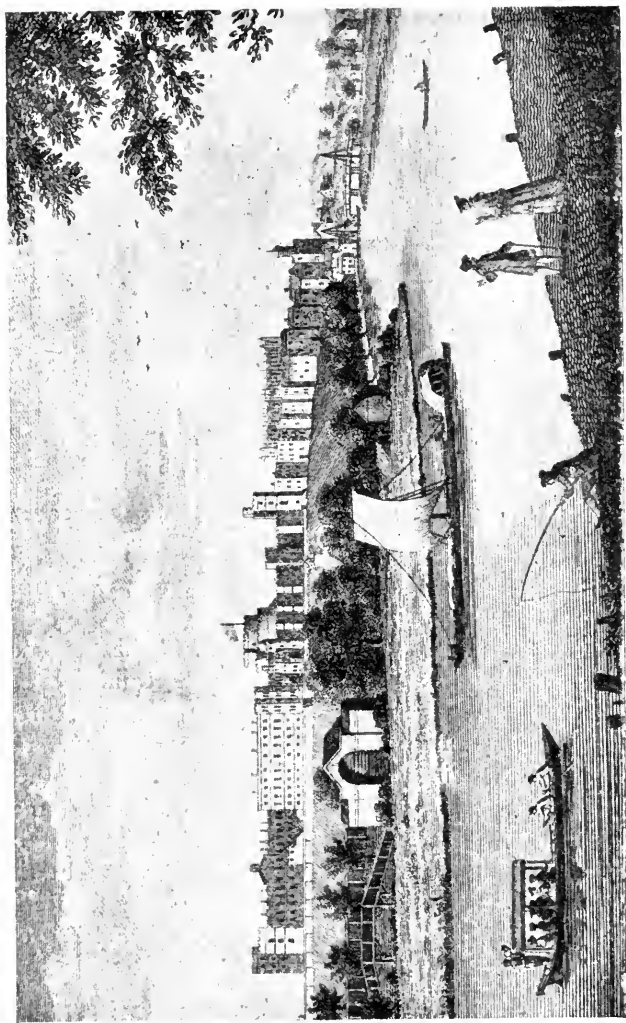
At that time it was all forest and marsh, where Cassivelaunus had driven his herds of cattle, and brought his women and children. The fight which followed was heroic. The Britons fought against an overwhelming army, until they fell back on the great heaps of slain; until they could fight no more and had to sue for peace. Great general that Cæsar was, he did not feel equal to the task of conquering the Britons without a greater army than he had. Yet he wrote a letter to the Senate of Rome, in which he said: "I came. I saw. I conquered." That last assertion was not true, for the Britons were not a conquered people. They were beaten in so many fights that they asked for peace, but they were not subdued. Nearly a hundred years went by before the Romans were ready to face the Britons again.

The second attempt was made in A.D. 43. The work of conquest was a prolonged one, but once achieved, the Romans held the land for nearly four hundred years. To overawe the Atrabates—the Britons of Berkshire—who did not seem to know when they were beaten, the conquerors built a strong walled city, known to us as Silchester, but called by them Calleva Atrebatum. The walls were three miles round, and were strongly fortified, while the city

itself, which contained many fine buildings, an amphitheatre for gladiatorial sports, and splendid baths, was full of narrow streets.

There is little to tell of the story round about Windsor, or of any of the doings in Berkshire. One can imagine the marching of the legions, or Roman regiments of soldiers, along the splendid roads which ran through the country, straight as an arrow, never turning aside, either for valleys, or hills, or marshes. There were also the old British roads, not worthy to be compared with those laid down by the conquerors, but interesting, and running through some beautiful bits of country. There was, for instance, a Celtic path running from Marlow through Cookham, straight through Maidenhead Thicket, Bray, and St. Leonard's Hill, and then through Old Windsor to Staines, across Runnymede. The Romans used it, but did not spend much labour on it, being only careful to keep the great roads in repair.

When the conquest was complete, rich Romans in the cities began to build country villas, to which they went when they wanted a holiday, and throughout Berkshire there are many remains of the homes of these conquerors. Spots so beautiful as those near the banks of the Silver Thames would naturally have a charm for the wealthy Romans who, as time went on, had nothing to fear from the Atrabates. The conquered people were not eager to go into the cities. They knew that if they did they would be little better than slaves, scarcely better than cattle, since the Romans always so treated those who were



WINDSOR CASTLE : THE RIVER SWEEPING ROUND THE GREAT MOUND.

their servants. But in the country they had a certain liberty, and could move about with a certain amount of freedom, just as they pleased. Now and again they went into one of the cities to see the games in the amphitheatre, to watch the fights there in the arena between wild beasts, or between the gladiators, whose trade it was to fight. On the whole they liked most to live in their own country villages, and be busy in the fields among the flocks, or in looking after the crops, as they did before they dreamt of the coming of the Romans. Some of the Britons of Berkshire, like those who dwelt elsewhere, became Romanised ; that is to say, they copied the Romans in their ways, lived like them, and being rich, became masters of beautiful villas. They had their slaves, and bought the luxuries that came from Rome and the far-off East.

Many remains of the Romans are found from time to time in the Thames Valley, especially on the Windsor side of the river. Round about Windsor are hidden burial grounds which the Romans used, and remains of Roman houses, all covered with earth. In the course of the four hundred years in which the Romans were in Britain, the Britons imitated their conquerors in so many things that nearly all that they had done before was forgotten. The owners of the great dye works in Calleva or Silchester, bought the wool from the shepherds whose flocks fed on the Berkshire Downs, but the numbers of the shepherds grew less and less.

Trouble came to Rome in the fourth century. The men of Northern Europe poured into the sunny

lands of Italy, burning the towns and villages, destroying the crops, and killing men, women, and children without pity. So terrible were these men, and so great were their armies, that the Romans seemed helpless. Anxious to save Rome from being ruined, the Emperor called his legions, or armies, from the most distant parts of the Empire to guard the capital.

Among the soldiers thus called back to Rome were those who were in Britain.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROUND TABLE.

WHEN the last Roman soldier left Britain the people found themselves face to face with a task before which the stoutest-hearted might well quail, yet not deserve the name of coward. The Picts and Scots, warlike tribes on the other side of the northern border, swarmed into the country as soon as they heard that the Romans had gone. They were tremendous fighters ; indeed, war was the one trade they followed, and their greatest delight was to meet their enemies and slaughter them. Their chief boast was as to how many men and women they had slain.

Armed with light javelins or spears, or tremendous swords, and carrying shields made of wicker-work or skins of cattle, they came pouring into Britain by thousands, going everywhere, and even getting as far south as Berkshire. One may well imagine that some of them stood on the mound where Windsor Castle stands to-day, and looked round to see whether there were any villages they could burn, and any cattle they could drive away. When they had become so burdened with plunder that they

could carry no more, they hurried back with their booty before the Britons could gather an army to pursue them.

At last one of the British chieftains named Vortigern, ruler of that part of Britain which is now occupied by London, and Essex, and Kent, called some of the other princes together, and after a long and anxious conference, it was decided to invite the aid of some Saxon pirates, or freebooters, to come and drive back the men who were ruining the country.

The Saxons were men who made war their trade, on land or ocean. Camden, the old chronicler, has this couplet in his book as to how the Saxons got their name :

“The Saxon people did, as most believe,
Their name from SAXA, a short sword, receive.”

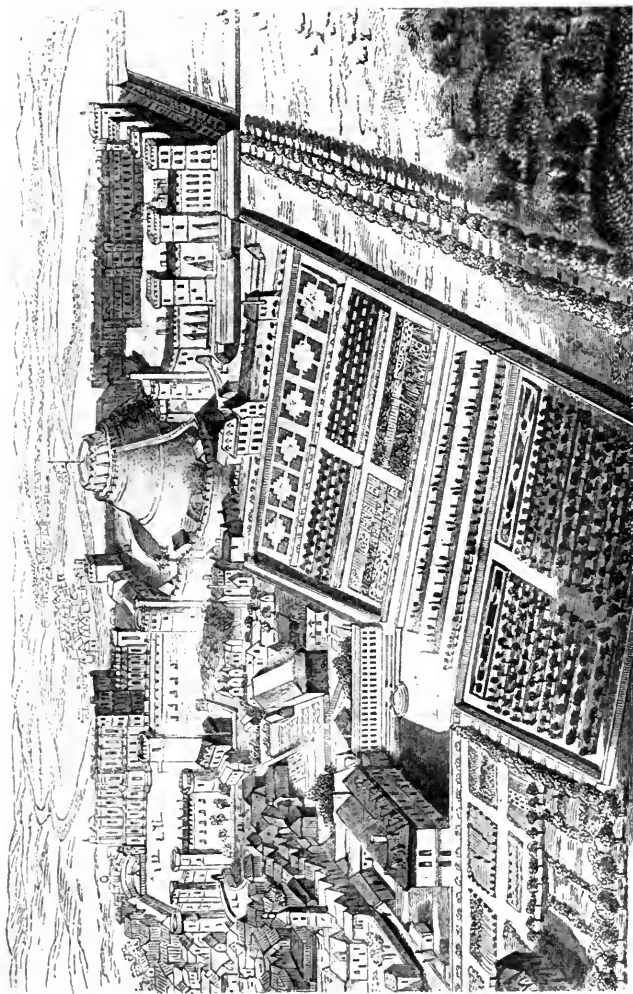
These Saxons consented at once, and began without delay to call in their fellow-countrymen from every quarter where they were to be found. Messengers went in all directions to tell of the wish of the Britons, and soon there was an army of Saxons in the land. In a short time the Picts and Scots were driven back into Scotland with terrible slaughter. When the work was done the payment was honourably made.

It was then that the Britons discovered what a mistake they had made in asking others to fight their battles for them. The Saxons saw as they marched through the land, while driving the enemy through Berkshire into the Midlands, and then

farther and farther north, what beauty and riches there were in the land. They then determined that they would win the land for themselves, and thought it would be an easy conquest. Some of their number had taken their pay and had gone, but those who remained sent to them to return and help in the conquest. The others came in their thousands to play their part. Before long the name of Saxon became one of terror to the startled Britons. The sea-pirates were men of great stature, cruel, and dangerous enemies who laughed at the perils of the ocean, and delighted in storms, and in battles. They were the sort of men who seemed to be made for conquering other lands.

They found at first that the Britons were easy to beat, but in time the people of the land not only plucked up courage, but learnt the way to fight. They became such fine soldiers at last, that in spite of the overwhelming numbers of the Saxons, who kept pouring into the country, it took no less than two hundred years for the whole land to be won.

In connection with this great struggle, the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table has been told. Of course nearly all that is said about this king is legend; a marvellous story of which much is untrue. One writer says that this famous British King not only beat back the Saxons, but began to build the noble tower at Windsor, and there instituted the so-called Round Table. At the best he could have been nothing more than a petty King of the Silures, one of the British tribes; but some declare that he not only became King of all



WINDSOR CASTLE: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

(The mound in the picture shows the probable site of King Arthur's stronghold which contained the Round Table.)

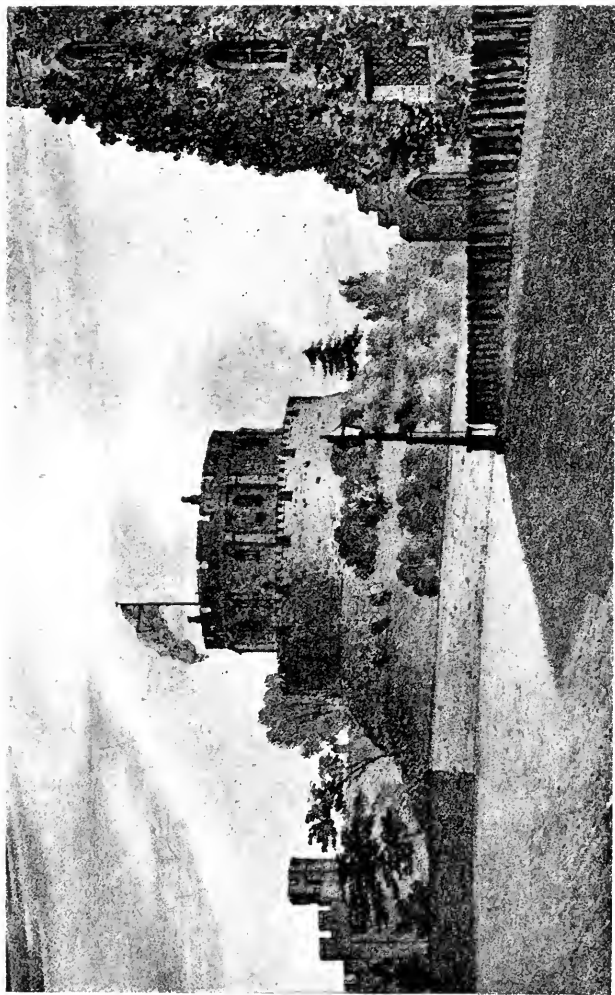
Britain because of his prowess and knightly deeds, but swept back the would-be conquerors, and thus enabled the Britons to maintain their independence for many years. Writers tell us more than this. They say that he took his soldiers across the sea, and conquered France, Norway, and Denmark, which no one believes, and that at his coronation feast at Caerleon, the Kings of Scotland were present, which is probable. They go on to say that there was no prince of any price on this side of Spain who was not there.

This much may be certain, that when Arthur came to the throne, the country bore the appearance of ruin. Tennyson, in his poem called "The Idylls of the King," says :—

" And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast ;
So that wild dog, and wolf, and boar, and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallowed in the gardens of the King.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children, and devour."

This shows how the Saxons destroyed the land while making war against the Britons, and what a need there was for some great chief to rise and call upon the people to drive out the enemy that was spoiling the land.

One takes full notice of this famous British King because of the suggestion that it was he who first made warlike use of the mound on which Windsor



ROUND TOWER : SUPPOSED SITE OF THE ROUND TABLE.

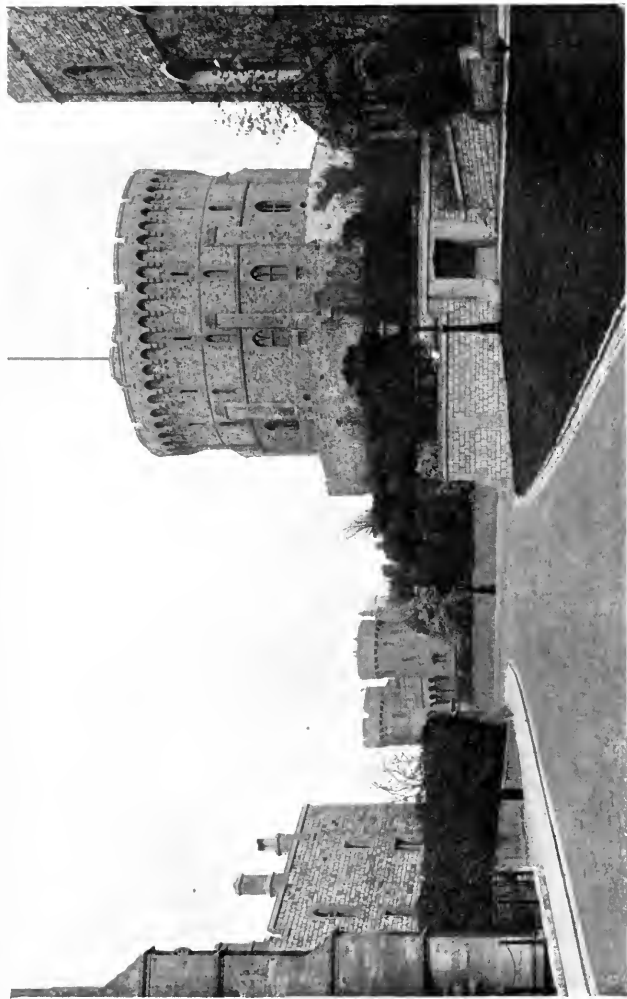
(Original tower probably built of timber.)

stands to-day. Men seemed to have loved him for his noble character as much as for his greatness, and when he died there was great mourning in the land. One old writer says of him that he was "the greatest, richest, most powerful, glorious, and successful monarch that ever reigned in the world." If all were true that is said about him, there never was such a warrior; for the story runs that against the Saxons he fought as many as twelve fiercely contested battles, and was victorious in them all. The twelfth, which was on Mount Badon in A.D. 520, was the most terrible of them all, for Arthur, with his magic sword called Excalibur, was everywhere on the field, and slew that day no less than 960 men!

The old historians tell us that after Arthur's victories the Saxons feared to face him, so that for the rest of his days the land had peace. Then his renown was so spoken of throughout the other lands that many famous knights came to Britain that they might learn from him the true art of war. He was esteemed the world's

"ideal knight,
Who revered his conscience as his King;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it.
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

It is said that he held his Court in Windsor, and that out of those who came to him, the king selected a certain number—some say four and twenty—of the most valiant, and formed them into an Order of



THE ROUND TOWER AS IT STANDS TO-DAY.

Knighthood. "To prevent jealousy as to priority of place when they met together at meat, Arthur caused a round table to be made, whereat none could be thought to sit higher or lower than another ; and thus they were called the Knights of the Round Table."

Edward III., like many others, believed that this table was placed in a building on the mound where the Round Tower now stands. Being, like most British buildings, of wood, the place decayed in the course of hundreds of years, and left no trace behind it.

Putting aside legend such as this, then of actual history there is much which shows how valiantly the men of Berkshire withstood their Saxon enemies. For a long time the invaders fought hard to subdue the tribes who lived in the country between Berkshire and the sea, but one tribe went down after another, and the Saxons came nearer and nearer to Windsor. They seem to have come into Berkshire from every quarter. The Thames, broad as it was, did not hinder them, and on the land side they poured down the hills and into the plains.

The splendid defence broke down at last. The fighting men among the Britons were either killed, or, finding resistance useless, they fled, first burying their money and whatever things of value they possessed and could not carry away. Then they escaped into the forests and marshes to hide their valuables, while they thought of a place where they might find a new home. Many crossed the river into Oxfordshire, where the Saxons had not yet

gone, but few had courage to return for their hidden money, lest the Saxons should slay them or make them slaves.

The conquerors swept through Berkshire, burning and pillaging as they went. When they passed through a village where the people dared to fight, they put it to the flames, and slew the inhabitants without mercy, or flung them into the flames of the burning houses.

There was no fiercer fighting anywhere than in this Thames-bordered district. The struggle here went on for more than forty years, and not until A.D. 519 were the conquerors able to establish the kingdom of the West Saxons, which was made up of the present counties of Berkshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Dorsetshire, and the Isle of Wight.

Even then the dauntless Britons would not accept defeat. More than one place was recaptured, like Wallingford, and held for a long time. But the Saxons brought great armies, and drove out or slew the brave defenders.

CHAPTER IV.

“THE SPOTLESS KING.”

CERDIC, a chieftain from whom Edward VII. is descended, made the Saxon conquest of Berkshire complete, and became the first King of the West Saxons. This kingdom was better known as Wessex. Windsor, belonging to Berkshire, has the glory of having formed a part of a kingdom which grew in the course of centuries, as Freeman, the historian, tells us, into England, England into the United Kingdom, and the United Kingdom into the British Empire. “Before the prowess of the men of Wessex all other kingdoms went down, and that kingdom became the chief among them all.”

Throughout the centuries in which this struggle lasted, Berkshire and Oxfordshire became the great battle-ground. The armies of the contending Saxons crossed and re-crossed the Thames. Sometimes the men of Mercia came over the river to fight the men of Wessex, and battles waged which ended in thousands lying dead on the field. How many times the great mound on which Windsor Castle stands became the place for such a struggle, will never be

known, but we may be sure that many a time the country round Windsor had its full share of bloodshed. It could not fail to do so, since it was divided from the territory of another ambitious king only by the broad and winding river.

Penda, the greatest of the Kings of Mercia, seems to have marched his army along the river banks, and dashing across at some of the fords, marched through Wessex, killing and burning as he went. Then came retaliation. The men of Wessex swept out the Mercians, and crossing the Thames after the flying army, they held the land for many years, until, indeed, Offa became King of Mercia. He was a great fighting monarch, and coming on the Wessex men unawares, drove them across the river with dreadful slaughter. The Thames had scores upon scores of dead bodies floating down its stream.

But the glory of Berkshire centres in King Alfred, who has been called "The Spotless King." By birth he was a Berkshire man, having been born at Wantage in the year 849. He won his fame, not like Cedric, by fighting against Saxons, but against a common foe. Seventeen years before the young prince was born, the Danes, finding that no fleet guarded the shores of England against sea pirates, landed for the sake of pillaging the villages near the coast.

They were the dreaded Vikings, a race of adventurers as lawless and terrible as any that ever sailed on the tossing ocean. They came from the pine forests, the blue fiords or inlets of the sea, and from the lowlands of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark,

and harried every country whose shores were laved by the waters of the great Atlantic. They have been called Rovers of the Sea. They were pirates who wore hoods on which were eagles' wings, and the tusks of walruses. Wherever they landed they destroyed the villages, murdered those who did not know of their coming, and therefore had not fled, robbed and burned the monasteries, and left the monks dead or dying amid the blazing buildings. There came a time when the Danes were not content with merely coming as pirates. They determined to conquer the country, and while they were endeavouring to do this, Alfred was born. Landing on the Hampshire shores, they swept up through the forests into Berkshire, where the fighting was terrible. One wonders how much of it was in the district where Windsor was. The Saxons were in the greatest extremity when Alfred was born. They were becoming hopeless, for the Danes were triumphant everywhere when Alfred, who was only twenty-two at the time, became king. The outlook for the young king, whose palace was in Berkshire, was disheartening, but he was a man with a great heart, and faced his difficulties with a splendid courage.

The supremacy of his kingdom over the others had vanished. Yet every kingdom in the land was desolated by the Danes. The abbeys were sacked, monks murdered, churches, schools, villages, and homesteads were smoking ruins. Nowhere was the desolation greater than in Berkshire, and one may well suppose that all round Windsor the Danes had been as cruel as anywhere.

Although but two-and-twenty, Alfred was already a seasoned warrior. He had been fighting ever since he was a boy, and in the first year of his reign fought as many as nine pitched battles. But they did not end in the defeat of the Danes. Berkshire fell into the hands of the invaders. The enemy then swept through the county from Reading, and came with such ferocity, and in such overwhelming numbers, that Alfred was forced to retreat. Disbanding his discouraged army, he fled to Athelney, in Sedgmoor, at that time all flat land covered with bogs and quagmires, lagoons, and reeds. None knew the way into the marshes except the natives, and they were uninhabitable save where the rising ground formed an island in the midst of slush and mud. It was here that King Alfred found a hiding-place.

Many stories are told concerning Alfred during those hiding-days at Athelney, some of them true, but most of them fable. One does not need to tell the well-worn story of the cakes that were burnt in the herdsman's hut ; but one of the many legends is worth re-telling.

The old Saxon chronicler says, that one day all Alfred's attendants had gone a-fishing, save a favourite servant and the queen. A pilgrim came to the door and asked for food, but there was only one loaf and a little wine in the house. Alfred gave thanks for the little there was, and bade his servant give half to the beggar. When the servant returned from showing the beggar the road, he found the loaf uncut, and the wine all there, although he had just given half of it away. Alfred's retainers came back

after awhile from their fishing, bringing with them more fish than they had ever caught before. None of them had seen the pilgrim come, and they wondered how he had found the entrance to the island.

That night the king lay awake, and saw a light like sunshine, and an old man appeared, dressed as a priest, with a bejewelled book of the gospel in his hand. He blessed the king, who asked the priest his name.

"I am Cuthbert, the soldier of Christ," was the stranger's answer.

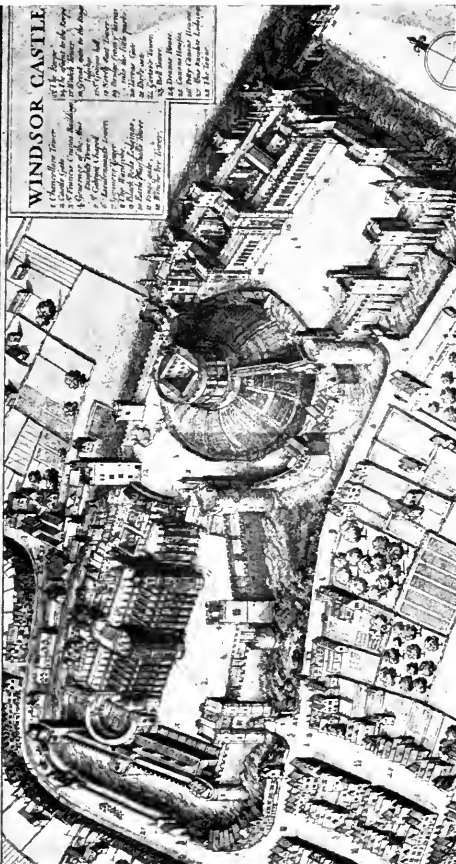
The old man then bade the king be strong, and bold, and joyous, and promised to be a shield to him if he would do as he now told him.

"Say what I shall now do," was the king's ready response.

"Rise, my son, to-morrow, at break of day. Blow thrice the horn, and five hundred men shall appear to do your bidding. Within seven days at your call the Wessex men shall rally round your standard, and your enemies shall be overcome. Lo! God hath given the kingdom to you, and to your son, and to your son's sons after them."

Such is the legend, and whatever may be thought of it, the fact is indisputable, that the king's fortunes changed swiftly. Alfred came out of his hiding-place in the marshes, advanced with an ever-growing army against the Danes, slaughtered them by hundreds, and marching on, met the great army of the enemy at Ethandune, near Trowbridge, and beleaguered the camp, purposing to starve them into

Prospect of the castle from the S.E.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

surrender. In a few days the Danes were eating their horses, and in a fortnight Guthrum, the Danish general, was asking for terms. He was induced to throw aside his paganism, and embrace the Christian faith.

After that famous deed at Ethandune, in 878, Alfred's wars ended. The Danes were not ready to fight with him again, and either settled down as farmers, and peaceful citizens, or sailed away to carry on their piracies elsewhere. It is said that Ethandune was on the borders of Berkshire, if not in it. But whatever other part was played by Englishmen, Berkshire has the glory of being the great battleground whereon England was saved.

When the country found peace, the king began to map out the counties, and Berkshire had its boundaries fixed once for all. It was called Berroc Scyre at the time, but why that name was given to it is a matter of uncertainty. Among many suggestions we find the following : that the name came from the Bibroci, a British tribe that was in the district in the olden days ; another suggestion was, that the name came from two kinds of trees which grew in great quantity in the forest—the berroc, or box, and the beorce, or beech. One other explanation is, that the name came from "Bare Oak" in Windsor Forest, where the Druids were wont to meet on solemn occasions. Some have said that the old name of the badger—the brock—gives the explanation. Whatever the meaning may have been, we know that the name changed gradually, until it came to its present form.

There is an old saying, that when the lion lay dead the jackals returned. It was true with regard to Berkshire's story. As soon as Alfred died the Danes came back and began their old work of robbery and murder. Berkshire was ravaged terribly. In 1006 they marched through the country, burning Wallingford and Reading. What else they would have done it is impossible to say, but Ethelred II., cowardly and irresolute, bought off the Danes, and since they sailed away the land had peace for a time. In 1013 they were back again, more cruel than before, going through the land with fire, murdering and pillaging everywhere, destroying what was left of Wallingford, Abingdon, and Oxford. From thence they marched to Staines. In doing so they would go past Windsor.

Filled with dismay, Ethelred fled to Normandy, and Sweyn, the leader of the Danes, made himself King of England. Canute, Sweyn's son, came to the throne when his father died, and once firmly seated in it, became a great church builder. Every church which had been burnt down when the Danes were invading the land, was rebuilt, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, and the surrounding counties thus becoming filled with newly-built churches. Many a church now standing owes its existence to Canute.

CHAPTER V.

WINDSOR'S EARLY DAYS.

DURING the Danish troubles Windsor did not call for special mention in the wonderful story of the rise of England to greatness, although there was a little village hidden away in the mighty forest which came up to the edge of the great mound where the castle now stands. When we come to the days of the later Saxon kings, then WYNDLESHORA is marked down as a place which the sovereigns loved to visit when they wanted rest, or were eager to take part in the hunting which the forest offered.

The palace at Wyndleshora was not the stately castle which now stands on the summit of the great chalk mound. It was two miles lower down the river, nestling as it were in the forest, near to the beautiful and now historic stream, and far removed from the great road which ran straight through the country, from north to south. None could reach the picturesque timber hunting-lodge in any way but by a bridle-path. Sport was abundant, for wild animals were plentiful in the forest—harts and boars

and wolves. Old Windsor, as the village is called to-day, stood all alone, surrounded by "old oaks and elms growing round about as screens."

For one who wanted a few days' sport in the magnificent hunting-grounds of Berkshire, Wyndleshora was an ideal centre, and many a time the Saxon palace was gay with the presence of the king and his courtiers. Gradually a town began to form about the palace, which, when it was first built, was a very lonely place. But the houses were little more than mere huts for the foresters to dwell in. Then came better buildings, fit for the courtiers who came down from London with the king. In the days when Harold fought William the Conqueror at Hastings, in 1066, there were at least a hundred clustering about the Royal Lodge.

Edward the Confessor was particularly fond of coming down to this place for the hunting. He loved the old timber palace, which was built so long ago, and yet no one knew by whom. Some said that King Arthur of the Round Table was its builder, and had often lived there, but it may have been nothing more than fable, like so much that is said concerning him.

Many things were said as to the doings at this palace in the Great Forest. Fabyan, one of the old Saxon historians, told of what happened on Easter Monday, in the year 1053. Earl Godwin, the king's father-in-law, was sitting with the king and some of the lords, in what Fabyan calls the Castell of Wynsore. During the dinner the king

said something which convinced the earl that the king believed him guilty of the murder of Edward's brother in the previous reign. Earl Godwin turned to the king and said :

"Sir, as I perceive well, it is told to thee that I should be the cause of thy brother's death ; so might I safely swallow this morsel of bread that I hold here in my hand, as I am guiltless of the deed."

As soon as the earl attempted to swallow the bread, he choked, and died.

The Saxon days were rough and ready. Men were not able to control their passions even in the presence of royalty, and the sons of the dead Earl Godwin were as lawless as any. Thus there is another story told of something which took place at the same palace in the forest, in the year 1065.

"It happened in the presence of King Edward, at Wyndlesore, Tosti, Earl of Northumberland, moved with envy, seized by the hair his brother Harold as he was pledging the king in a cup of wine, and handled him shamefully, to the amazement of all the king's household. Provoked to vengeance at this, Harold seized his brother in his arms, and lifting him up, dashed him with violence against the ground ; on which the soldiers rushed forward from all sides, and put an end to the contest between the famous brothers, and separated them from each other."

Not long before Edward the Confessor died, he gave Old Windsor—the palace and the land, right

on to Staines—to the monks of Westminster, and caused a number of bishops and nobles to write their names on the deed as witnesses to the gift. This was in January, 1066, or, as some place it, at Christmas-time the year before. That same year—1066—William, Duke of Normandy, came over to England with a great army, and fought and won the Battle of Hastings. It ended in a disastrous defeat for Harold, who lay dead on the field, while the Norman, victorious, went through the land, destroying everything where he met with opposition.

The terrible march lay through Surrey, Hampshire, and Berkshire, the army going along the south bank of the Thames until Wallingford was reached. Here William crossed the river, and marched direct on London.

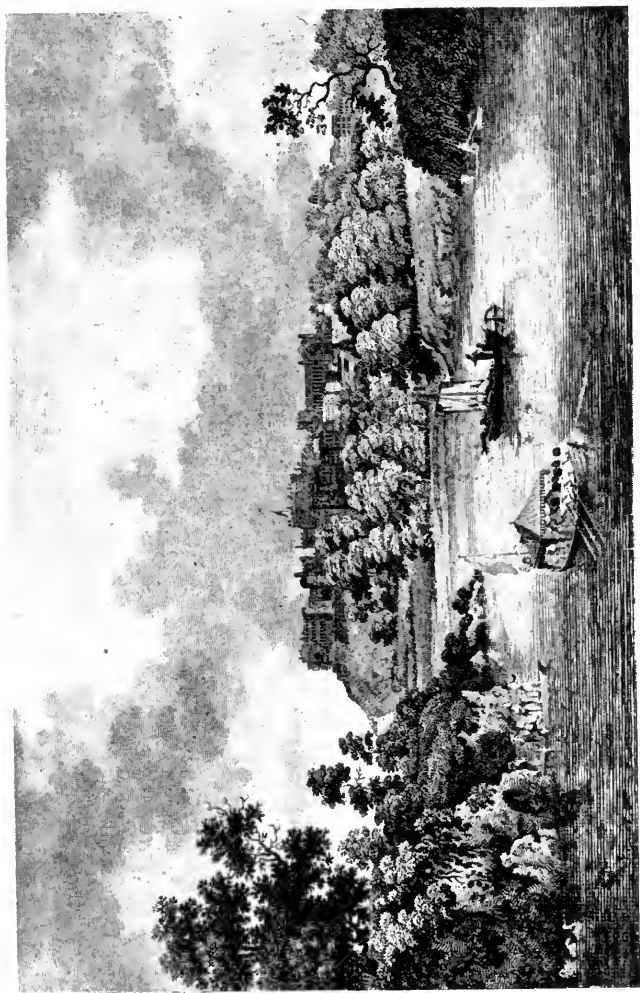
Having conquered England, William began to build castles which would serve to make his position secure. One of these was at Wallingford, the castle which was already there not being deemed sufficiently strong to hold the discontented Saxons in check. It was near enough, so William thought, to terrify the people of London.

When the Conqueror rode to Windsor, thinking to take possession of the palace in the forest, he saw the great chalk mound. His masterly military mind at once comprehended the wonderful advantages which this great hill in the Manor of Clewer afforded. A stronghold erected on the spot which commanded a view of many of the surrounding counties, would enable the owner to watch what was

doing in the district. He had come into possession of the forest palace and its surrounding property by making an exchange with the monks of Westminster, giving them some valuable land that lay in Essex. The reason the Conqueror gave for wanting to make the exchange was, that he desired to possess it because it was a fine hunting-ground, and also because of the pureness of the air, the pleasantness of the situation, and the wood and waters that were near.

Undoubtedly the principal motive in the king's mind was his wish to build a great castle on that hill which stood in Clewer Manor. This manor had been the property of Harold, who was now dead. With this castle in his possession he could keep London in order, and Reading, Oxford, Buckinghamshire, and all Berkshire—all could be easily reached in case of insurrection, which constantly threatened.

There is no description of the castle which William built. Naturally enough it would resemble those strongholds it was the custom of the Normans to build in their own country. One may, therefore, imagine the keep, built on the highest ground, with a great open walled-in space around it. The only entrance to the citadel was by means of a very steep flight of stone steps, twisting in all directions, and so placed that none could mount them without being exposed to the merciless rain of arrows and other missiles from the defenders above. One cannot imagine a man living sufficiently long in the terrific storm of arrows and stones and boiling oil to reach the entrance to the keep, and



THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

there begin to break in the door with his battle-axe. If the defenders were brave, the citadel might well defy the enemy, and they would only yield to starvation or treachery.

This windowless place, the walls of which were only broken by slits large enough to allow the archer to shoot his arrow through, was the last retreat of the defenders, for a great rampart or wall ran all round this inner space, and a deep ditch was on the outer side; beyond were the out-works, made up of a high wall of tremendous thickness. On this was a parapet, or wall, about waist-high, behind which the defending soldiers could stoop when arrows were flying quickly. At various parts along this great wall were towers from whence the defenders could watch what their enemies were doing. Inside this great outer wall houses were built for the lord of the place and others who did not care to be shut up in the dismal keep unless it was necessary.

Windsor Castle must have been similar to that. William chose to call it a hunting-lodge, but people knew it to be more than that, for it was a fortress of immense strength. From its walls the king could see the winding river which wended its stately way through some of the country he had conquered. At sunset came the sound of the curfew bell, and the stamp of the hoofs of the Norman horses. The soldiers were coming in from some fight with rebellious Saxons in the country round.

The Conqueror little thought of the great story which began with the building of his castle; of



THE CASTLE FROM THE RIVER IN 1826.

splendid feasts and tournaments, of the coming of captive kings, of all the pomp of chivalry, of sieges, and joyous days, of heavy sorrows that were to come to this place which was destined to be the home of England's sovereigns.

CHAPTER VI.

WINDSOR AFTER THE CONQUEST.

ABOUT this stronghold a town sprang up, which was destined to be known the whole world over ; but no one tells us about its beginnings. The people who began to build huts, or more respectable dwellings, close up to the walls of the castle, could scarcely be Normans—or at most but few of them—for the conquerors were not numerous enough to settle down in the country to steady-going, ordinary life. They had to live the life of soldiers, for there were insurrections daily, since the English were not disposed to yield tamely. Not only so, the men who came over with the Conqueror loved war, and did not care to be busy in the fields, or to go into trade.

When Duke William became king, and rewarded his followers with lands in various parts of England, these knights and nobles took their armed retainers with them to their new homes. Those who remained with the king were not more than sufficient to garrison the castles which he built in Berkshire and in other parts of the country. Since he could not remain in Windsor, he placed the castle in the care

of William Fitz-Other, who had received the manor of Eton, which took in the country as far as Stoke and Burnham.

Fitz-Other's office was that of Constable of the castle and Warden of the forest. At the time there was a village at Eton, some of the people who lived there working at the two corn mills. Probably some of them removed to Windsor, and built huts and small houses outside the castle walls, to be within reach of their master, the lord of the manor. There would also be serfs and swineherds who would naturally come as near to the castle as possible for safety's sake in such rough and ready times, when men cared little for law and order. It is also likely that some deserted Old Windsor, and came to the little town under the castle walls—to New Windsor, as it began to be called—in order to find protection from the banditti, or wandering robbers, and the outlawed Saxons who had been driven from their homes because they would not submit to the conquering Normans. These roamed through the land, doing endless damage wherever they went.

There was also an attraction for traders, now that a castle had sprung up. These came with their wares, and finding constant and ready sales for them among the soldiers and people of the town, they deemed it worth their while to build shops as near as they were allowed to the castle gates. Then, again, there were others whose duties were done inside the castle walls, but for whom there was not house room. These also had homes built as near to the gates as possible.



OLD WINDSOR BRIDGE.
(From a picture in Alderman Barber's Collection.)

In such a way the town of New Windsor was commenced, and was destined to grow or decrease in size and prosperity, according to the changing fortunes of the castle.

The town increased in importance when the kings began to hold their courts in Windsor. William II. held one here in 1095, and called on all who held lands from him to attend it. It was a great, and, one may suppose, a magnificent assembly, but not a half of those who came could find living room inside the castle. They had to find lodging in the town, and that meant money for those who had rooms to let. The king's visit was possibly due to his love of hunting, for the Normans delighted in forest sport. They loved the high deer, it is said, passionately, and William the Conqueror was so stern in making the forest laws, that the most cruel penalties were inflicted on any who dared to hunt in the royal forests without permission.

Henry I. held a court in Windsor in 1110. To accommodate within the ramparts all the lords and ladies who came at the king's command was impossible. There was need for houses where the attendants on royalty could lodge, and one can imagine that the lodging was not of the best. Doubtless some gallant knight and his esquire, and many a dainty lady who was waiting on the queen, had to be content with sleeping room, if not in a swineherd's hut, at all events in the rough homes of some of the shopkeepers of New Windsor.

In the course of years, in days when religion played so large a part in the life of the people, a



THE SOUTH ELEVATION OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

(Built by Henry I., Edward III. and IV., and Henry VII. and VIII.)

church was built in every village of any size. In the Domesday Book, which told all about the towns and villages in England, there is no mention of any church in Old Windsor—not even the usual wooden church of the Saxons; neither was there one at Clewer, nor at Eton, on the other side of the river.

This is somewhat remarkable, because, as one writer says, "The Norman felt, like David, it was not meet that he should dwell in a fine house while the house of God was poor and mean. So when the manor-house or castle had been built, and the land was at peace, the wooden churches of the Saxon villages on the estate were rebuilt in stone, after the Norman manner. There is scarcely a Berkshire village but has some remains of the church built by the Norman lord in the century following the Conquest."

It has so far been impossible to find any trace of a church in Windsor, nor is there any mention of one until the reign of Richard I. There was evidently nothing better than some small chapel, probably a wooden one, until 1189; but in that year Windsor had become sufficiently important to call for a church, either of wood or stone. Richard granted the chapel of Old Windsor, and the church of St. John the Baptist at New Windsor, to the monastery of Waltham. Eton Church was expressly mentioned some twenty years later—in 1210—when the lord of the manor and the prior of Merton had a dispute concerning it.

None of the Norman kings seem to have done as much for Windsor as Henry I., and none came to



THE NORTH ELEVATION OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

(Rebuilt by Edward III., Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, and Charles II.)

the place so often. From the outset of his reign he determined to convert the castle into a stronghold worthy of the sovereign, and to make it also a residence fit for royalty. He suggested the changes he desired, and then crossed over to Normandy, where there was trouble with his brother Robert. He left Queen Matilda in Windsor to superintend the building, and she was not slow in changing the place into a king's house of great magnificence.

When Henry returned to England he travelled down to Windsor from time to time, and saw the place grow in strength and beauty. It was even then one of the finest castles in his kingdom. When he had done to it all that he intended, he came here and held courts again and again.

Many important events occurred here in the later days of Henry's reign. The king's first wife being dead he married the niece of Pope Calixtus, and the marriage was the occasion of an amazing incident. The royal party assembled at the castle for the ceremony, but it did not take place that day. The Bishop of Salisbury was there to officiate at the king's desire, but the old Archbishop of Canterbury, who was present, made an angry protest.

"By what right does my lord of Salisbury perform the duties which belong to my office?" he cried.

"By the right that the Castle of Windsor is in my diocese," was the bishop's sharp retort.

The archbishop would not accept the answer.

"My lord of Salisbury," he exclaimed, "wherever the king and queen may go within the realm of

England, there is my parish, and I therefore claim the right to marry them to-day."

The dispute was carried on so hotly that the archbishop raised his hand to strike the king, who had bidden the bishop proceed. His Grace of Canterbury, however, was so persistent in his claim that the marriage was postponed. At a later day the archbishop had his way, and married the king.

David, King of Scotland, was one of Henry's visitors at Windsor, and for a whole year he was the king's guest, here and elsewhere within the realm. But most important of all was the coming of Henry to Windsor in the Christmas of 1127, when the Scottish monarch came, and "all the head men of England, both clergy and laity," were summoned. It was the occasion of a further quarrel between Church dignitaries; but this time they were the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, both of whom desired to perform the ceremony of crowning the king according to Henry's custom at great festivals. The Primate of York so angered the king that his Grace's cross-bearer was turned out of the chapel roughly, and the cross he carried flung after him.

The importance of the assembly lay in this, that Henry required the great men who were present to swear that when he died they would place his daughter Matilda on the throne. The oath was taken, and the king expressed his contentment in spite of his sorrow that he had no son to succeed him. Henry had looked forward to his son, Prince William, succeeding him, but the prince was drowned. Many a time, while he added to the

splendour of the castle, he had pictured the glory of his son's reign, and thought of the days that were to come when the English people, who still hated the Normans, would become content under his son's rule.

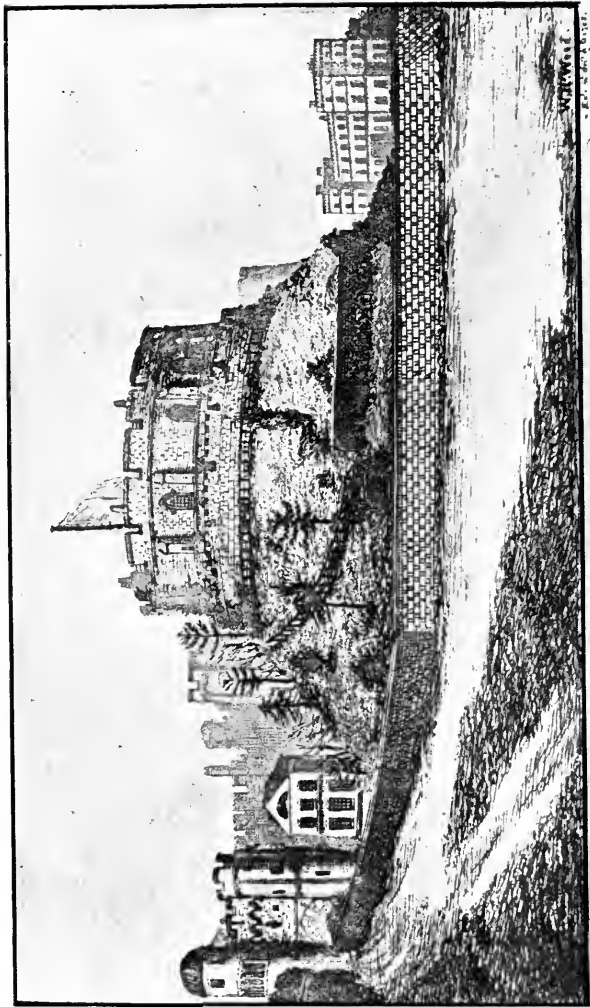
But he was doomed to disappointment. He had been to Normandy, and was starting on his return from Barfleur. He left his son to follow, but the young prince was delayed. The captain and the sailors of "The White Ship" spent the hours of waiting in hard drinking, so that when Prince William and his sister stepped on board, the crew were drunk and reckless. With the prince were 140 young nobles, and many ladies of the highest rank—three hundred souls in all. It was growing late, and the men at the oars, rowing madly, regardless of warning, and heedless of the dangers, sent the vessel on at a tremendous rate. Then came a crash. "The White Ship" was on a hidden rock! An awful panic followed. Fitz-Stephen, the captain, hurried the prince and a few others into a boat, but when the sailors had pulled a little way from the ship, William remembered his sister, and ordered the men to pull back for her.

"'Tis madness, prince," protested one.

"I care not. I hear my sister's cry. She shall not die!"

When the boat drew alongside the sinking vessel, the panic-stricken ones leaped into her; the boat was instantly upset, and at the same moment "The White Ship" went down.

When Henry heard of the catastrophe, the



A. W. View of the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, with part of the Queen's Lodge.

Published at the New York Office, No. 107 Nassau St. N.Y.

pleasure of life was gone. His grief was so great that he fell senseless to the floor. The story is everywhere told that after that day of bitter loss he was never seen to smile. His grief was the greater because he foresaw endless misery for England in the future, the misery of civil war, if he did not secure from his nobles this oath that they would place the crown on his daughter's head. If that could be done all would be well ; but if they refused, the consequences were terrible to think of.

It was an infinite relief to the king when, without demur, every lord present at the Great Council stepped forward and took the oath of fealty to the Princess Matilda.

From that day onward Henry ruled England with a strong hand, coming often to Windsor as the home he loved the best, so that under his eye things seemed to go well for those who dwelt in the royal town. Yet Windsor was not altogether a pleasant place to live in. "The tenants in the king's demesne lands were obliged to supply the court with provisions without charge," which was a scandalous thing, if it were true, and most certainly it was. It was also said that the Windsor people had to "furnish carriages on the same hard terms, when the king made a progress, as he frequently did, into any of the counties."

Had this been done occasionally it would have been a harsh demand ; but it was so often made, and there the cruelty came in. It may have been that the Constable of the castle, or some other official exacted this, and thereby made money ; one cannot

say. Under any consideration the course was unjust, and to make things worse, the claims were enforced mercilessly, and often ruined the people concerned. So many were the demands at last upon the shopkeepers and the farmers of the district, that many left their homes by stealth, since by remaining they could see nothing but ruin.

It was to Henry's credit that he put a stop to these methods when he heard of them, but the mischief began afresh when he was dead.

CHAPTER VII.

A TURBULENT REIGN.

AT the Assembly where Henry exacted the pledge from the great men of the nation as to his daughter's succession to the throne, Stephen, the king's nephew, showed more readiness than any other to take the oath. But as soon as Henry lay dead, which was in the year 1135, the prince put aside his promises, and claimed the crown. The people, and many of the lords, caring more for a king than a queen, in such rough and ready days, when men were always eager for war, turned to Stephen, and made him king. He was received with shouts of welcome when he rode through the streets of London.

War followed instantly. Many of the barons, remembering their oath, rallied round Matilda, and the fight for the crown became so terrible, that "there was such a time as England never saw before. All law vanished, and there was nothing but bloodshed and plunder. The land lay desolate; men were tortured to death and starved with hunger. So great was the violence and cruelty of this civil war, that men said openly, that Christ and His saints were asleep."

In those days, when the king was more concerned for keeping his crown than for the welfare of the people, the woods were filled with robbers. The Great Windsor Forest was crowded with them, so that to attempt to pass through it without a strong guard of armed men was to court robbery and certain death. No one felt safe, whether in town or country, and when the people closed their doors and windows at night, it was their custom to kneel and pray that they might rest and sleep in peace and quietness, and not be done to death by thieves and robbers.

One of the most disastrous effects of this civil war was the permission Stephen gave to his barons to build castles on their estates. The consequence was that the country became full of them. The barons filled them with mercenaries, or hired soldiers, men who made war their trade, and with these at their backs, they rode forth to fight some other lord, and burn his home, and the village, after having robbed the houses of all that was of value. They showed no mercy anywhere, and after filling the countryside with horror, they rode home, leaving behind them burning farmsteads.

Berkshire had its full share of these castles. Matilda's brother, Duke Robert of Gloucester, built one at Faringdon, now a pretty market-town among the hills, and just at the point where the ferry lay at the Thames. To frustrate Matilda's capable general, who had done this thing, Stephen built one at Brightwell, near enough to keep an eye on Wallingford, which, throughout the war, was on Matilda's side.

The war was carried on fiercely. Now victory lay on this side, then on that. At one time Stephen was taken prisoner, and was shut up in Bristol Castle; and so resolute were his captors that he should feel the pain of captivity, after breaking his oath, that they loaded him with chains. During his imprisonment in the castle, Matilda was crowned queen. She might have reigned until her death, but she used her power so unwisely that her chief supporters deserted her in anger and disappointment. Some of them went to Bristol and set Stephen free, making him king again. After that the discrowned queen met with adversity. She hurried into Oxford with what soldiers she had, sending messengers in all directions, asking her friends to come to her with their armed retainers. Stephen, however, brought up an army, and besieged Oxford with such persistency that her hope died out.

While the king surrounded the town as it were with a ring of steel, snow fell heavily one night, and covered the country. Matilda saw her opportunity. Dressed in white, she and four armed knights stole out of the castle while the storm was raging, and crossed the river which was thickly coated with ice. The snow had hidden every landmark, but the royal fugitive pressed on all through the night, and did not halt until she had reached Abingdon. The abbot at the monastery provided her with some horses, and sent her on her way to Wallingford, where she found her friends.

It is strange that throughout this fierce war none of the rival princes came to Windsor, although it

was the strongest place in the land, and could have been defended against a very great army. It is stranger still when it is remembered that a great deal of the fighting took place in Berkshire. Prince Henry, afterwards Henry II., persuaded his mother to return to France. Stephen, not knowing that she had gone, besieged Wallingford, believing that Matilda was there. Thereupon Henry brought up his army, which proved so strong, that Stephen fell back on London.

No sooner had Henry marched away from Wallingford, than Stephen, still convinced that Matilda was in the castle, returned, and again Prince Henry came. A battle was to be fought—one which was to decide the fate of the nation—but some of the leading men on both sides, tired of the war, proposed that peace might be considered. The advice was followed, and the Treaty of Wallingford was signed.

Some castles were named which were to be destroyed; the hired soldiers brought into England by both parties were to be paid off, and sent out of the country; the lands that had been taken from their owners after some of the fights were to be given back to their proper owners; Stephen was to be king during his lifetime, and Henry to be his successor.

In the meantime Windsor was placed in the care of Richard de Lucy, to be held by him until Henry should be king.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TREACHEROUS PRINCE.

PRINCE HENRY had but a few months to wait before he became king, for Stephen died. This was in 1154, when De Lucy delivered the castle to Henry, according to agreement.

Henry II. was often at Windsor. The place had a great charm for him, and determined to make it as strong and beautiful as possible, he spent what in those days was thought to be a considerable sum of money. Here, also, he very often kept court, and kings from distant lands came to the magnificent castle by the Thames, one being William of Scotland, and another, Roderic, King of Connaught.

Although he ranks as one of our greatest kings Henry was not a happy man. He was a king of many cares, alike in his kingdom and in his home. His sons were so rebellious that he was heard to say, when he lay dying, "The curses of God be on the sons I leave behind me." Fabyan, the chronicler, says that "in a chamber at Wyndsore, he (the king) caused to be painted an eagle with four birds, whereof three of them all rased (scratched) the body

of the old eagle's eyes. When the question was asked of him what thing that picture should mean? it was answered by him, 'This old eagle is myself; and these four eagles are my four sons, the which cease not to seek my death, and especially my youngest son John, which now I love the most, shall most especially await and imagine my death.'"

This personal sorrow was made the greater because the revolts of his sons drew him to the camp when he most wanted to be quiet in Windsor. The greatest king of his day was certainly the saddest, for he found his sons fighting on the side of his enemies. When he asked for the names of those who were conspiring against him, the name of John, the son he loved the most, was at the head of the list. It broke his heart, and turning his face to the wall he exclaimed, "Now let all things go as they will! I care no more for myself, nor for the world."

And then he died.

King Richard I. in no way comes into the story of Royal Windsor, for while he may have been lodged in the castle often in his youth, he was too much of a soldier, and too eager to play his part in the Crusade either to trouble himself about his kingdom, or his splendid palace by the Thames. He had nothing of the statesman about him, and when one considers how he neglected England, and how because of that so much misery came to the people, one may think that it was a dark day for England when he came to the throne in 1189.

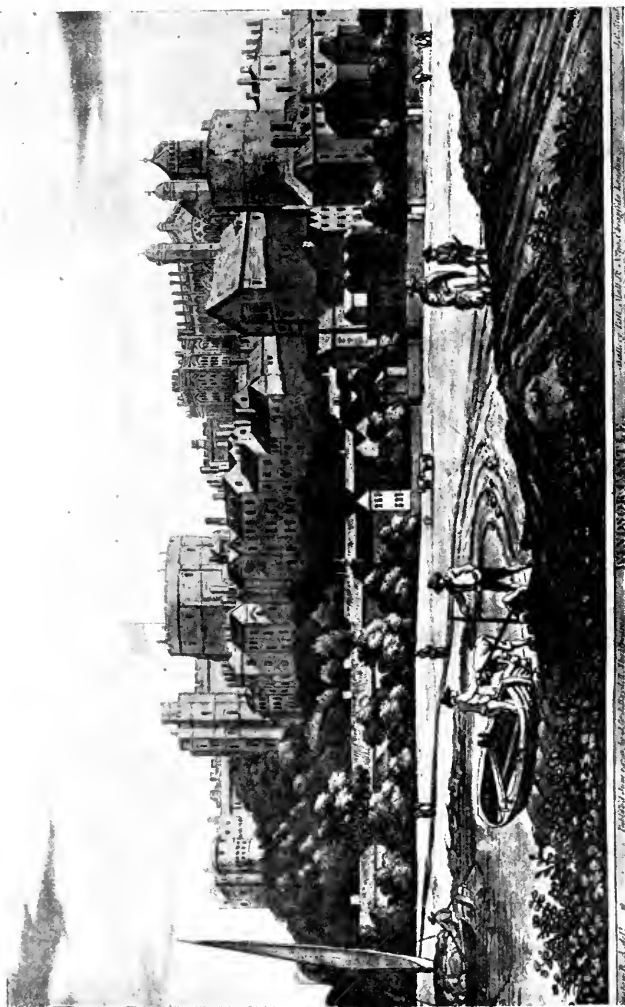
Richard was a soldier beyond all else, and when

he had resolved to take his part in the Third Crusade for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens, because the Saviour's tomb was there, and also to fight the famous Saladin, he was ready to forfeit everything rather than not take part in the enterprise. To obtain money for making his army ready, he sold lands, earldoms, and public offices, and it is said that he even sold for ten thousand marks, the right which he possessed of compelling the King of Scotland to do homage to him.

"I would sell London if I could find a man to buy it!" he exclaimed, when someone protested against his methods of raising money.

Windsor was destined to experience bad times during the king's absence in the Holy Land. The monarch took steps for the safe keeping of the castle, and ordered Hugh de Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, to occupy it as the strongest post in the realm, and therefore the most fitting spot for him to rule the land since he was regent. Many were anxious to obtain possession of the castle, since the holding of it would enable them to do as they pleased in the land without considering laws or any other thing. But the warlike bishop held the castle with a strong hand.

Longchamp, the ambitious Bishop of Ely, rode down to Windsor one day, and bade Pudsey surrender the castle to him. The prelate, not thinking that his servants had turned traitors, refused, and was instantly seized and flung into one of the dungeons of the castle, where he was kept on such scanty fare that starvation faced him. He was,



THE CASTLE IN 1793.

Engraved from a drawing by J. G. Smith, Esq. of the Castle of Edinburgh, in 1793. The original drawing is in the possession of the Earl of Dalrymple.

therefore, compelled to do as Longchamp demanded, for what else could a starving prisoner do? Then Longchamp pulled down Pudsey's flag, ran up his own, "assumed the constable's staff, and took possession of the Norman keep." His flag now floated on the great tower, and he seemed, as master of Windsor Castle, to have the kingdom at his feet.

All this was part of a conspiracy formed by Prince John, who was as treacherous a brother as he had been a son. When news came that Richard, while on his way home from Palestine, had been made a prisoner by the Emperor of Germany, and was flung into a dungeon, and loaded with chains, John did not attempt to raise the ransom-money, but did all that could be done to get the kingdom for his own. We are told how he crossed over to France, and made a treaty with the French King, the object being to ruin his captive brother. Philip was to receive a great part of Normandy, while John was to have the French monarch's help in obtaining the crown of England.

Pretending that he had heard that Richard was dead, John came to England in hot haste, and rode down to Windsor, to gain possession of the castle, which he instantly put into a state of defence, knowing that at any time he might be besieged by his brother's friends. He also secured the castle at Wallingford, and having done so much, he claimed the crown.

None believed his lying statement as to his brother's death. The barons gathered an army, and

not only captured such castles as he had obtained elsewhere, but drove him out of the two great Berkshire strongholds also. The news came that Richard was still alive and in captivity. The amount wanted for the ransom of the king was also named. The sum fixed by the emperor was enormous; no less than 150,000 marks, equal to £300,000 in present-day money. But the barons raised every penny of it, since they loved the "Lion-hearted King," as he was called. Wallingford Castle and Windsor Castle were both given into the care of the king's mother, Queen Eleanor, and she held both places with strong garrisons until her son returned.

John paid dearly for his treachery. The most forgiving of brothers, Richard feared to give the prince another opportunity for further treachery; nor did he interfere when the Council of Bârons confiscated all the possessions of John in England.

Unfortunately for the nation, the crown came into John's hands when Richard was slain in battle in 1199. The judgment passed on John by one historian was richly deserved when it ran thus: "The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious; ruinous to himself and destructive to his people." Yet, in spite of his folly and wickedness, he was the means of winning for England her most splendid Charter of Liberty.

Windsor was closely associated with the doings of that memorable day when liberty was so splendidly won for the English people. Indeed, the town and castle played a large part in King John's reign.

Hepworth Dixon says that King John was so fond of Windsor, that after his usurpation of the crown, "he was never long away from the royal house. Winter and summer he lodged on the Windsor ridge. Here he kept his festivals, and held his councils; here he laid up his stores of corn and wine, of cloth and spice. Windsor was for him a safer stronghold than the Tower, and hither he removed his jewels and his plate. More than Winchester, and more than Westminster, Windsor became the residence of his court, the scenery of his intrigues, and the witness of his many cruelties. To Windsor flocked all those who wished to gain his smiles. Even when the thunders of Holy Church were rolling through the sky, Windsor was crowded by his knights and barons. Windsor was the centre of events, both private and public, in his dark and sinister reign."

Undoubtedly, the monarch came to Windsor because he felt himself more secure behind its mighty walls, for he knew full well the hatred he was winning from men and women of every rank. Nothing could be said that would over-estimate the misery of England under the rule of this wicked king. Life was almost unbearable under John, while his brother Richard was away in the Holy Land; but his cruelties, the way in which he seized the goods of the people, and the many other wrongs which were done to the defenceless, led the most peaceable to express their anger loudly.

John acted so scandalously that he was unable to call the nobles to order. What they saw him do, they felt they could do themselves; so that the

people suffered twice over, and they found life intolerable. The peasant was no better than a slave, and if by industry he saved enough money to get a comfortable home, he was plundered by his own lord, whom it was his lot to serve. His home was never safe, nor was his life, nor the lives of his wife and children. The humblest hut, and the coarsest fare were thought too good for the poor villein or man of the lowest order in those days. They were counted no better than cattle. "Why should villeins eat beef or any dainty food?" was the question put by the rich lord, and the king was as ready with that question as anyone in the land.

John was destined to quarrel with all classes of men, his nobles, the people, and the Pope. The quarrel with Pope Innocent III., when John sent his defiance from Windsor, had disastrous consequences, and every part of the realm suffered terribly, through his wilfulness and obstinacy. His Holiness, angered at the king's conduct, placed the whole kingdom under an interdict. Because of this all the churches were shut. The dead remained unburied, unless the burial took place in unconsecrated ground. No knell tolled for the dead. No merry peals of bells welcomed the bridal procession, for no couple during an interdict could be married. An infant could be baptized, and the dying might receive extreme unction; but no other service could be rendered. For six long years this misery lasted, since John would not yield.

Meanwhile the king carried a great army to Ireland, and one of the barons, named William de

Braiose, fled at the approach of the English army, since he had offended the sovereign. Finding his wife and son, John sent them to Windsor, and caused them to be starved to death in one of the towers.

The story of the imprisonment of the mother and her son is one of the many tales of cruelty laid to the account of this unworthy king. They were brought to Windsor, and thrust into a chamber. Before the door was locked upon them the men tossed in after them a sheaf of corn, and a piece of raw bacon. Then the door was closed, and was not opened until it was certain that starvation had done its work. When the constable of the castle entered the chamber both were dead. The mother was sitting between her son's knees, while he sat like her, dead. The cruelty of this imprisonment was the greater because it was agreed that they should be set free on payment of a ransom of 50,000 marks; but while the baron was known to be getting the ransom-money together, the two whose liberty was to be bought at so great a price were thrust into the prison-room to die.

One by one the king's supporters dropped away, not only because the Pope had deposed him, and offered the crown of England to the French monarch, but because he had wilfully defied the laws of the land. It was vain to tell him that it was the monarch's duty to protect his subjects "in their lives, properties, and laws." Hence the barons and the great churchmen banded together to compel him to rule in accordance with the law of the realm.

While all this was being done, John was at Windsor, where he thought he was safe. He came and went at all times, sending into the castle a stream of supplies, in case his barons went to war with him. These came up the river in barges. Whatever his troubles with the great men of the realm, the king did not fail to enjoy himself, and within Windsor Castle there was a succession of great festivities.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT DAY AT RUNNYMEAD.

JOHN knew full well that the wrath of his nobles was on the increase, and that the people were crying for vengeance, because of his unbounded wickedness. Again and again he came to Windsor in the early part of the year 1215, and at every visit he saw to the soundness of the castle's defences, and brought the garrison up to its full strength. Every weak point received attention, and the place seemed to be too strong for the greatest army to think of taking it.

So desperate were John's affairs as the summer approached, that when the barons demanded a meeting at Runnymede, to discuss the troubles of the kingdom, he did not dare to refuse, lest they should turn him out of his throne, and give the crown to the King of France. He knew that a mighty army was assembling, and that if he shut himself within the castle at Windsor, they would surround him and starve him into surrender. His only hope lay in the foreign mercenaries, or hired



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND, WHERE THE GREAT CHARTER WAS SIGNED.

soldiers, whom his agents were gathering together on the continent ; but they were not yet on the way to England, and what soldiers he had were too few to fight with what the barons called "The Army of God and Holy Church."

The appointed day—the 15th of June, 1215—was destined to be one of the most memorable in England's history. It was a glowing summer morning. The great meadow of Runnymede which spread out beside the slowly moving river, was spangled with wild flowers. On the side away from the water rose the tree-clad hills, from whence the towers of Windsor Castle could be seen, with the stately banner of England floating over the Keep. None thought that the beautiful field was to witness such a scene as that which came ere the day was gone, and that on the island in mid-stream the king would be in hot discussion with mail-clad knights, John contending for his throne, and so-called rights, to tyrannize as he chose, and the nobles determined to win great liberty for the nation.

As the hours of the morning passed, armed men began to appear, some of them nobles in shining armour, followed by their retainers, or mail-clad servants. Some came up the stream in barges, many or few in every separate company, according to the wealth or greatness of their noble master. Others came down the hill slopes, their armour and their helmets gleaming, their pennons fluttering, and the sound of rattling mail and snorting horses, and trumpet blast breaking up the silence of the mead. They

came in thousands, so that by noon there was a mighty army, rank on rank of steel-clad horse, and armoured footmen, trampling the grass and flowers beneath their feet.

It was a place to which other kings had come in Saxon days to hold their Witan, or Saxon parliament; and beneath the trees which shaded them from the sun, men considered how best to deal with the great questions which called for their attention. The people had met at Runnymede before to demand their liberties, and therefore this place was named by those who wished to confer with the king. The barons and great Churchmen felt that it was a fitting meeting ground where liberty was to be won or lost, since for centuries it had been known as the Runemead, or Meadow of Council.

After long waiting the king was seen coming down the river in the royal barge. He came with a small and scarcely royal company, but in his barge were Pandulph, the Papal Legate, and Almeric, the Master of the Temple. Men spoke of the sullen look upon the face of the king, and marked how he barely returned the salute of the army in the meadow, where swords flashed in the sunshine and lanceheads gleamed.

In the centre of the little island was a magnificent pavilion, over which the royal banner floated lazily in the breeze. About its entrance had gathered England's great lords and her proudest Churchmen. They and others had met elsewhere, and had sworn solemnly that if "the king delayed any longer to restore the laws and liberties, they would withdraw

their allegiance, and would make war upon him until he should confirm the concession by a sealed charter.' They had come to Runnymede that day to show the charter to the king, and to obtain his signature on it.

Within the pavilion John debated hotly, almost savagely, every clause which dealt with the liberties of the people, for why should freedom be given to those who had hitherto been little more than slaves? He said he would not sign. But when he gazed around, and saw the look on the faces of the men who were present, he took up his pen, and wrote his name on the famous parchment.

The mighty cheer that went up from the armed men on Runnymede, as John stepped into his barge, was not for the king. It came because the soldiers, seeing the faces of their lords, knew that the liberty they longed for had been won. While they marched home that summer evening, they discussed what *MAGNA CHARTA* meant for England. Justice was no more to be bought or sold; merchants were able in future to transact their business without being compelled to pay heavy tolls and scandalous taxes; no freeman could now be put into prison or robbed of his liberty, or outlawed, or banished from the land without having had fair trial, according to the law; the peasantry—the most numerous class in the kingdom—could not have their carts, and ploughs, and implements by which they got their living, taken from them, since their loss would mean ruin or starvation.

There was many a light heart in England while

the king was going up the river to his home in Windsor Castle. He was furious, and vowing terrible things ; but there was joy throughout England when the news spread far and wide.

CHAPTER X.

THE BARONS' WAR.

JOHN signed the Charter, but he never intended to keep his promises. Glancing from time to time through the open entrance of the royal pavilion, he saw the army of the barons—how great it was, and felt himself a prisoner, and that he would never get away in safety unless he wrote his name on that piece of parchment. When he had written it, and was once more seated in his barge, he bade the men at the oars pull their hardest, the sooner to reach the castle. Urged on by him they did not rest until the side of the boat scraped against the landing-stage. Stepping out, John mounted his horse, which was in waiting, and rode up Thames Street to the castle gate. When it had clanged behind him he breathed more freely. He felt secure, knowing that if the barons came in pursuit to take him prisoner, they could not touch him now.

That night, when the sunset hour had passed, and the curfew bell had rung, John called his courtiers together in the council chamber. There he discussed with them the question as to how far a charter was

binding which he had been forced to sign, such as he had just done at Runnymede.

The Papal Legate told him to be at ease, since the Pope would cancel it. He also told John that he held his crown at the will, not of the barons, but of the Pope, and his Holiness would see that he continued to be king so long as he did as the Pope desired. John grew more easy in his mind when this was said, and determined to act as though there was no charter to bind him. He stayed but a few days at Windsor, for news came that the mercenaries had landed. He rode at once to meet them, and when he found himself at the head of a great army, he defied the barons.

Then followed the war. The barons called for the aid of the King of France, offering him the crown of England, since they were determined never more to be subjects of the faithless and detestable king. Prince Louis came over with an army without delay, eager for his father to become sovereign of the land, if war could make him such. Castle after castle threw open its gates to him on his approach, save Dover and Windsor. While the prince stormed Dover he sent the barons and some of his own troops to capture Windsor Castle.

Then for the first time men discovered how great the strength of the stronghold by the Thames really was. Not all the skill, nor splendid bravery, nor the storming, nor the incessant working of the war engines which hurled huge stones against the walls and gates, could make any impression upon the place. The garrison was a brave one, determined not to

yield unless overpowered, or starved into surrender. Engeland d'Athies and Andrew de Chanceaux defended the place with sixty knights and their retainers, and kept the great army of the barons at bay. Now and again the gates were suddenly flung open, and the garrison made a desperate sortie. Then followed a tremendous fight, in which the defenders were generally victorious, having done the army outside terrible damage, and strewing the ground with dead. It is said that in two of these sallies the defenders broke down the mighty mangonels—the great machines which were used for throwing big stones over the walls into the castle, or against the gates to break them in. It took the men outside many days to mend them.

The king's object was to hold the armies of his enemies before Dover and Windsor while he marched through the country and destroyed the lands and castles of those barons who were fighting against him. At one time he brought his troops by forced marches within sight of Windsor, and so closely did he approach, that his archers killed some of the barons' soldiers. Finding that the defenders were holding their own in the castle, John drew off his army, although the barons offered him battle. He marched away and began afresh to ruin the lands of his enemies. One shudders at the thought of the abominable cruelties he practised on those who were bold enough to fight against him in defence of the homes of their masters.

Not all the skill nor all the strength of the besieging army could enable the barons to capture

Windsor Castle. Even when the general in command resolved to starve the garrison into surrender, he found to his amazement that the defenders were able to obtain food by means of Beauclerc's Passage, a tunnel which ran under the walls, and ended at a masked or hidden opening in the forest, or as some have said, near Burnham Manor, which was miles away.

The siege lasted until John died. Then it ended, for England was rid of the shameless king who was so base that those who knew him said, "Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John."

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN HENRY III. WAS KING.

THE king who followed John upon the throne was but a boy, for Henry III. was not more than ten years old when his father died, in 1216. The coming of the new sovereign to Windsor meant the beginning of days of great splendour for Windsor Castle, and before the king died, it began, as Sir Richard Holmes says, "to assume the magnificent appearance which has made it one of the finest edifices in the world."

The castle had been so greatly damaged by the mangonels during the siege, that it was necessary for the young king to take up his abode in another part—the lower bailey, and not in the old royal quarters. The repairs were carried out as quickly as possible, and some alterations were made, which made the castle assume very much of its present-day appearance. A chapel was built, probably on the site of Albert Chapel. Following the capable summary of the building operations, as given in Mr. Oldham's little book on Windsor Castle, we find that besides this chapel, the king built a complete



CASTLE HILL.

set of fortifications round the Lower Ward, beginning with a tower, standing probably where the Winchester Tower now is—that is the tower near the west end, or town end of the North Terrace. This was connected by fortifications with the Curfew, Garter, and Salisbury Towers, facing High Street, and the top of Thames Street, then round to what we now know as Henry VIII.'s Gateway. The inner space was also surrounded by the buildings where the Military Knights now live, ending at a large tower called Henry III.'s Tower, but known, when first built, as the Stone Tower.

Such alterations meant the spending of a great sum of money, and often the king had to stop building until he could get more. His fertile brain discovered a way at last for obtaining what he required. Men were growing restless because the king did not always act according to the Great Charter, and the people of London in particular were displaying their anger. The queen, feeling that it was unsafe to stay in London when mobs were beginning to move about the streets, shouting loudly for their rights, endeavoured to escape from her palace and ride down to Windsor. She chose the river for the first part of her journey, but the mob, seeing her in her barge, tried to sink the boat by hurling great stones into it. The royal watermen had to turn the barge, and row for dear life to the Tower of London. Later, she contrived to escape by stealth, and succeeded in reaching Windsor Castle.

What followed must be considered an act of

shameful trickery on the part of the king, who made it an opportunity for raising funds for his castle building. He had compelled the Jews to lend him money which he never intended to repay, but there came a time when they refused to lend him any more, in spite of the consequences. He also had kept back the payment of the canons and choristers of Windsor; but even then he had not sufficient to go on with.

This treatment of the queen by the Londoners gave him an excuse. He took away the charters of London, and in this way deprived the city of its privileges. Then he sent to the Lord Mayor, whose name was Fitz-Thomas, bidding him appear at Windsor, with forty others whom he named—men of great wealth and position—to witness the humiliation of the capital. Those who were summoned to appear before the king hesitated, knowing that Windsor had many dungeons, and fully aware that the king was in an angry mood. There came, however, a safe-conduct from the king, and an assurance that they should come to no harm. Relying on this, they rode out of London on the 5th of October, 1265. To their consternation, when they entered the castle gates, they found themselves prisoners. Instead of being put into comfortable quarters, and treated with the respect due to their station, they were placed in one of the towers, “with small cheer and worse lodging,” and the key turned on them.

After a while the king set thirty-one of them at liberty, but was exceedingly harsh with the others.

Under the threat of heavy penalties and punishment, he compelled them to sign a bond for the payment of 20,000 marks. It was, he said, the only way by which they could go free, and thus the king got the money. Loftie tells us that "from this imprisonment Fitz-Thomas never emerged; . . . and whether he died in the Clewer Tower dungeons, or lived out a long imprisonment in the keep on the mound, we have no further information about him." It was a shameful bit of treachery—a blot on the record of a sovereign who had proved himself little better than his father, King John.

Henry's reign was full of trouble for the land. Like his father, he had great quarrels with the barons, and so angry were the latter that they went to war with him to compel him to rule according to the charter John had signed. Yet Henry had taken a solemn oath to carry out all that was in Magna Charta. One writer tells us how the oath was taken at Windsor.

"Fourteen bishops, with bell, book, and candle, excommunicated all infractors, and at the awful moment when the candles were extinguished, and the words of the curse, 'So may all who incur this judgment be extinguished and stink in hell,' fell upon the startled air, the king exclaimed: 'May God so help me as I shall faithfully maintain these things inviolate as I am a man, as I am a Christian, as knight, and king crowned and anointed.'"

Solemn as the promise was, the king never regarded it, but treated the Great Charter with the utmost contempt. He raised money in the same

manner his father had practised, and which had nearly cost him his throne.

It was necessary that the king should meet his angry barons, and one day, in the year 1258, he rode from Windsor to Westminster, where he was to hold a council. He was evidently in ignorance of the barons' purpose, and when he entered the hall where the council was to be held, he was startled to see the barons fully armed, and waiting for his coming in stern silence.

"Am I a prisoner?" he cried, looking round him; and it is said that his voice shook with fear.

"No!" cried Roger Bigod. "You are our sovereign, but your foreign favourites and your prodigality have brought misery into the realm."

"What then?" asked Henry, when the speaker paused.

"We demand that you confer authority on those who are able and ready to redress the grievances of the people," was Bigod's answer.

There were loud cries of approval on every hand, and the clanking of great swords assured the king that a refusal would be madness. Before he had left the hall, he had consented to a commission of twenty-four barons. But the king was obstinate, and the quarrel ended in a civil war.

Throughout this reign Windsor had some thrilling experiences. Great bodies of armed men came and went, sometimes driven off by the soldiers in the castle. Even when the king was but a child, Windsor was surrounded by an army, for when John died Prince Louis of France was unwilling to leave

without the crown which was promised to his father.

Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., spent many of his boy days in the castle; "he and his tutors, with his governors and their guards." Possibly it was at Windsor that the prince, who proved so great a warrior, received his first lessons in the art of war. Four of the king's sons were born here, and were trained in the duties which made for knighthood, while Windsor was beginning to be the birthplace of kings.

At times Prince Edward came down to Windsor with all the display and magnificence of royalty; but there was one particular day when the people of the town looked on in surprise, for they saw him riding through the streets in haste, followed by a hundred armoured knights, and their esquires, and with them a great guard of foreign soldiers. He was bringing with him a thousand marks in gold, and his mother's costly jewels, which he had taken by force from the Temple in London. Once within the castle, he shouted his orders. Instantly the warders thrust the gates together, dropped the portcullis, and ran up the royal banner. Then he called out the garrison, and with these and the mercenaries he had brought with him, he was ready to hold the castle against any who might attempt its capture.

But meanwhile the barons had compelled the king to send orders to Windsor, telling the prince to surrender the castle. This was in July, 1263. When the king's messengers came to Windsor, accompanied by a great force of armed men under the command

of some of the leading nobles, the prince yielded to his father's orders. The foreign soldiers marched out of the castle, taking with them their horses and their arms, as Edward had demanded. A strong force of barons and their retainers met them on the Castle Hill, and riding with them through Runnymede, and thence to the coast, did not suffer them to pass out of their sight, night or day, until they were embarked in some ships that were waiting to carry them back to France.

When the war began, the two armies met at Lewes, but the king was disastrously beaten, and he and Prince Edward were taken prisoners. But later on Edward escaped, gathered an immense army, and defeated the barons at Evesham. It was a crushing blow to the king's enemies, who lost their famous leader in the fight—Simon de Montfort.

After the battle the contending parties agreed to peace. The outcome of the war was another solemn promise from Henry to observe Magna Charta. It was also agreed that members should be sent to a parliament that should be held, and these members were to be sent by the boroughs of England.

When Henry came down to Windsor again, humiliated, in spite of his victory at Evesham, he knew that it would be madness any more to deceive the barons. It would never do to ignore his last oath, or the barons would turn him off his throne. Possibly he regretted often, while he was in Windsor, that when Simon de Montfort had been in the castle

as a prisoner, he had ever let him go. When the king set de Montfort free, he little thought that the knight whom he presently saw riding out of the castle was some day to be "the rescuer of the oppressed, and the chastiser of the proud," that he was soon to be called by the people the Shield of England, and God's Earthly Champion.

Henry was not a happy man, although he was dwelling amid all the splendour of the castle ; for he was compelled to remember, day by day, that his barons had shown him that even a king is not above his country's laws, and that in England no man could be allowed to rule if he refused to keep them.

When he had been taught this lesson, Henry was not honest towards the nobles and the people as he should have been. When he sometimes left the castle and went to London, to live in the palace at Westminster, he placed Windsor in charge of a governor, who did many cruel and shameful acts in the county he was set to guard—Adam de Gordon.

It must not be thought that all was bad even in such unhappy times. It is said that in the intervals of war Berkshire prospered greatly. The chronicler says that "when, in the reign of the third Henry, the great woodland, that had reached from Windsor even to Hungerford, was disafforested," that is to say, made into common land, "more land was brought under cultivation, and numerous villages produced better and more frequent roads."

More than this, civilisation and learning became more widely spread, and with the benefits won by the Great Charter the people began to enjoy a liberty they had never known before.

CHAPTER XII.

BAD DAYS FOR WINDSOR.

WHEN Edward I. came to the throne the town of Windsor was becoming a place of some size and importance. As the residence of kings and queens it naturally had an attraction for those who did business with the sovereign, and felt that the castle was a place with which some trading could be done.

We have already seen that those who occupied the castle in the days of Henry I. treated the inhabitants of Windsor with great severity and dishonesty, demanding goods without payment, and expecting free service by providing horses for the king. The town was distinguished as a *burgus* or borough in Henry I.'s time, and one named William de Bochelande was allowed to make what he could out of the taxes of Old and New Windsor, on condition that he paid a certain amount every year to the king. It may be supposed that De Bochelande charged the Windsor inhabitants a fairly high rent, as though he had been the landlord of the town. De Bochelande and those who

succeeded him in this so-called "farming," found it a very profitable matter.

Out of the money De Bochelande paid to the king some of the salaries of various officials of the castle were paid. Twenty shillings and tenpence went to the keeper of the king's houses; thirty shillings and fivepence was paid to each of the chaplains of the king's chapel; the same amount went to the keeper of the vineyard; seven shillings to each of the keepers of Windsor. Other sums went to other people, so that the king had not much left; but it saved his own pocket to that extent, so that it was profitable to him to have a thriving town near the castle walls, for which he did little or nothing, and gained so much in the way of convenience.

Some of those who lived in Windsor worked in that portion of the park which came close up to the castle. In later reigns men were employed to look after the vineyards in the little parks, and to make wine from the grapes that grew there. For this they received sixpence a day in Richard III.'s time. This appears to be small payment, but in those days money would buy ten or fifteen times as much as it will to-day.

Windsor was the centre from whence the whole county of Berkshire was governed, for the custodian of Windsor Castle, during the absence of Richard I. in the Holy Land, had charge of the forest, and was Sheriff of the county. It was somewhat strange that often these officers were churchmen of high standing—a bishop, and even

an archbishop. Some time later the Pope interfered, and declared that a churchman's sole duty was to look after his religious duties, and leave such things as the business of the counties to other people. When King John was fighting the barons he made Engeland de Cygony keeper of Windsor Castle, and of the forest, which meant also that Cygony became the Sheriff of Berkshire. John also gave him the charge of the county of Surrey, contrary to the promise the king made in Magna Charta that no foreigner should hold office in England.

Cygony had not been in office long before the Windsor people complained that he enclosed the common land where they had the right to feed their cattle and pigs, and on their appeal to the king, Henry III., he was told to take the fences down, and allow the people to use the common land as before.

There was at odd times some sort of consideration for the poor who were entertained on certain occasions at the castle; but generosity was rare, and would never have been displayed but for the fact that those who handled the king's money had to show that they had used some of it in charity. We hear that on certain Saints' days the poor chaplains, clerks, and poor boys were to be fed and clothed to the honour of God. Possibly this was done to celebrate the king's completion of the building operations at the castle, which were all so splendid, and the sovereign wished to make a great holiday of the occasion.

It may well be supposed that when the barons besieged the castle held by John's soldiers, the town suffered very seriously because it came between the two bodies of fighters. No regard was paid to the safety of the inhabitants, nor to their comfort. If a house stood in the way of the fighters, it had to come down. If a dwelling offered good lodging, no one asked for permission, but came in and took possession, whether the tenant liked it or not. There were no little courtesies in war, and the comfort of law-abiding citizens was never considered.

Apart from the war, people went to law concerning their property in Windsor. We read of various persons disputing as to the ownership of some houses and fields. As for the trade of the town, it was such that the Bailiff of Windsor—the man who “farmed” the place and took all the profits he could make—was allowed the profits which came from boats which made use of the Thames within a certain distance of Windsor, and which landed goods at the riverside. They were called “tolls and dues.”

Money seems to have come in very many ways as “tolls.” No one could pass in a boat under Windsor Bridge, or walk or ride over, without paying “pontage,” as it was called. An exception was made in John's days in the case of a man named Fitz Andrew, who was allowed to pass by the town, and over or under the bridge without paying pontage at any time.

Some of the bailiffs were not the sort of men to err on the side of reasonableness, or keep within

the borders of their particular districts. One thus sees how very real the grievances of the people were in King John's days, and how they welcomed the fact that Magna Charta had been signed, when, for instance, we read that the constable of Windsor at one time actually claimed service, and customs, and tolls from the people who lived as far away as Bray, and were not in his district at all.

Eton was a market-town in King John's reign, and the old parish church of that day stood somewhere in King's Stable Street, where, as it is recorded, "until lately a malt house stood." The place fell into such dilapidation from old age, and want of repairs, that none dared to go into it who valued their lives. Consequently the doors were shut, and the worshippers went instead to the College Chapel, while a chapel of ease was being built for the town's benefit.

Unhappy days were in store for Windsor when Henry III. was king. "A wicked robber," as an old chronicler says, was a favourite of King John. One may judge of this man, whose name was Falkasius, from the fact that he was the friend of such a prince. He was one who drew together the worst men he could find, in the garrisons of Windsor, Oxford, Northampton, and Bedford, and starting one night with this band of "robbers" he rode to St. Albans, captured the place, pillaged it, and carried the men and children to some place that is not mentioned. One may imagine what life in Windsor was like when the town was in charge of such a man.

A man of Falkasius's character, who was given a free hand to do what he pleased, was not slow in cruelty. And on their part, the people, having so much to avenge, so many cruelties to remember, were not slow to show their hate. When their ruler would not keep the law they did not see why they should obey it. Theft was the most common of all crimes, but murders were constantly happening in the neighbourhood of Windsor, as elsewhere. The times were evil everywhere. A man was punished for very trifling offences, while a person like Falkasius could do as he pleased, and no one thought of punishing him. A man was hanged off-hand, when he was caught, whether he had stolen a hen, or had killed someone. The law was terribly harsh, and there is a case on record of a man being outlawed because he stole sixpence. It seems a terrible thing that a man should be deprived of the protection of the law for such a trifling crime. The saying, "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," might well have started in those days. The reason given for hanging so constantly was, that a dead man cost nothing to keep, whereas a man in prison cost money since he had to be fed.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW WINDSOR GAINED HER CHARTER.

WINDSOR was not a pleasant place to dwell in when Adam de Gordon held an appointment in the castle, and gathering together some ruffians as fierce and lawless as himself, scoured the county of Berkshire as well as Hampshire. He was such a brutal fellow that Prince Edward had to hunt him down, and capture him. Yet Henry III. actually forgave him, and gave him his old post in Windsor!

Matters greatly improved when Edward I. came to the throne. The king admired the splendour and the beauty of Windsor and its castle, but when he looked into matters more closely, he saw the need for many improvements in the town and in the country round. The old dead trees in the forest were cut down, sold, and carted away. While making his inquiry, he found that he had not only been cheated himself, but the officers of the county had shamefully oppressed the people. This was not at Windsor only, but all over the country. Windsor, Eton, Dorney, Chalvey, Boveney, and Burnham were places that suffered greatly, because of the shameful doings of those who took tolls that

had already been paid, or had been excused a long time before.

This question of tolls was always a source of discontent. What held in one county in the matter of unjust charges held in another. The sheriff was often in the habit of receiving money due to the king, but would not give a receipt for it. Consequently, one never knew when he might be called on to pay again. Even the coroners, when they went to a town to hold an inquest, extorted money, and "Elias de Egaine, a bailiff, imprisoned a man, Hugh, son of Hugh by name, without cause, and held him in durance until payment of 105 shillings was made."

This was in the reign of Henry III., and this sort of thing was going on everywhere. Bribery was rife everywhere also. Thorough-going scamps and rogues, who deserved hanging, could escape punishment if they were ready to pay sufficient to those who could hang them or set them free, while the poor, and often the innocent, were hung, or flung into the dreadful dungeons and left there to rot, or die of starvation. So much for the good old times!

The people of Windsor sent their petition to the king. They told him how they had been shamefully robbed of their rights, and King Edward I. when he read the people's petition, granted the town a charter. This was in the fifth year of his reign—in 1276.

Leaving out the preliminaries, the charter ran thus:—

"Know ye that we have granted for ourselves

and our heirs, that our town of New Windsor from henceforth be a free borough ; and that the good men of our said town, and their heirs and successors, shall be free burgesses, and have a merchants' guild, and shall use the same liberties and free customs in the said borough as other the burgesses of our other boroughs in our kingdom are reasonably accustomed to use, and that they shall be quit of paying toll in all our boroughs, towns, demesnes, and throughout our whole kingdom aforesaid."

There was much besides, but this may be taken as sufficient to show that Windsor had great liberty granted to her.

The charter gave the government of the town into the hands of what was known as the Merchant Guild of the Holy Trinity. This made the government of the town, or its Corporation, a religious one. It therefore differed from what could be found in the other old towns. It was, as the name shows, a guild, and a guild was an association of men who joined together for some special purpose. In Windsor the men who were chosen, came together, not merely for trade, but to govern the town. They worshipped together, for the Mayor went to church every Sunday, and asked his comrades of the guild to go with him. They also feasted together, and when any of their number were in trouble, they were supposed to lend him a helping hand.

As time went on the Corporation lost its religious character, and became a secular body by only

[illegible]

dealing with business affairs, so that we hear no more of the town being managed by the Guild of the Holy Trinity, but by the Mayor and Corporation chosen by the burgesses every November. Once a month in the present day the Corporation go to the parish church, and the Vicar of Windsor is its chaplain.

It was a great boon to Windsor to obtain such a charter, although it by no means removed all the grievances. The people still had to pay a yearly rent to the castle through the Constable, but the burdens were greatly lessened, and the burgesses were at liberty to do many things towards improving the town. The king lowered the rental after a time, bringing it down from thirty pounds a year to seventeen.

When the charter was granted nothing was said about the bridge across the river, joining Eton to Windsor. It was in such a state of dilapidation as to be positively unsafe for horses and carriages, and the burgesses felt that it was not fair that they should have to bear all the expense of keeping it in repair. The king had gone to Carlisle, and messengers went thither, all the way from Windsor, with a petition, asking the king to give them the right to charge pontage for eight years, and thus obtain the required amount of money to put the bridge into thorough repair. The king allowed the pontage, which meant that the Windsor Corporation could levy tolls on those who passed over the bridge, and on boats and barges which went under it, or along the river.

How old Windsor bridge was no one knew. Some say that there was a bridge across the river at Staines when the Romans were in the land ; but when the Conqueror began to build the castle he had a bridge thrown over the river to join Eton with Windsor, so that people might join the London road which ran from Henley at Slough. There were many bridges over the Thames at various spots in the olden times. We know of one at Reading in Henry III.'s reign. In the fourteenth century Maidenhead had one, and Abingdon one in the century which followed ; but Windsor Bridge was the oldest of them all.

But to pass on to another matter.

In Edward I.'s reign, parliaments met with a certain regularity, but when Windsor obtained her charter she had not the right to send members to parliament. The right came later. In 1302 Edward summoned two members from every borough in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, and therefore Windsor was able to send two. The first members chosen were Thomas de Shawe and Henry de Bedeford.

It is interesting to note that the name of Shaw is in use to-day in connection with Windsor. Shawe, at the time with which we are dealing, meant a small wood or coppice. The locality thus marked soon gave its name to a manor, which in Edward III.'s time passed to the Crown. In Cromwell's days parliament sold it, just as they meant to sell Windsor Castle if they could have found a purchaser. Shaw Manor was, however, bought back by the Prince Consort.

Surnames began to be used in 1301, so that we have Thomas Of Shaw going to parliament to represent Windsor. This Thomas of the woodside was a member many times, being elected in 1302, in 1306, in 1313, also in 1320, and 1340.*

As a proof that Windsor was growing in size and in importance, we find that in 1306 two members were not to be sent by every borough as before, but two or one, "according as the borough was greater or less." Windsor was among the "greater," for she continued to send two members.

* I am indebted to the kindness of Canon Dalton for the information here given.—AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DAYS OF THE EARLY EDWARDS.

EDWARD I. did not spend much of his time at Windsor after his boyhood. But in those early days of his life, while he was being educated in the castle, his father was very much alarmed for the prince's safety. In 1238 news was brought to Henry that "a learned esquire—or rather clearke of the Universitie of Oxenford, bearing some malice toward the king, fained himself mad, and espieng thereby the secret places at his house at Woodstoke, where he then laie, upon a night by a window he got into the king's bedchamber, and coming to the bedside, he threw off the coverings, and with a dagger strake divers times into a pillow, supposing the king had beene there ; but as God would, that night the king lay in another chamber." It is said that the esquire was taken and torn to pieces by wild horses at Coventry. The king, fearing for the safety of his heir, gave orders for iron bars to be placed to the windows at Windsor Castle, and other royal houses.

Another exciting incident occurred in 1295, which

might have ended in the destruction of the castle. Stow, the chronicler, tells us that in the last day of February in that year, "there sodainely arose such a fire in the castle of Windsor, that many officers of the same house were therewith consumed, and many goodly images, made to beautifie the building, were defaced and deformed."

If the people of Windsor did not often see the king, they frequently saw the tax-gatherer coming with his armed guard to collect the war-money from Berkshire, as from elsewhere, and also to call on the great men of the county to send their armed retainers to the wars which Edward I. had always in hand—in Scotland, Wales, "and parts beyond the seas." These men were not the untrained peasants, but "experts, slingers and bowmen, capable of offensive and defensive action, and well-equipped with adequate arms." No better men could be found anywhere in the kingdom than those who were sent to the king's camp from Berkshire.

Edward came and went, sometimes spending Christmas at Windsor, but nothing stands out historically, as in the case of so many of the kings.

The story of Windsor gathers round those things which show what progress the town was making. Windsor was no longer an obscure little place of no importance, but one which was taking its own stand without being dependent on the castle for everything.

Nothing of any importance was done at the castle in the next reign—that of Edward II. The atten-

tion of that weak and worthless monarch was taken up with other things, so that he had no time for Windsor beyond an occasional visit. Windsor, like many another place, suffered because of the king's readiness to accept any excuse for taking away the homes and lands of those who offended him. He wanted the money, and found a way for obtaining it. Thus he was greatly hated by the inhabitants of Windsor. The king's disastrous experiences in his wars led to the constant calling out of more soldiers to take the place of those who had been slain. Everywhere in Berkshire there were the officers of the king making their claim for this service. When the war was begun in Scotland, five hundred foot were called out from the county, and Windsor had to send its share, but for some reason Reading was excused, and there was much grumbling in consequence.

The most important event in Windsor's story during that unhappy reign was the birth of a young prince at the castle on Monday, November the 23rd, 1312. The newly-born child afterwards became the famous King Edward III., with whose life some of the most telling deeds in the castle's story are associated.

Dr. Stoughton gives a description of the christening ceremony in the chapel four days after the baby was born. "The uncle of (the queen) and the rest of the French nobles, who were at the Court . . . were urgent with the king to allow his name to be Louis; but the English nobles, always averse to foreign (names), insisted that the princely boy

should be baptised by none other than the name of Edward. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Arnold, and the prince had no less than seven godfathers. Rude, no doubt, was the splendour of the ceremonial, as high-born dames, noble knights, and mitred priests gathered round the font; far different from that display of beauty and grandeur which, after the lapse of five long centuries, graced the baptism of a regal descendant, who had given him, in addition to the name of Albert, that of Edward, in the spirit of the old nobles at the first Windsor christening." That later child was our present King Edward VII.

There was some discontent among the people of Berkshire, and possibly jealousy also, because the county jail was at Windsor. Many thought that it should be more central, and in a more populous place; for since Windsor lay at the extreme end of the county, great trouble and expense were involved because prisoners were taken to Windsor from the distant ends of the county. One grievance stated in the petition to the king, asking for the prison to be placed in a more central spot, was, that the town of Windsor was so small that food could not be bought. One wonders whether no baker lived in the place.

The further reason given was a strange one: the people of Windsor were generally so poor that they could not spare alms to the wretched prisoners, who consequently died of starvation, whether innocent or guilty. It was clear from that statement that prisoners were not fed at the expense of the county,

but had to rely on the generosity of those who had pity for the imprisoned who were too poor to buy food. The petitioners suggested that Wallingford had once held the prison, but the king's decision was that Reading should find the jail ; and it has been there ever since.

CHAPTER XV.

WINDSOR GREAT FOREST.

THE story of Windsor Great Forest must find a place in the story of the royal borough. Where we now see stretching towards the south and south-west miles upon miles of open country, full of wild beauty, there were days when one who stood on Windsor's mighty mound looked on nothing but forest and a broad and winding river. Gradually in the progress of centuries there was a change. The forests became less and less dense; great open spaces began to appear, and to-day we see Berkshire a country full of woodland patches, wild heathland, rich corn-growing land, and green meadows.

It was greatly different in the Middle Ages—those days of which we have been reading—either from what the old time savage saw, or from what is seen to-day. The Thames, which now for a hundred miles of its winding course forms the upper boundary of the county of Berkshire, was wooded all along the valley on either side of its waters. We are told that in the days of the Edwards, “besides the greater extent of forest, . . . the county had a larger



WINDSOR GREAT FOREST.

amount of water, and was more subject to (floods) than it is at the present day. In the Vale of the White Horse the termination 'ey' to many of the village names, such as Goosey, Hanney, and Charney, points to the time when they stood out as islands, and were dependent on their causeways for communications with the surrounding country; floods were constant and most destructive to property along the river banks, and frequently rendered intercourse between neighbouring places dangerous, if not impossible. A good deal of land now in the most fertile parts was scarcely worth the trouble of cultivation, until new methods of improving the soil became known." Abingdon was such a place. Yet, as Miss Lodge tells us, "Berkshire was in advance of much of England in its agriculture and general well-being, for although its wealth was chiefly dependent on rural industries alone, it took a high place in comparison with other counties."

Round about Windsor farming was not possible to any great extent, because of the great stretches of forest. The laws stood in the way of preparing the land for cultivation, for, "nothing might be cut down, not even a man's private wood, without special license." Berkshire is spoken of as having been in the early days one of the least thickly wooded of the English counties, but the forest was exceptionally thick "in that angle of the county which had Windsor on the east, and Reading on the west, and which, bounded by the Thames on the north, had the confines of Surrey on the south." In the king's lands in the other parts of the royal county there

was evidently no woodland in the centre, at "Wantage, Spresholt, Charlton, and Betterton; whilst at Faringdon in the north-west of the county, and at Little Coxwell, it is stated that there was only a sufficiency of wood, mere brushwood, to serve for fencing purposes."

When Domesday Book was prepared, William the Conqueror was not satisfied with the forest's size,



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE III. IN THE GREAT FOREST, COMMONLY-KNOWN AS "THE COPPER HORSE."

and gave orders for it to be made very much larger. The houses were destroyed, although it meant that men became homeless, and lost their all—the very lands on which the pigs fed, or whatever else the people kept—so that the king might not have his

hunting hindered. According to his commands, some of Buckinghamshire was made into forest, a part of Middlesex, some of Oxfordshire, and in Surrey as much land was covered with woodland as in Berkshire, as well as the greater part of Hampshire. Windsor Great Forest, therefore, was of tremendous size when the Normans ruled the land, the beasts therein receiving more care than men, women, or children.

Gradually, however, the forest was thinned out. Some of the abbots and lords of the various manors received permission to clear a space, and use the timber for building. Sometimes wood was carried down the river for certain work in London, such as the quay which was built on the Thames side in 1222. Gifts also came from the king at times: "six oaks for fuel to Master Simon de Menveys, the king's surgeon," two oaks to another, and the trunk of an ash to the king's gardener at Windsor. Thirty oaks were given to the Constable of the Tower of London in 1276, to burn lime for the works of the Tower, and six to the nurse of the king's daughter. The carefulness displayed in making the gifts shows how loth the kings were to thin down the forest; but we must remember that wood was valuable, and the sovereign looked to the sale of the forest trees for a considerable part of his income.

In time certain parts were fenced in, and the trees removed, so that the land which was given away to certain persons, or sold, might be cultivated. Sometimes these enclosures were of great extent. Again and again the kings enclosed great spaces, and made

them into parks. Edward IV. took in two hundred acres close to New Windsor, but made compensation to the inhabitants of the town, by granting them certain privileges. This was only just, for by the making of the enclosure the people were the losers, since they lost the right to collect firewood. Abbots, priors, prioresses, the Chapters of Windsor and Salisbury, the Provost and College of Eton, and others, in Queen Elizabeth's days, had certain forest rights, and had to be thought of when enclosures were made, or trees were cut down. Some had claims on the venison ; some possessed rights for feeding pigs ; others had hunting rights, and so on, so that no great general order could be given to clear whole districts without first bringing the matter before the justices of the forest.

In Windsor Forest there were various woods which did not belong to the king. They had become private property by gifts of purchase, or in consequence of special services rendered for which the stretch of woodland was payment. Yet there were certain regulations, "such as free ingress and egress of the king's game." Even in this private property in the forest the owners could not do as they pleased. Dr. Cox tells us that they could not fell timber, or clear away undergrowth, or build houses or sheds, or erect forges, or burn charcoal, or do anything that might alarm or damage the deer without a special license from the king.

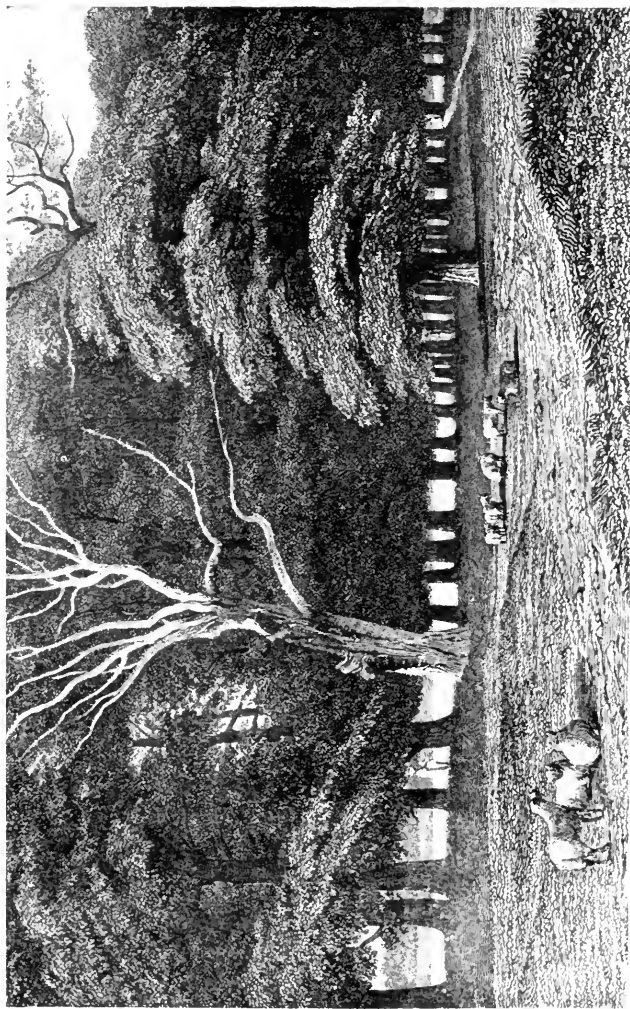
In James I.'s time, Windsor Forest, in spite of the constant encroachments upon it, was of great extent, for the circuit was $77\frac{1}{2}$ miles, not counting in what was in Buckinghamshire. There were certain so-

called "walks"—or portions of the forest which came under the management of the keepers—and the "walks" in Berkshire were—"Egham (partly in Surrey), Cranbourne and New Lodge comprising the parts lying nearest to Windsor Castle; Swinley, Warfield, Easthampstead, Sandhurst, Bearwood, and Bigshot, lying on the south-west of Windsor; and the large district extending northwards, from Wokingham to the Thames, called Binfield Walk."

At various times, in the Stuart days, great districts were thickly sown with acorns. In Queen Elizabeth's days thirteen acres had been sown in Cranbourne Walk, and after forty-five years there was "a wood of some thousands of tall young oaks, bearing acorns, and giving shelter to cattle, and likely to prove as good timber as any in the kingdom. There was some trouble in 1640, because the deer multiplied so greatly that the Grand Jury of Berkshire declared that "if they go on so for a few years more," they "will neither leave room nor food for any other creature in the forest."

When Charles was quarrelling with his parliament, some of the people who lived in or near the forest became unruly, killing the deer, poaching, breaking down the fences, and doing a great amount of damage to the trees. For this many were clapped into prison.

During the days of the Commonwealth, when Admiral Blake was winning his great naval victories, and asking for new warships with which to fight the Dutch, the Government cut down an immense number of oak-trees for the building of our navy.



HERNE'S OAK, IN THE GREAT FOREST.
(From Alderman Barber's Collection.)

When Charles II. came to Windsor after the Restoration, he was dismayed at what he saw, for the deer had disappeared so completely, that some of his noblemen and gentlemen made him a present of three hundred deer with which to re-stock the forests and royal parks. Gradually these increased, until in 1731 there was thirteen hundred deer in Windsor Forest; but by 1806 the numbers had gone down again, and there were only 318 deer in it.

The changes in the forest in the course of centuries were very great. There were perpetual clearances, and at the commencement of the nineteenth century, "the total open forest land, apart from the enclosed property of the Crown (5,400 acres), and of private individuals (29,000), was about 25,000 acres."

In 1817, "the Crown secured 6,665 acres in compensation for a variety of rights, a considerable portion of which (1454 acres) was added to the Great Park." The Home Park of Windsor, as we know it now, close by the castle, contains about four hundred acres, and is four miles in circumference. It has in it many magnificent oaks, and avenues of great elms, especially that splendid avenue known as the Long Walk. The celebrated Herne's oak is no longer standing, for it fell on the 31st of August, 1863. "This venerable tree," we read, "is believed to have attained to the great age of 650 years; the site is now marked by a youthful successor, which was planted by Queen Victoria on September 12th, 1863."

Of late years the value of forest land has become more and more appreciated, so that instead of

destruction going on, unheeded, steps are being taken to encourage the growth of woodland in England.

The Great Park in Windsor is receiving more and more care, and while it is now fourteen miles round and contains 1,800 acres, it is jealously guarded against any diminution either in size or beauty.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN EDWARD III. WAS KING.

THE reign of Edward III. added more splendour and importance to Windsor than that of any of the preceding monarchs. Sir Richard Holmes says that with the advent of Edward III. to the throne, the real history of Windsor may be said to begin. "Born in the castle on November 13th, 1312, and therefore styled 'of Windsor,' he made it always his favourite home, and the most stately and illustrious of all the palaces of Europe." Sir Richard adds, later on, that Edward's proudest monument is the Castle of Windsor, "which, had it not been for the institution of the Most Noble Order of the Garter by him, and the endowments left for its service, might long ago have shared the fate of so many of the great feudal fortresses of the land."

Undoubtedly much of the added splendour was due to the fact that the nobles were now bent on possessing homes even more than mere strongholds. Comfort and grandeur were desired, so that the feudal castles throughout England were gradually being changed into palaces, with all the strength of

the old-time fortresses. War and misrule had so diminished under Edward's strong government, that castles were not necessary as places of defence, as in the days gone by; hence Windsor's share in this increasing idea of grandeur. As Mr. Lambourn says: "A house had merely been a place for eating and sleeping. Now people had new ideas, new interests, and new needs. To men like Chaucer and Langland, for instance, private rooms in which to think and write were a necessity." One can understand, therefore, that "the new Windsor Castle was built to be a house in the modern sense of the word. It began to be a palace as well as a fortress." Edward made it so beautiful that he chose it as his home, the most palatial residence that he had.

Here, in times of peace, between the devastating wars in France, Edward held great tournaments, such as were only possible in what became the age of chivalry, to celebrate the glorious victories of Crecy and Poitiers. Thus sprang up other comforts and other splendours elsewhere, and Berkshire was singularly benefitted in this regard.

To tell of all that happened in Windsor in this reign—of the additions made to the castle, and of events which could not but make the place famous—is not possible. One can only select a few of the most important doings of an illustrious reign with which Windsor is closely associated.

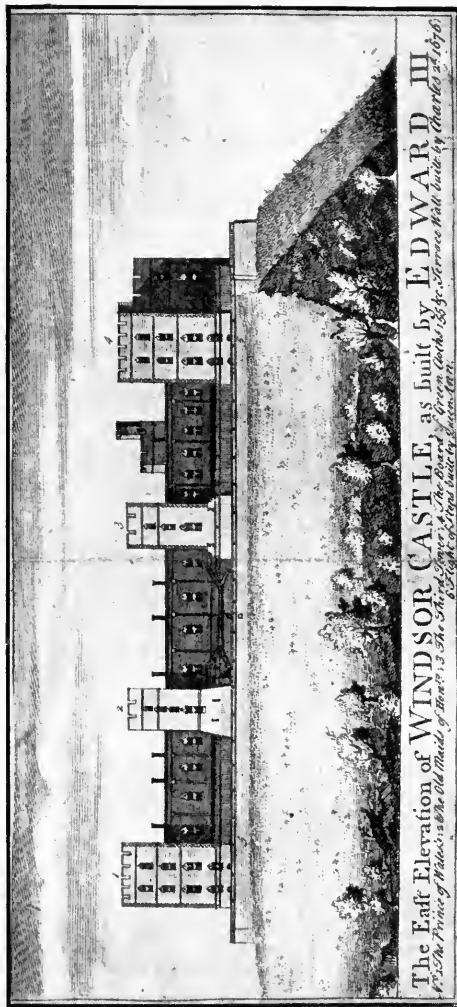
To begin with, the king told the people of the town that their liberties should not be taken from them. In 1328 he confirmed the charter and the privileges his predecessors had granted, and secured

to them pontage. This was no small matter now that the Thames was becoming a great highway for trade as well as pleasure.

The amount of time and money and proud care expended on the castle itself was very great. William of Wykeham was entrusted by the king to carry out the changes he desired, and those who assisted this clever architect were given the power to press all manner of workmen into the work, very much, one would think, in the spirit of the later day "Press gangs." The instructions given were these: The Sheriffs were to see that no workmen went away from Windsor without permission, or they would be fined £100. But in spite of the care the Sheriffs took, the men stole away without being seen. The king, therefore, issued a proclamation that when these men were found they should be put into Newgate Prison, while anyone who dared to employ them should forfeit all the goods that he possessed. These were harsh regulations, and did not help to make some to have any very kind feelings towards the castle.

While these buildings were going on, Edward pulled down the old chapel, and put up a much more handsome and spacious one; but it was so badly built that it was so unsafe in Edward IV.'s time, that it had to come down again.

For years the rebuilding of the castle proceeded, but it was said to be complete in 1369. The finishing stroke would seem to have been the carving of the inscription, "*Hoc fecit Wykeham*," on Winchester Tower, and which can be seen to-day.



The East Elevation of WINDSOR CASTLE, as built by EDWARD III.
1st. The Prince of Wales's & the Old Maids of Tower; 2^d. The Tower of Green; 3^d. The Tower of St. George; 4th. The Tower of St. Andrew; 5th. The Tower of St. Martin; 6th. The Tower of St. Peter; 7th. The Tower of St. Paul; 8th. The Tower of St. John; 9th. The Tower of St. James; 10th. The Tower of St. Michael; 11th. The Tower of St. Nicholas; 12th. The Tower of St. Thomas; 13th. The Tower of St. Vincent; 14th. The Tower of St. Elizabeth; 15th. The Tower of St. Anne; 16th. The Tower of St. Agnes; 17th. The Tower of St. Lucy; 18th. The Tower of St. Margaret; 19th. The Tower of St. Catherine; 20th. The Tower of St. Barbara; 21st. The Tower of St. Ursula; 22nd. The Tower of St. Agatha; 23rd. The Tower of St. Cecilia; 24th. The Tower of St. Dymphna; 25th. The Tower of St. Eustachius; 26th. The Tower of St. George; 27th. The Tower of St. Andrew; 28th. The Tower of St. Martin; 29th. The Tower of St. Peter; 30th. The Tower of St. Paul; 31st. The Tower of St. John; 32nd. The Tower of St. James; 33rd. The Tower of St. Michael; 34th. The Tower of St. Nicholas; 35th. The Tower of St. Thomas; 36th. The Tower of St. Vincent; 37th. The Tower of St. Elizabeth; 38th. The Tower of St. Anne; 39th. The Tower of St. Agnes; 40th. The Tower of St. Lucy; 41st. The Tower of St. Margaret; 42nd. The Tower of St. Catherine; 43rd. The Tower of St. Barbara; 44th. The Tower of St. Ursula; 45th. The Tower of St. Agatha; 46th. The Tower of St. Cecilia; 47th. The Tower of St. Dymphna; 48th. The Tower of St. Eustachius; 49th. The Tower of St. George; 50th. The Tower of St. Andrew; 51st. The Tower of St. Martin; 52nd. The Tower of St. Peter; 53rd. The Tower of St. Paul; 54th. The Tower of St. John; 55th. The Tower of St. James; 56th. The Tower of St. Michael; 57th. The Tower of St. Nicholas; 58th. The Tower of St. Thomas; 59th. The Tower of St. Vincent; 60th. The Tower of St. Elizabeth; 61st. The Tower of St. Anne; 62nd. The Tower of St. Agnes; 63rd. The Tower of St. Lucy; 64th. The Tower of St. Margaret; 65th. The Tower of St. Catherine; 66th. The Tower of St. Barbara; 67th. The Tower of St. Ursula; 68th. The Tower of St. Agatha; 69th. The Tower of St. Cecilia; 70th. The Tower of St. Dymphna; 71st. The Tower of St. Eustachius; 72nd. The Tower of St. George; 73rd. The Tower of St. Andrew; 74th. The Tower of St. Martin; 75th. The Tower of St. Peter; 76th. The Tower of St. Paul; 77th. The Tower of St. John; 78th. The Tower of St. James; 79th. The Tower of St. Michael; 80th. The Tower of St. Nicholas; 81st. The Tower of St. Thomas; 82nd. The Tower of St. Vincent; 83rd. The Tower of St. Elizabeth; 84th. The Tower of St. Anne; 85th. The Tower of St. Agnes; 86th. The Tower of St. Lucy; 87th. The Tower of St. Margaret; 88th. The Tower of St. Catherine; 89th. The Tower of St. Barbara; 90th. The Tower of St. Ursula; 91st. The Tower of St. Agatha; 92nd. The Tower of St. Cecilia; 93rd. The Tower of St. Dymphna; 94th. The Tower of St. Eustachius; 95th. The Tower of St. George; 96th. The Tower of St. Andrew; 97th. The Tower of St. Martin; 98th. The Tower of St. Peter; 99th. The Tower of St. Paul; 100th.

Published according to Act of Parliament by John Hinton at the King's Arms in St Pauls Church Yard. London.

Concerning this a story is told which runs as follows :

“The courtiers represented to the king that the architect had (taken) to himself all the glory of the palace ; but when the king, greatly incensed, charged Wykeham with the crime, he, not with sorrowful and affrighted countenance, but with great composure and good humour, replied that the man was either ignorant of grammar, or a malicious calumniator, who founded a criminal charge upon a mere inversion of grammatical cases. ‘Neither, serene prince,’ he added, ‘*did I make this castle, but this castle made me all I am* ; that is, it has placed me in your Majesty’s favour, and raised me from a humble condition to the highest fortune.’”

Unfortunately the progress of Windsor was retarded by the coming of that awful pestilence to which the name was given of the Black Death, because of the dark blotches on the skin of the victims. The castle was being added to day by day, and the town outside its walls was prospering because of the privileges it enjoyed. Windsor Castle must have looked very picturesque at the time, and the town also ; for we are told that while the town was by no means thickly populated, the dwellings of the inhabitants were in many instances separated from each other by neat little gardens, blooming with roses, and fragrant with honeysuckles. Men and women had begun to hope that better days would come after some very hard experiences, but they were suddenly brought face to face with the most terrible plague Berkshire, and indeed all

England, had ever known. It came just when the people of the county were feeling the stress of hard times. There had been a particularly bad winter. A disease had broken out among the sheep, and they died in great numbers, while, to make matters worse, there had been a failure in the corn crops. It is said that all along the Thames valley complaints had been made of this, and widespread poverty came in consequence. To make the trouble greater the Black Death came.

In other times the country had been swept by blight, by plague, by famine, and other calamities, but never by anything so terrible as this. To touch a plague-stricken one, or even to inhale the breath, was to sicken and die in three or four days. The Black Death came sweeping through Europe from Asia, "in the track of the caravans that brought the produce of the East." It reached Cyprus in 1347. In 1348 it was ravaging England. Old Caxton, the famous printer, said that in those days "Death was without sorrow, weddings without friendship, flying without succour; scarcely was there left living folk to bury honestly them that were dead." Of the citizens of London, a small city then, no less than 100,000 died, and the place was a vast charnel-house, a city that seemed to have nothing in it but the dead; while as for Norwich, 60,000 died, and Bristol had in it more dead than living. It is estimated that throughout Europe 25,000,000 were carried off by the pestilence.

It struck down the rich as freely as the poor, for a

daughter of the king, three Archbishops of Canterbury, nobles, abbots, priors, and yeomen, as well as the poorest of the poor, died. Berkshire suffered terribly ; so much so that the castle-building at Windsor was stopped because so many of the workmen were among the dead. Other workmen could not be obtained owing to the scarcity of labour. Men walked about in deadly fear, and people were saying among themselves that the Black Death was the herald of the judgment, because of the wickedness of men.

Because of the scarcity of labour, and because such as were not stricken by the plague were too full of trouble to work, "Harvests rotted in the ground ; the fields were left unploughed ; and sheep and cattle were left untended" ; and, naturally, famine followed. When work began again the labourers refused to work unless they received big wages, and they fixed their prices so high that the Government had to interfere, and pass "The Statute of Labourers," fixing the wages for the various trades. Throughout Berkshire, because of these experiences, there was the sight of dilapidation as everywhere else. "Towns and villages fell into decay. Houses, mills, and cottages were tenantless. A murrain broke out among the cattle and sheep, which died by thousands." Every trade, especially the woollen, seems to have been paralyzed, and the whole nation appeared to be face to face with ruin. Windsor had its full share of suffering in this never-to-be-forgotten time of trouble.

CHAPTER XVII.

WINDSOR'S PATRON SAINT.

IN the feudal days when each lord, at the call of the king, brought out his armed retainers to join the army, and take their part in the wars, that lord had his own war-cry. This held throughout all Christendom. Each nation had its own battle-word. The Highlanders, as far back as we can go in their history, shouted, when they rushed into battle, their ringing cry, "Claymore!" So whenever the French moved to the attack, their leader raised the battle-cry, "Mount joye, St. Dennis!" and at that word the soldiers took it up with a mighty shout, and rushed upon the foe.

But strange to say, England had so many battle-cries that no one among them all roused the soldiers to the same enthusiasm as the cry of their particular lord under whose banner they were serving.

Edward III., however, when he went to war with France, led off with a war-cry. His shout went ringing through the field when the English stood waiting at Crecy—30,000 of them—faced by 100,000 of the very flower of the French army.

"St. George for England!" cried the king.

"St. George for England!" ran the shouts all down the English ranks, and from that day onward it became the war-cry of our soldiers.

The name "St. George" had been popular in the days of Richard I., when he was taking his part in the Crusade, but not until Edward faced the French at Crecy did St. George become the patron saint of England.

Edward had endeavoured for a long time to fix upon a patron saint for England, one that would be accepted by men of all ranks, the high and the low, but to every proposal he made someone took exception. At last he fixed upon St. George. When the first Richard was fighting Saladin in the Holy Land he adopted the cry of St. George. It had been used by one of his most famous knights, and all through his marvellous career as a soldier of the Cross he adopted it. When Edward used it at Crecy also, the chivalry of France was beaten, and broken, and fled away, leaving 30,000 Frenchmen dead upon the awful field. The king "returned to Windsor from his conquests, burning with devotion to St. George, henceforth to be his patron saint, his banner, and his cry."

At once men began to rehearse the story of the famous saint, who was adopted with enthusiasm by all sorts and conditions in those warlike days. The story was told in castle and in mansion, in city and country, was known by the man in the field as well as by the man in the workshop, and also by the king and all his gentlemen. As it was told among the people it took this form :

“Once upon a time (for so we will begin it) St. George of Cappadocia came to the country of Lybia, and to the city of Sisena (a city, as Don Quixote said of his kingdom errant, that is not to be found in all the maps). Near to this town was a lake as big as any sea, God bless us, and in that lake a deadly dragon, which with his breath did poison all the country all around him, and therefore the poor people were compelled, God help 'em, to give him every day a couple of sheep to keep him quiet.

“At last, when all their sheep were spent, alas ! poor people, they were compelled to give him every day one sheep, and one man or one woman with it to make up the number. And then, when almost all their sons and daughters had been eaten, at length the cruel and unlucky lot fell upon the king's daughter, her father's only child, and her mother's blessing. It was a sorry house, I warrant you, but who could help it ? The poor lady was drawn forth into the fields, and was about to be stripped of all her gay attire and bound under a stake, and ready for the monster that was to eat her.”

To carry on the story apart from what the old writers say, since they make it much too long to quote it all, the maiden's only hope of life was that some brave knight should be found who should have courage sufficient to meet the dragon, and kill him. St. George, the English knight, heard of this, and heard, too, of the great reward the king offered to the champion. He was to win the hand of the princess, and succeed to the crown of Egypt when the monarch died. St. George vowed that he would

either save the king's daughter or lose his own life in so glorious an enterprise.

That night he slept in the hermitage of the old man who told him of this strange beast ; but rising at sunrise, he buckled on his armour, and harnessed his steed with the richest harness, and guided by the hermit, he rode up the valley towards the spot where the maiden was that morning to be chained. He saw her crossing the plain towards the lake, but calling to those who were with her to halt, he entreated her to return to her father's palace, since he had come to slay the dragon.

Like the bold and daring hero that he was, the noble knight entered the valley where the monster had his abode. At the sight of the champion in shining armour, the dragon sent forth a sound more terrible than thunder.

St. George's heart stood still for a moment when he saw the mighty beast he had to fight, for he was fearful to behold. From his shoulders to his tail his length was fifty feet. The glittering scales upon his body were as bright as burnished silver, but harder than brass. His belly was of the colour of gold.

Coming from his hideous den, he so fearfully assailed the gallant champion with his fearful wings, that at the first shock of the encounter the knight was almost struck out of his saddle. But quickly recovering himself, he drove his splendid steed onward, and thrust at the monster with his spear. To his dismay it shivered in a thousand pieces. Again and again the fight was renewed.

The gallant horse was beaten to the ground, and lay there senseless, while St. George was so sorely bruised that he stepped back to avoid the fatal blow of the monster's wings. Thus he came under the shelter of an orange-tree which had that rare virtue in it that no venomous creature dared to come within the compass of its branches. Here the valiant knight rested himself till he had recovered his former strength; but he no sooner felt his spirits revive, than with an eager courage he smote the burning dragon under his yellow burnished belly with his trusty sword Ascalon.

The fearful fight went on until, undaunted, the knight smote the dragon under the wing, where it was tender, and without scale. He drove in his sword, Ascalon, up to the hilt, and with an awful roar of pain the monster rolled over dead. Cutting off the dragon's head, the champion rode out of the valley in triumph.

Such is the story of the deed which won the English champion his immortal fame.

As we have seen, St. George was not chosen to be the patron saint of England until the battle of Crecy had been fought and won. According to tradition, he was held in honour alike by King Arthur and the Britons, and the Saxons also; but he never held the supremacy over the other saints, of which there were so many.

When Richard I. landed in Palestine, he found that the Crusaders from England went into battle with the cry of "St. George!" Someone told the lion-hearted king that Godfrey of Boulogne had seen

the saint. "He was an armed and mounted knight, clothed in white mail, mounted on a white horse, and wearing a white shirt on which was stamped a red cross. . . . So habited and mounted, he had led the Christian hosts to battle; dashing into the Moslem ranks, swathing them down like grass, and scattering them to the wind like chaff. From Antioch the white knight with the blood-red cross had led his followers to Jerusalem."

From that day, when the strange story spread among the Crusaders, St. George was worshipped by them, and in "many an after field brave men had donned his armour, and displayed his flag."

When Richard came back to England, having fought under the banner of St. George, men heard the story, and observed the saint's day as a national holiday. Even then, however, he did not rise to the dignity of England's patron saint, but shared the honour with so many others.

But at Crecy he was chosen once for all. Camden says: "George hath been a name of special respect in England since the victorious king, Edward III., chose St. George for his patron, and the English in all encounters and battles have used the name of St. George in their cries, as the French did *Mount joye St. Dennis*."

When Edward came back to England and travelled down to Windsor, and established there the Noble Order of the Garter, the Order was dedicated to St. George. Edward also chose that champion to be the saint and patron of his soldiery, caused him to be painted on a noble horse, holding a

white shield with a red cross on it, and to each of his soldiers a white coat or cassock with two red crosses, "on each side of them one, to wear upon their armour."

From that day St. George was not the saint of men in general throughout all Europe, but became exclusively the patron saint in Edward's realm. The battle-cry from that day onward was always the same: "Forward for St. George and Merry England!" The straight-barred crimson cross upon our Union Jack is the cross of St. George.

One well-known writer says from that day forth the worship of St. George had grown with English growth, and spread with English enterprise. . . . "England has established him throughout the earth. On every ocean we have his flag, on every island we have reared his fame. But we have kept him as a naval not as a Crusading hero. In Windsor we have given a permanent presence to St. George. The sovereign comes and goes, St. George remains. On Windsor hill St. George is king."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

THE splendour of Edward's court in those days when St. George became the patron saint of England was greater than anything England had yet seen, and the whole world turned its gaze upon the place where the king dwelt who was at that time in the fulness of his glory. Tilts and tournaments were often exhibited, bringing to Windsor the greatest knights of Europe.

With so many famous warriors about him, it became Edward's great ambition to found a splendid order of chivalry which should excel that of every other order the world had ever known for splendour. The Order was to be that of The Garter, and St. George was to be the patron.

If the story that is told is true, then Edward was not the first to think of the garter as the badge of honour. The old historian tells us that when Richard I. warred against the Saracens, and was weary of the delay caused by the obstinate resistance of one of the garrisons, St. George appeared to the lion-hearted monarch. Whether St. George made the suggestion one cannot tell.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, SHOWING PART OF THE CEREMONY OF AN
INSTALLATION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

But on the following day Richard placed on the legs of his choicest knights a garter of leather, whereby, being so distinguished, and put in mind of future glory, promised to them, they fought so valorously, and led their men with such resolution that the beleaguered city fell, and the soldiers of the Cross were free to march on towards Jerusalem.

Such a story as that, however, does not spoil that other which is told as to the foundation of the Order of the Garter, "an Order of such excellency that the mightiest princes of Christendom have reputed it among their greatest honours to be chosen and admitted to it."

There are several stories as to its institution, but no one can say which is the correct one. The legend, as told by Stow is, that in 1350, Joan, the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, while dancing with the king, in Windsor Castle, dropped her jewelled garter, and the king bent down to pick it up. Some smiled, but Edward seeing this, cried, so that all who were in the chamber heard: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—"Evil to him who evil thinks." It was asserted by some that the king meant by his words that shame and defiance should be upon him who should think amiss of the just enterprise he had undertaken for the recovery of his right to the throne of France.

These words became the motto of the Order of the Garter. In those days everything had its motto and device, and Edward in particular was so fond of them that his plate, bed, household furniture, shield, and even the harness of his horses were covered with emblems which it would now be vain to think to

trace the meanings of. On a doublet of the king, for instance, was traced the motto, "It is as it is ;" but there was one wrought on the surcoat and shield he used at tournaments which is more intelligible :

" Hay, hay, the wythe swan,
By God's soul, I am the man !"

Some say that the story of the Countess's garter is so much idle romance, "too trifling a foundation for so great a building," and they tell another story which is to this effect—that the king, following the queen to her apartments, espied a blue garter lying on the floor. Attendant after attendant disregarded it as they went, as if disdaining to stoop to such a trifle. The king knew it for the queen's, and when it was handed to him at his desire, he said to those who were about, "You make but small account of this garter, but within a few months I will cause the best of you all to reverence it."

The story of Richard I. and the garter in the Holy Land has just been told, but there is a fourth which says that Edward III., while engaged in his wars with France, resolved to restore King Arthur's Round Table. His plan was "to invite the gallant spirits from abroad, and endear them to himself; and considering no place more suitable than Windsor, he issued letters of protection for the safe going and returning of foreign knights, to try their valour at the solemn jousts to be held there on Monday after the Feast of St. Hilary—which happened on January the 19th"—1345.

The story goes on to say that the king provided a great supper to begin the solemnity, and then ordained this festival to be held annually at Whitsuntide. But accommodation was needed. Consequently the great Round Tower was reconstructed on a more massive scale, so as to afford a meeting-place for the newly established Order of the Knights of the Garter. Edward selected this spot because popular tradition ran to the effect that it was on the summit of the circular mound that King Arthur used to be surrounded by the Knights of the Round Table. In this Round Tower he placed a table of two hundred feet diameter, where the knights should have their entertainment of diet at the king's expense to the extent of not less than a hundred pounds a week.

In this connection the legend of the dropped garter comes in. During these great assemblies the days were spent in all kinds of jousts and tournaments, and the nights witnessed many dances. The garter fell, the king saw it, and saw the smiles of those who were near. He gave the answer to the smiles by adopting the garter as the chief ensign, and the re-naming of the new Order. It was henceforth the Order of the Garter, and not of the Round Table.

Froissart says that in connection with the foundation of this Order, Edward founded a chapel at Windsor in honour of St. George, and appointed canons there to serve God, with a handsome endowment. He then issued his proclamation for this feast by his heralds, whom he sent to France, Scot-

land, Burgundy, Hainault, Flanders, Brabant, and the Empire of Germany, and offered to all the knights and squires that might come to this ceremony passports to last for fifteen days after it was over. The celebration of the Order was fixed for St. George's Day next ensuing, to be held at Windsor, and the queen was to be present, accompanied by three hundred ladies and damsels, all of high birth, and richly dressed in similar robes.

It is said that for several hundred years after the institution of the Order the ladies of the knights continued to attend the chapters in their robes. They were called "Lady Companions," and wore the garter, with the motto, on their left arms.

There was a purpose in the mind of the warlike king when he established this Order. It was his desire "to adorn martial prowess with honour, rewards, and splendour; to increase virtue and valour in the hearts of his nobles, that so true worth, after long and hazardous exploits, should not be deprived of that glory." He also desired to spur the youth of those days of chivalry to greater virtue, as virtue was counted in those days.

Later on the Garter became a badge of unity and concord. By the symbols of the Garter the knights were reminded not to leave the pursuit of whatsoever they took in hand, nor to attempt anything that was contrary to the laws of the Order. Another obligation was, neither to frustrate the rights of peace and friendship, nor to do what was contrary to the law of arms, nor to proceed in anything farther than true friendship would permit.

In the binding of the leg there was this exhortation, that the knights should not, by running away from battle betray valour and renown. Because there should be no jealousies, and no suggestions of superiority among men of such fame, it was commanded that the knights-companions' robes should be all alike, both for materials and fashion, intimating that thereby there should be brotherly affection among them. The great Collar of the Order was made of equal weight, and of an exact number of knots and links, in token of the bond of faith, peace, and friendship to be always observed, and never broken.

There were but twenty-six members at first, the king being the head. In 1786 the number was raised to thirty-two. In 1831 the Order became limited by an Act of Parliament to the sovereign and twenty-five knights-companions, besides any of the descendants of George I. The Prince of Wales is always a knight; but there are now the sovereign, the Prince of Wales, and forty-eight knights—fifty in all, some of whom are sovereigns of other countries, and rank as extra knights. The restriction on the membership of the Order is, that no knight must be below the rank of earl.

The ceremony of installation is, and was, a gorgeous one. Nothing could be more splendid, and nothing more impressive. The king possesses the right to elect "whom he conceives to be the most likely to contribute to the honour of the Order, and prove most serviceable to himself, or most useful to his crown and kingdom." When the newly-elected

knight enters the Chapter he does obeisance to the sovereign for the honour conferred. He then receives the salutations of the knights. One of the knights named by the sovereign, and assisted by Garter, who is the great official of the Order, buckles the garter on the knight-elect's left leg, the knight-elect at the time kneeling on his right knee. Meanwhile the Chancellor reads the following words :

“To the honour of God Omnipotent, and in memorial of the blessed martyr, St. George, tie about thy leg for thy renown this noble Garter ; wear it as the symbol of the most illustrious Order, never to be forgotten nor laid aside, that thereby thou mayst be admonished to be courageous, and having undertaken a just war, into which only thou shalt be engaged, thou mayst stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer.”

When the Garter is buckled on, the elect knight is brought before the sovereign, who puts about his neck the George pendant attached to a sky-coloured ribbon. Again he receives an admonition, returns thanks to the sovereign, salutes the knights-companions present at the Chapter, and from that time is counted a knight-companion, although he is not entitled to the full rights and honours of the Order until he has been solemnly installed in St. George's Chapel at a later day.

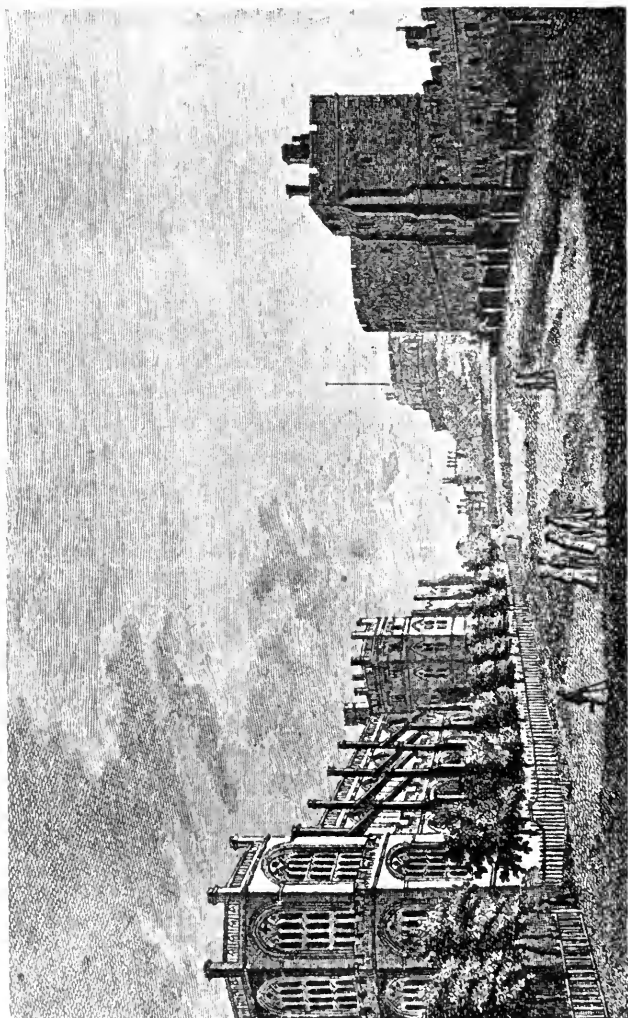
The great requirement for election is, that none shall be chosen who are not free from infamy or reproach. Hence he who is chosen is girded with

the unstained Girdle of Knighthood. The Chapter is then declared to be over, and the striking ceremony is ended.

There was one other notable institution which was closely associated with the beginnings of the Order of the Garter—the foundation of Military Knights. The members were originally called *Milites Pauperes*, or Poor Knights. He who tells of the founding of this institution says that the king, “out of the great regard he had for military honour, and those who had bravely behaved themselves in his wars, yet chanced to fall in decay, made a provision for their relief and comfortable subsistence in old age, for providing for them in this his foundation.”

At first twenty-four were appointed, but later, Edward III. made the number twenty-six, one for every knight-companion. Each of these named a military knight in the early days of the Order, and each of the poor knights wore a red mantle with the escutcheon of St. George, without any garter to surround it. After their election the military knights received twelve pence every day they attended service in the chapel, or were resident in the college, besides forty shillings per annum for other needs.

The duty of these poor knights was “to pray for the sovereign and the knights-companions, and to be every day present at high mass, the masses of the Virgin Mary, and at vespers and compline ; in default whereof they were to lose the twelve pence.” The payments seem to have been dropped



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL : ON THE RIGHT ARE THE MILITARY KNIGHTS' QUARTERS.

during Edward IV.'s reign, but were renewed by Henry VIII.

Elizabeth declared that the number should be thirteen, all of whom should have been in war, or other service of the realm, and having little or nothing to live on. Many strange instructions were issued. One was, that upon the king's or queen's coming to or from Windsor, the thirteen knights were to stand at their doors in their special apparel, and do obeisance, and also at the Feast of St. George, when the knights-companions went in and out.

In William IV.'s reign the term "poor knights" was dropped, and the members were called from that time "military knights." *

* The story of the garter is given in accordance with the account of the old writers, Ashmole in particular.

CHAPTER XIX.

WINDSOR'S FAMOUS PRISONERS.

WINDSOR CASTLE has been a prison in bygone days, and not a palace only. Some say that it was meant at first, when the Conqueror began to build it, to be a State Prison, that it was adapted for that purpose by William, and employed as such from time to time down to the days of the Commonwealth. One has but to go through the story of Royal Windsor to discover that the castle has been no common prison merely, but a place to which "princes and nobles, statesmen and rulers, outlaws and warriors, patriots and traitors," have been brought to languish in captivity until the hard hearts of the royal prison-keepers softened, or a ruinous ransom had been paid.

To tell of all who have been thrust into some of Windsor's dungeons or towers is impossible; but there are some so famous that their coming and going are wrapped up not in Windsor's story only, but the nation's also.

Before William Rufus had long been king, he sent Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland hither. Mowbray was one of the Normans who

came over with the Conqueror, and he had been handsomely rewarded for his services. After receiving his earldom he drove back Malcom, King of Scotland, when he invaded the north of England, and slew him at Alnwick. In later years he grew discontented, and joined in a conspiracy with others who were angry at the harsh forest laws. Instead of making a protest to the king, the conspirators planned his assassination.

Possibly at the time Rufus was not aware of the conspiracy, but having heard that Mowbray had plundered some Norwegian ships—acting very much like an ordinary pirate on the sea—he called upon the earl to appear before him at Windsor, and answer for his conduct. When the earl refused obedience, because the king would not guarantee that he should return to his home in safety, William proclaimed him an outlaw, and a great force of armed men being sent against him, he was taken prisoner. After that he was deprived of his earldom, taken to Windsor, and thrust into a dungeon.

It is not known how long the unhappy earl was kept there. He was alive when twenty years had gone, and he was then in a dungeon in the Norman keep. One who lived in the olden time says that he was still living after thirty-four years of imprisonment, and he was still a prisoner when he died. But in an old manuscript it is said that Henry I. released him when he had taken a solemn oath to spend his last days—a feeble, broken-down old man—as a monk at St. Albans. It was infinitely better than spending his days in the dark



THE PRISON IN THE CURFEW TOWER.

dungeon, even if he did not like the monastic life.

Kings also found a prison in Windsor, and one of them—William the Lion of Scotland—is said to have been brought to the castle as a prisoner, where he had once been an honoured guest. The captivity was the outcome of the fortunes of war. Once he went to see Henry II., at Windsor, on business concerning the earldom of Northumberland. So great was the friendship between the two monarchs that William went with Henry to the wars in France, and fought so finely as to win admiration from friend and foe alike. Then came a day when the friendship was broken, and a fierce quarrel followed. It ended in an understanding, and William, with his brother David, went with Henry to Windsor to do homage.

When Henry II.'s sons were in arms against their father, William took advantage of the troubles of the English king, marching across the border with an army of eighty thousand men, and ravaging the whole of the north of England. The Yorkshire barons brought out their armed retainers, and joining together, under the leadership of Ranulph de Glanville, they defeated William at Alnwick in 1174, and made him prisoner.

The northern lords treated the captive king with great indignity, for when he rode into the presence of Henry, his legs were roped together under the horse's belly.

The old historians do not agree as to William's prison. Some say that it was at Falaise, and others

at Windsor Castle, but it is almost certain that it was at Windsor, for it was here that the treaty was signed between the two kings. William was not released until he had surrendered several castles, and did homage to Henry for Scotland, and all his other dominions. He also had to engage that all his barons and bishops should take an oath of fealty.

Another royal captive came to Windsor, and he also was a king of Scotland—David Bruce. When Edward III. was in France, engaged in laying siege to Calais after having won the splendid victory at Crecy, in 1346, the King of France asked Bruce to invade England, and the Scottish king did as he was desired. It was an invasion planned at a time when England was least prepared since the English army was in France.

With undaunted courage Queen Philippa raised an army and marched to the north, where she met the Scots at Neville's Cross. The fight that followed ended in disaster for the invading army, and the field was strewn with the dead, among whom were Scotland's greatest warriors. It is said that when the fight had waged for five hours, and defeat came to the Scots, David slipped off his horse, and sought to escape. But a squire named John Copland saw him and gave chase. David crept into a thicket, but Copland, crawling in after him, dealt with him so roughly that the king was compelled to yield himself a prisoner.

The heroic queen took the royal captive to London, and lodged him in the Tower until the

king came home from France. David "rode into the city on a little black charger, and the streets of London, as he pressed on to the Tower, were lined with all the Companies of the city, clad in their liveries."

Before long Edward returned from the wars, and David Bruce went with him down to Windsor. In response to the entreaty of David's queen to name the price of her husband's liberty, Edward answered that he should not return to Scotland as king, but be known as Lord David de Bruce. The conditions were so hard that for eleven years David would not consent, and through all that time he was a prisoner.

A ransom was named at last, but only on condition that David should render homage to Edward, owning the English king as Lord of Scotland, from whom he held his kingdom. The terms were hard, but David, longing for freedom, yielded, and went back to Scotland to get the ransom money. It was an anxious journey for him, and he came back to Windsor, shamed and humiliated, since he had to tell Edward that the Scottish lords refused to own the King of England as Lord of Scotland, at whatever risks. At last 100,000 marks were named instead, to be paid in ten yearly instalments, while twenty young hostages of noble birth and three great lords were to travel to Edward's court as security for the money.

The task which was set for David, to raise the ransom money, was a great one. Scotland was so poor that David had once more to return to

Windsor and tell the king that the money would never be raised unless the instalments were made smaller, and spread over a greater number of years.

While David was a prisoner in Windsor Castle, Jean le Bon, or John the Good, King of France, rode in. He, also, was a captive. The war between the two nations had been renewed, and during the campaign the Black Prince, with an army of twelve thousand men encountered King John who had sixty thousand. The armies met at Poitiers, and on the 19th of September, 1356, a battle was fought. It was terribly disastrous for France, and added another to the long list of England's famous victories against overwhelming odds. Two dukes, nineteen counts, five thousand men-at-arms, and about eight thousand infantry lay dead on the field. Two thousand men-at-arms were taken prisoners, among them three princes, an archbishop, numberless nobles, and most important of all, King John. He and his mighty host had been overthrown in the first great battle fought in the name of St. George since he was made the Saint of Windsor. At Poitiers every knight and captain used the name of St. George, and at the final and most awful charge the men rode into the dense mass of the French army with the famous cry, "St. George and Merry England!"

Before long Jean le Bon was at Windsor Castle, a prisoner of war, whose only way to liberty was by the payment of a heavy ransom. When he rode in at the castle gates Windsor beheld the strange spectacle of two captive kings within its

walls. But John was treated as an honoured guest rather than a prisoner. With all the courtesy of chivalry Edward sought to lessen the grief of the French king's captivity. "He was permitted to hunt and hawk, and take what other diversions he pleased, in the neighbourhood," says Froissart, "as well as the Lord Philip, his youngest son, who had also been captured at Poitiers." The greater number of the captive French lords remained in London, but they visited the king as often as they pleased, and were "prisoners on their parole of honour."

John, however, sent private letters to France, contrary to the conditions of his captivity, and consequently he was removed from Windsor to Hertford Castle, and a year later, to Somerton Castle. After a while he was taken to the Tower of London. When next he came to Windsor, it was to sign a treaty which was to gain him his liberty.

Unhappily for John, the conditions of the treaty were such that the French nation rejected them. "King John," was the cry throughout the land, "should remain a prisoner in England, leaving the remedy for their ills in France to God, Who would provide one in His own good time."

Three millions of golden crowns were the ransom for the king, and it would have been paid as agreed upon. Unfortunately, while the money was being raised, John heard that one of his sons, the Duke of Anjou, who had been left at Calais as a hostage for the payment of the ransom, had escaped. John

made his son, Charles, regent of the kingdom, and returned to England to give himself up until the money should be paid. His sad words to Edward when the two kings met, were:

"If good faith be banished from the earth it ought to be still found in the hearts of kings."

John's grief seems to have broken his heart, and after a short illness he died at the Savoy, in London, in 1364.

Scotland's kings had a dire experience of captivity, and Windsor was a prison for three of them. James I. of Scotland was the most famous of them all, and his imprisonment has won great sympathy for him. It began when he was but a boy, and to the lasting shame of Henry IV., he was kept a prisoner during the best years of his life. The time of his captivity lasted for sixteen years.

Requiring a better education to fit him for being a king than Scotland could provide in those turbulent days, he was sent, when he was eleven years old, to France to be educated there. That was in 1405. The ship in which he sailed was captured by an English corsair, although Scotland and England were at peace. Henry saw that if he held the young prince as a hostage, he would have a great advantage in his negotiations with the father of the prince, Robert III. He said that he would educate the boy, but sent him to the Tower of London, where he was held a prisoner for two years. Then he was sent down to Windsor Castle, where he was kept for sixteen years.

The regent, who was the Duke of Albany, did not

desire his release when the old king died. He wished to be ruler in Scotland himself, and therefore he took no steps to obtain the boy-king's liberty. While undergoing this long captivity James added to his store of scholarship. He did so while mewed up in the small chamber of the Norman Tower, which is on one side of the Norman Gate. If he had thought of escape he was reminded of its impossibility because of the thickness of the walls, and the narrowness of the window through which no man could pass. His only outlook was into the moat garden, now the pretty garden which Sir Dighton Probyn has made in the moat of the Round Tower. What the garden was like in those days one cannot tell.

Some say that the young king was kept in what is now called the Maid of Honour's Tower, or the Devil's Tower, which is to the south-east of the Round Tower, next to George IV.'s Gateway. Thence he looked out "to see the folk that went by," that is on the road which then ran close to the castle on the south side to Datchet, and which was only done away with in Prince Consort's time, when the present Datchet Road on the north side of the castle was made.*

The captivity of James seems to have been made as harsh as possible. Never did he ride forth to see the beauties of the forest without a guard so strong that with all his longing to escape he could find no opportunity.

* I am indebted to Canon Dalton for this information.



THE NORMAN GATEWAY.

*(The prison of James I. of Scotland and many other famous prisoners.
In the foreground is the Moat Garden.)*

While confined in the prison room he looked out of the window one day and saw Joan Beaufort, the niece of the murdered king, Richard II., walking in the moat. Day after day she came, and thus he grew to love the beautiful woman. Throughout the days of longing, when he could only look out of the narrow window, seeing without perhaps being seen, he wrote a poem known as the "King's Quair." It beautifully described the garden and the maiden in it.

"A garden faire, and in the corners set
An harbour green."

When Henry V. became king, the captivity was made more easy. The young monarch was allowed greater liberty. Indeed, it is said that Henry liked the Scottish king, and took him when he went to Troyes to negotiate a marriage with Princess Catherine of France. Possibly it was then that he saw more of the beautiful Joan Beaufort, and loved her more by knowing her better. Longing to be free, that he might offer her marriage and a crown, he asked that his ransom be named. It was £40,000. It was paid, and James was free! Before he went back to Scotland Joan Beaufort became his queen.

The after-story of the liberated king is a tragic one. James found Scotland full of anarchy. Everything was in disorder. His nobles cared nothing for the law. The people were just as lawless. Murder, robbery, and all manner of wickedness were in the land. James found that the authority of

the king was set at defiance, and when he sought to restore order, and to punish the evil-doers, the men who should have aided him turned against him, and proved his bitterest enemies, and did all that was in their power to hinder his efforts to make the people law-abiding. A conspiracy was entered into, not merely to dethrone the monarch, but to assassinate him. The story has been told, showing how the king's enemies accomplished his death.

"On the night of the 20th of February, 1437, when James and his courtiers, Atholl and his grandson among the rest, were amusing themselves with chess and music, reading romances and hearing tales told, a highland woman who had already warned James again appeared in the courtyard, and asked an audience, but the king put her off till morning. About midnight he drank the parting cup, and the courtiers left. Robert Stewart, the last to leave, tampered with the bolts, so that the doors could not be made fast.

"While James was still talking with the queen and her ladies round the fire, the noise of horses and armed men was heard. James, suspecting it was Graham, wrenched a plank from the floor with the tongs, and hid himself in a small chamber below. Catherine Douglas, afterwards called Bar-lass, one of the queen's maids, heroically barred the door of the house with her arm, which was broken by the incursion of Graham and his followers.

"James's hiding-place was soon discovered. After two of the band were thrown down by the king,

Graham thrust a sword through his body. Those who saw the corpse reported that there were no less than sixteen wounds in the breast alone.

"The alarm spread to the king's servants and the town, and the conspirators, who could not have effected their object without the aid of traitors in the king's household, fled. Before a month had elapsed all the leaders were caught, and within forty days tortured and executed with a barbarity which was deemed unusual even in that age."

Such is the story of a sad ending to a ruined life, in which the prison-room of Windsor Castle played so great a part.

CHAPTER XX.

DARK DAYS.

EDWARD III.'s famous reign having come to an end, Richard II. became master of Windsor Castle in 1377. The king apparently loved life in the royal borough, and he was here when Wat Tyler's rebellion broke out. When news of the rising came, Richard took horse at once and rode hard with his attendants to the Tower, where his danger would not be so great, but he came back almost immediately. Windsor's strong walls seemed safer to the timid king. Later on a very important interview took place on St. George's Day, when the leading citizens of London came to Windsor.

The object of their coming was to tell the king what they thought of the government's bad management of the country. Ruin was bound to come unless there was a great change. Some hot words were spoken on both sides, but the king felt that he must listen, especially while the people had not forgotten Tyler's rebellion, and were uneasy.

Some time after this it was found that St.

George's Chapel was in such bad repair that it would fall into a ruinous heap if some money was not speedily spent upon it. Of all the men in the world who should be chosen to make the place secure, few would have mentioned Geoffrey Chaucer, the famous poet of his day. Yet the king chose him. He had been acting as the king's valet, and not having much to do, spent the greater part of his time in writing poetry, which made him one of the most renowned poets England ever had. King Richard had always liked him, and once when in a generous mood, had granted a pitcher of wine to Chaucer every day in the year.

Then came this appointment as master of the works. Yet we need not wonder at it when we hear that the builder's art in those days was thought to be "a noble, even a royal art, the proper study and profession of a liberal mind." Hepworth Dixon tells us that kings were of the craft, and many learned men, bishops, and the like. They were architects, and as proud of what they did with bricks and mortar as with their learning. Wykeham, the bishop, was as proud of building the Winchester Tower at Windsor, as of anything he ever did. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that a poet should turn his hand to building, since so many other great men had done the same.

Richard II. was anxious as to the repair of the beautiful chapel, which not only had a leaking roof, which might fall on the heads of those who were worshipping in it at any time, but had walls so unsafe that a sudden gale might make St. George's

Chapel a heap of ruins. It was not only St. George's shrine, but in it were some very costly things. The chapel just then had many precious relics in it. There were in it crosses, crowns, images, and jewels; the bones of St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, and many another saint, too many to name here. There was the arm-bone of St. George, and fragments of the supper-table of our Lord, and of the Virgin's tomb; some of the blood of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and one of the stones with which St. Stephen was martyred, a shirt belonging to the same saint, together with one of St. Thomas. Lambourn says that there was a white girdle which St. John had given to St. Mary, and some milk and a candle-end of the Virgin Mary's. So precious were these relics that the king, who was a very religious man, was most anxious for their safety, and requested Chaucer to begin the work without delay.

Consequently the poet-architect was told to seek out "woodmen, carpenters, and masons, both in town and country, and to seize them in the king's name for his royal service." No man was exempt, unless he worked for some church or priory. The wages of Chaucer's captured workmen were fixed by royal order. If a digger or a joiner ran away, thinking of higher wages, he was subject, so we read, to arrest by the sheriff, and to be kept in prison until the king set him free. Cole-house, in Windsor, was full of men who had run away from this forced service. It was hard for them in every way, for no person was allowed to shelter or employ these

runaways, and anyone proved to have given shelter or employment to the men who left the work at St. George's Chapel was condemned to lose all his goods.

Chaucer was also able to demand building materials. "Timber and stone, mortar and lead, paint and glass, he was to take at his own price," and there was the prison ready for any man who was bold enough to refuse the poet's men when they came with the horses to carry away what they wanted. This is a sample of the tyranny exercised in the olden days, and one can believe that Windsor was not a pleasant place to live in when the people could call nothing their own.

But Chaucer never finished his task of repairing the royal chapel. Either he grew tired of the task, and wanted to get back to his poetry, or something happened. Six months after the start—on January 22nd, 1391, he appointed a deputy. But even the deputy did not do more than make the roof safe, and save the walls from falling.

Richard II. was an ill-fated king. Nothing seems to have prospered with him. St. George's Chapel remained unfinished and dilapidated. The king fell out with his people, with his uncles, and with the Londoners. His claims for labour made the Windsor citizens very angry, and they were sullen, and did not cheer him when he rode through the streets. Then came a day when he had to say "good-bye" to his girl-wife, who was only eleven years old, and whom, when he rode through the gates of Windsor Castle, he never saw again. When he turned for a

last look, she was weeping. Soon after that he was murdered.

It was in this reign that a great scaffold was erected within the castle walls, whereon the king sat to hear an appeal for high treason by Henry, Duke of Lancaster against Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. It was agreed that the two nobles should fight out their quarrel, but Richard unwisely stopped the fight, banished Lancaster and Norfolk from the realm, and forfeited Lancaster's estates at the same time. The other nobles showed their anger plainly.

The banished Henry had his revenge, for while the king was with his army in Ireland, he landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, with twenty men, and raised the standard of revolt. Before many days had gone he had an army of sixty thousand men, and marched to London, where he was crowned king, Richard having been deposed by parliament. Before long the unfortunate prince was murdered in Pontefract Castle.

The banished duke was now Henry IV., and came down to Windsor to take possession of the castle. But he was in danger there. There came one day to the castle gates a company of five hundred armed horsemen, many of them men of rank, and everyone of them bent on taking the monarch unawares, and killing him. But a friend sent him warning, so that when the horsemen rode into the castle, they found that the king had gone, and was riding hard to London. There he gathered an army and put down the rebellion.

Henry's perfidy with regard to the young Prince

of Scotland—James I.—who was treacherously captured and detained a prisoner for so many years, has already been noticed. It stands, and will so stand for ever, as a blot on the king's memory. Murderer, usurper, and a betrayer of so young a prince, Henry IV. does not leave a pleasant record behind him.

When Henry V. came to the throne, Windsor saw but little of the warlike king, but the queen was often here. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, was a visitor at Windsor, having come to attend the Feast of the Garter, and be made a Companion of the famous Order. It is said that this monarch brought with him the supposed heart of St. George, and it was kept in the castle until Henry VIII.'s reign.

In the eyes of many, the most important event at Windsor was the birth of a prince, who became later, Henry VI., and proved to be one of England's most unfortunate kings. At the time of the prince's birth, Henry V. was besieging Meaux. When news was carried to him that a son and heir had been born at Windsor, his face clouded over. Some astrologer had told him that if such a son were born in the castle, the boy would be unfortunate all through his life. Hearing what the messenger said, the king turned to Lord Fitz-Hugh, and exclaimed:

"My lord, I, Henry, born at Monmouth, shall small time reign and much get. Henry, born at Windsor, shall long reign and all lose: but as God will so be it."

The prophecy proved true. Young Henry was

born on the 6th of December, 1421. In nine months he was a king, his famous father dying on August the 31st, 1422. The marvellous successes of Edward III., and Henry V. in France—as shown in the famous battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—were all eclipsed by the disgrace which came to the British arms in the new king's reign. Joan of Arc appeared, and under her strange leadership the English were driven out of all their possessions in the land, with the exception of Calais.

The reign of Henry VI. was equally disastrous in England. The king and his government irritated the people greatly, so that when an adventurer named Jack Cade came forth, and declared himself to be Mortimer, cousin of the Duke of York, and unfurled the banner of insurrection, he soon had twenty thousand men at his back.

But most deplorable of all was the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, when the Duke of York claimed the crown of England as the descendant of the second son of Edward III., whereas the king was descended from the Duke of Lancaster, the third son of the great monarch. Exasperated by the loss of France, by the insolence of the queen and her favourites, and by the fact that the king was too gentle to rule the nation in such troublesome times, nobles and others rallied round the Duke of York, and the dreadful wars began. They lasted for thirty years, and during that time twelve pitched battles were fought. It is said that the wars almost destroyed the old nobility, and cost the lives of two kings, a prince, ten dukes, two marquesses, twenty-

one earls, twenty-seven lords, two viscounts, one lord prior, a judge, a hundred and thirty-three knights, four hundred and fifty-one esquires, and eighty-five thousand private soldiers. Henry V.'s prophecy came true in all reality, for in the end, the king, falling into the hands of his enemies, was murdered. The old chronicler says of the unfortunate monarch, that the king thus "ended his transitory life, having enjoyed as great prosperity as favourable fortune could afford, and as great troubles on the other side as she, frowning, could point out."

In the Wars of the Roses Windsor played no part in Henry's day, and Berkshire scarcely any, save at Newbury, when, in 1460, the town was attacked by the Lancastrians, who took the place, and hung, drew, and quartered all the inhabitants who would not shout for the Red Rose of York. But the war brought a new king to Windsor. Henry lived in Windsor a great deal, and while there he did something which the townspeople greatly appreciated, for he granted a new charter which allowed many fresh benefits, and reduced the rent of the town to the castle from £17 to £10.

Here Henry's kindness to the town seems to have ended, and in time a sad reign came to a close. He died in prison, and some say that he was murdered. In Richard III.'s reign his body was brought to Windsor, and buried in St. George's Chapel, and rests there to-day under a flat stone in the south aisle.

Had he not been born in such turbulent times,

when war and hate caused men to forget his real character, he would have been counted a good king. It was his misfortune to live in such times. He was a lover of peace, but it was his unhappy lot to have war forced upon him.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FOUNDATION OF ETON COLLEGE.

WHEN Henry VI., in his boy days, looked out from the windows of the castle, or stood upon its terraces, he saw nothing on the other side of the river but the straggling little town of Eton, the meadows beyond it, and the distant Chiltern Hills. Before he died, he saw a magnificent pile of buildings known now the whole world over as Eton College. It was surrounded by beautiful green meadows which became in later days the famous playing fields.

The idea of founding a college at Eton doubtless sprang up in Henry's mind since, having been trained to a high degree of scholarship, he knew the value of education in days when the majority of men and women were very ignorant. Someone said to him that it would be a great boon to the country if a good school were built, and Henry fell in with the idea at once. Bishop Wykeham had started a school at Winchester, and it was prospering greatly, and when the king visited it, he came back to Windsor with the full determination to build just such another at Eton, close to the

castle, where he could have his eye on it continually, and watch its progress.

He was young at the time—not more than nineteen—and someone suggested a little further consideration; but he set about working out the scheme at once. It was to be a costly one, but he provided the money out of his own purse, and from some other sources.

The foundation of Eton College dates from 1440, and the college itself took the name of The Blessed Marie of Etone beside Wyndesore. Not only did the young king grant the charter for the foundation, but granted another entitled *De Donatione*, in 1442. This provided the money for maintaining the college. Henry wanted it to endure “To all time, to the praise, glory, and honour of our Crucified Lord, to the exaltation of the most glorious Virgin Mary, His Mother, and the support of the Holy Church His Bride.”

The foundation of the chapel was laid by the king on July 3rd, 1441. It was not intended at first that Eton College should be a school merely, but a college for secular priests also, and an almshouse for poor and infirm men. Before Henry died he removed the almshouse from Eton, but the priests' college was there for nearly four hundred years.

To make all things as perfect as possible, the king visited Winchester again and again, to mark in his mind the best for Eton. During these visits he found that William Waynflete, who had charge of the school, was such an able schoolmaster, that he

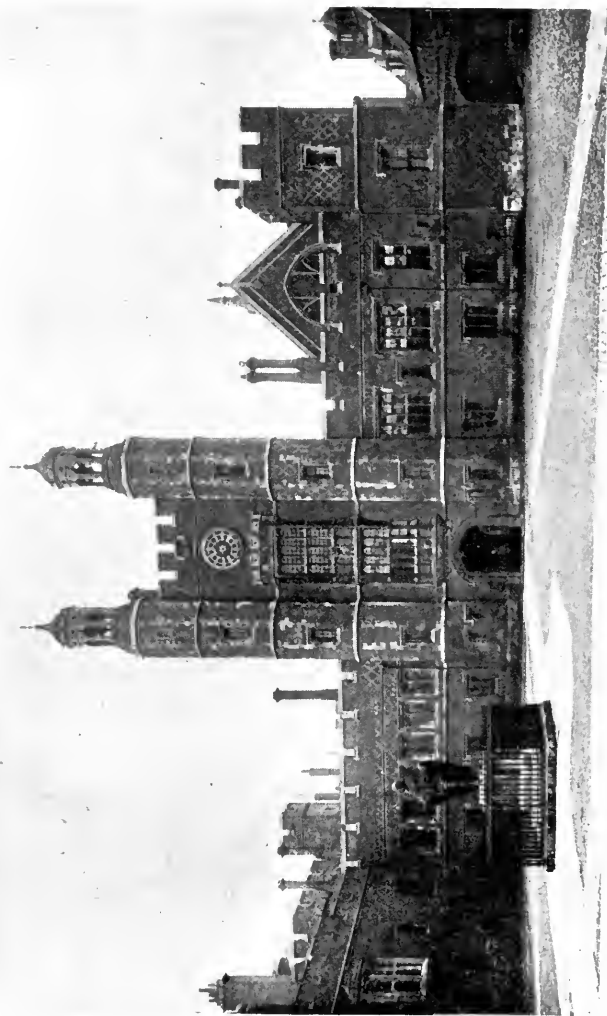
asked him to come to Eton. Waynflete came, and stayed until 1447.

Throughout those early years the building went on, and money was spent freely to make things meet the king's desire for beauty and usefulness. Whatever was thought likely to help on the school was obtained, and the best builder was employed whom money could induce to undertake the task. Roger Keyes, the Warden of All Souls' College, having superintended the erection of that building, was asked to come to Eton for a similar work. It took nearly fifty years to complete everything.

Henry became more and more enthusiastic as the building proceeded. The college became one of the hobbies of his life, and he determined to make the chapel one of the finest buildings in the kingdom.

Roger Keyes had every possible help in the building, for just as Geoffrey Chaucer had power to press workmen into the building of St. George's Chapel, and claim the use of horses and waggons, so Keyes could call for the same sort of service at the college. Consequently within two years from the start, some of the buildings were ready to receive their occupants. The ideas with which Henry began changed greatly as time went on. He intended to find room for twenty-five scholars and six choristers, but then came the decision to make room for seventy scholars, and the choristers were to number sixteen.

The conditions for the admission of the scholars were these: "They were to be admitted for the



ETON COLLEGE : QUADRANGLE AND STATUE OF THE FOUNDER, HENRY VI.

purpose of studying grammar. They were to be poor and in need of help, not less than eight or more than ten years old, and not of servile birth. They were to be chosen first from families who resided on the college estates; secondly, from Buckinghamshire or Cambridgeshire; thirdly, from elsewhere within the realm. The choristers were to be preferred in the election of scholars, if found competent. None were to remain after the age of eighteen, unless their names had been placed on the roll of succession to the King's College, founded at Cambridge in the same year.

The outbreak of the Wars of the Roses caused a gloom to fall over Eton, and even threatened the existence of the college. There was always the fear that if the king's enemies triumphed, the victors would destroy whatever Henry had set his mind on. Eton, therefore, had everything to lose. When Edward IV. came to the throne those fears proved to be too well founded. The new king took away a great portion of the college estates, and some of its revenues, with the result that the college was considerably poorer, and lost nearly all its promising glory. Whereas its revenues had been £1,500 in 1468, they were not more than £370; and not only so, the almsmen were abolished.

Better days came when the country grew quieter, and the new king was firmly seated on the throne. Edward's queen had relations who were well-disposed towards the college, and used their influence to secure its prosperity. So much did Earl Rivers do for it, that the "Provost and Fellows

bound themselves and their successors to cause a masse dayly to be said within the church at the auter of our lady, at a quarter past seven in the morning." Sixty strokes of the great bell were to be sounded daily before the beginning of the mass.

Eton, however, was still in danger, for Edward IV. actually made a grant of some of its lands to the Dean and Chapter of Windsor. Fortunately for Eton the deed was never signed. It is said that the beautiful Jane Shore pleaded the cause of Eton with the king, who listened to her and went no further with the matter. Had she not succeeded, there might still have been in existence a school, but not the famous one we have to-day.

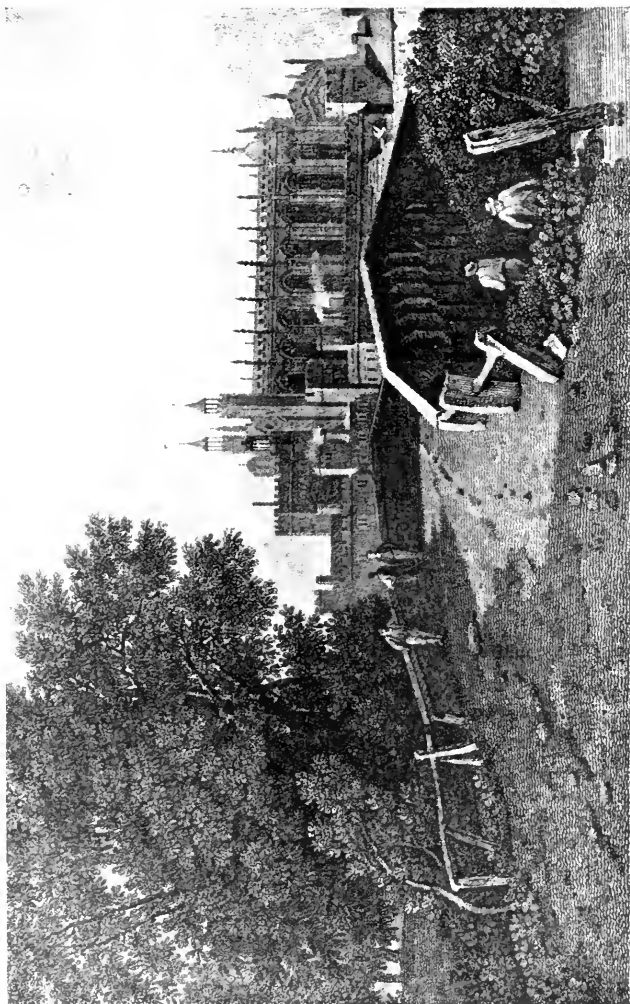
Unfortunately, Eton has been in another similar danger, and the wonder is that the college survived throughout these threatened changes of fortune. Henry VIII., when he was destroying the monasteries, caused the authorities many anxious days. They feared lest they should again lose some of their lands, and many of their privileges, so that the king might fill his empty money-chests. It was said among men in those days that Henry intended to close many of the principal schools and colleges in England, but fortunately he did not do so. When Edward VI. came to the throne bright days for Eton promised, since it gained some of the estates that had been taken away when the Reformation began; but after a while the old fear came when it was proposed to shut up the colleges and take their lands and money. Had this been

done, Eton College would have ended its career. An Act of Parliament saved Eton and the Universities, the chapels at Newton and Windsor, and the cathedral churches.

We have some interesting statements as to what life was like at Eton in those olden times. Between 1528 and 1534, when Richard Cockys or Cox was master, the school prospered greatly, and was popular among boys whose parents were wondering whether their sons should go to Eton or elsewhere; for in those days others besides scholars were admitted—boys who were boarded and lodged at the expense of their parents, and not out of the college funds. But the reputation was not an enviable one when Nicholas Woodhall or Udall was at the head of the school. He was "The best schoolmaster and the greatest beater of our day," said Tusser, the poet. Tusser, who was educated at Eton, said in one of his poems:

" From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had;
For fault thus small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad."

A day at Eton in Elizabeth's time left nothing like the leisure that the boys enjoy to-day. They "Rose at five, said Latin prayers antiphonally, while dressing, then made their own beds, and swept out



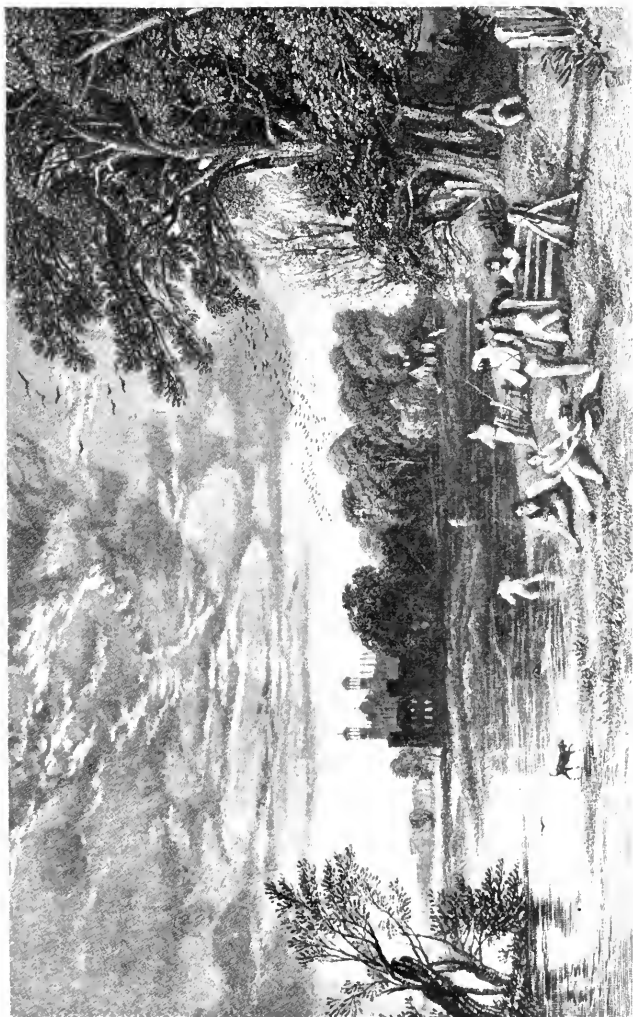
ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE SLOUGH ROAD.

their chambers. Two by two they 'went down' to wash, probably at some outdoor conduit or fountain. . . . At six, the Under-master came into school, read prayers there, and the day's work began. There were seven forms, the Seventh being the highest. The Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh composed the Upper School under the Headmaster; the Fourth held the intermediate position; and the three lower forms were the Under-master's department.

"They seem to have worked continuously from six o'clock till past nine, when there was an interval of an hour; then they had prayers at ten, and went to dinner at eleven."

No breakfast is mentioned. From twelve to three it was school again, after which came an hour's interval. School was held again from four to five, when supper followed. Work was continued from six till eight under the superintendence of monitors. Then there was an interval for "bever," which consisted of a draught of small beer and a piece of bread. Bed was next. There was not much time for play in such a day as that.

Eton was greatly favoured by Queen Elizabeth's constant attention, for she often went to the college to see how things were going on. This helped on the school considerably, and great progress was made. The school gained a great name in the land, so much so that in 1613 more than a hundred candidates were waiting for admission, "And the Provost was importuned on all sides by anxious parents" to take in their boys.



ETON, FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS : TIME, 1840.

When the Commonwealth came, Eton, like many another college, was likely to be closed, for an order was issued for the sale of the lands belonging to such institutions. Fortunately, Eton and some other places were excepted under certain conditions.

The size of the school was given in a list in 1678, when there were 207 boys. Of these seventy-eight were Collegers, but the others were Oppidans—the boys who paid.

To tell the whole history is impossible, since it is too long. From those seventeenth century days the progress has been continuous, the splendour of the record being unexampled. To-day the numbers are greater than ever, and the school may claim to be the greatest in the world.

There have been many changes in the buildings. If Henry VI. could come now and see the place he would not know it, so different is the school from what it was when he thought it finished. On the long list of masters and scholars are found many of the most famous names in our history, great statesmen, judges, soldiers, churchmen, authors, and others who have made their mark.

Among many things that lend interest to Eton's story, the Montem was too important a matter to be passed by. "It was the grand holiday of the neighbourhood, a most exciting scene," says one. It consisted of a procession to a small mound on the southern side of the Bath Road, which has given the name of Salt Hill to the spot. The chief object of the celebration was to collect money for *salt*, according to the language of the day, from all

persons who assembled to see the show, from travellers on the road, and even from those who resided in the neighbourhood. The scholars appointed to collect the money were called *salt-bearers*. They wore fancy dresses, and had with them scouts who were not so showily clothed. To all who gave, tickets were given, and these they showed to prevent a second demand. Immense sums were collected, from £800 to £1,000, and given to the senior scholar, who was called the Captain of the School.

As to its origin, "The English Spy" says that it is traced far back to the days of the foundation of the college, and was a ceremony of the bairn, or boy-bishop. It originally took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children. That was the day on which it was customary at Salisbury and elsewhere, to elect the boy-bishop from among the children belonging to the cathedral. This mock dignity lasted until Innocents' Day, and during all that time the boy performed the various functions of a bishop. If he died before that day he was buried with all the ceremony which was observed when a bishop was interred.

Some say that the custom of Montem originated in a procession to perform an annual mass at the altar of some saint to whom a small chapel might have been dedicated on the small mound called Salt Hill, a ceremony very common in Catholic countries. As for the selling of salt, that would be the natural thing at such a time. As for the Montem itself,

“The English Spy” says that until the time of Dr. Barnard, the procession of the Montem was every two years, and on the first or second Tuesday in February. “It consisted of something of a military array. The boys in the remove, 4th, and inferior forms, marched in a long file of two and two, with white poles in their hands, while the 6th and 5th form boys walked on their flanks as officers, and habited in a variety of dress, each of them having a boy of the inferior forms, smartly equipped, attending on him as a footman. The second boy in the school led the procession in a military dress, with a truncheon in his hand, and bore for the day the title of Marshal: then followed the Captain, supported by his chaplain, the head scholar of the 5th form, dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, and a broad beaver decorated with a twisted silk hat-band and rose, the fashionable distinction of the dignified clergy of that day. It was his office to read certain Latin prayers on the mount at Salt Hill. The third boy of the school brought up the rear as Lieutenant. One of the higher classes, whose qualification was his activity, was chosen ensign, and carried the colours, which were emblazoned with the College arms and the motto *Pro more et monte*. This flag, before the procession left the College, he flourished in the school-yard. . . . The same ceremony was repeated after prayers on the mount. The regiment dined at the inns at Salt Hill, and then returned to the college; and its dismissal in the school-yard was announced by the universal drawing of all the



ETON COLLEGE, FROM THE RIVER.

swords. Those who bore the title of commissioned officers were on the foundation, and carried spon-toons"—weapons like halberds—but "the rest were considered sergeants and corporals, and a most curious assemblage of figures they exhibited. The two principal salt-bearers consisted of an Oppidan and a Colleger; the former generally some nobleman, whose figure and personal connections might advance the . . . collections. They were dressed like running footmen, and carried each of them a silk bag to receive the contributions, in which was a small quantity of salt. During Dr. Barnard's mastership the ceremony was made triennial, the time changed from February to Whit-Tuesday, and several of its absurdities retrenched."

When Montem was done away with the Fourth of June celebration became the great day at Eton. The reason for the "Fourth" standing out so prominently as the most important day in the whole year at Eton is that it is the anniversary of George III.'s birthday. In an old copy of "Eton College Chronicle" are these lines :

"Fourth of June, the old King's birthday! Keep it ever,
heart and soul,
Crews and captains, flags and flowers, row to Surly, flowing
bowl.
Bands contending, bells resounding, blue and red and
yellow flames,
Mock the moon, illuminating all thy ripples, silver
Thames ! "

Here we have, as it were, the "Fourth" condensed

into four lines of doubtful poetical merit, which practically set forth the chief doings of the Eton boys and their masters, to say nothing of the shopkeepers and residents generally of Eton and Windsor. In this way George III.'s memory is kept green.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

By the fortunes of war Edward IV. had won his way to the throne of England, and having crushed his enemies, began to turn his attention to the government of the country. Very early in his reign, which dates from 1461, he came to Windsor. Almost at once he looked into the charter of the town, and since the citizens were nervous lest he should take away some of the privileges which Henry VI. had granted, he set their minds at rest by confirming the old charter, and giving permission for holding an annual fair on the feast of St. Edward the Confessor.

One incident occurred in 1470, which showed that so long as the Earl of Warwick, who was called the "King Maker," lived, and Henry VI. was still alive, the king was never safe. The king was visiting the Archbishop of York, and was one evening washing his hands before going to supper, when one of his attendants entered the room without ceremony. The king looked up angrily at the man.

"How now, Master Ratcliffe?" he cried; but the man raised his hand for silence.

"Let me whisper in your ear, sire," said the other, and going to the king's side quickly, he spoke in a low tone.

"Sire, there be in this house at this moment a hundred armed men. They wait in hiding until you sleep, and it is their purpose to steal into your chamber, bind you hand and foot, and carry you away a prisoner, probably to your death at the headsman's block."

Edward was the bravest of the brave, but this news startled him. Buckling on his sword, and seeing to his weapons, he beckoned to Ratcliffe, and stole down the stairs to the courtyard. Going to the stables in the darkness, he took a horse, told Ratcliffe to do the same, and walking softly and unseen, they came to the meadow, where no foot-steps could be heard on the grass. Then the two sprang into their saddles, and driving in their spurs, rode on and on through the night, taking quiet roads which Ratcliffe knew. It was morning, but still dark, when two riders, whose horses were white with foam, pulled up at the gate of Windsor Castle.

"Who goes there?" came the soldier's challenge.

"The king!"

The warder, knowing Edward's voice, swung open the gate, and the riders were safe. For that timely warning which brought Edward away from death, the king made Ratcliffe Lord Fitz-Walter.

When Henry was dead, and for the time being the Wars of the Roses had ended, Windsor was the scene of many magnificent pageants. It mattered not to Edward that the widow of Henry was a

prisoner in one of the castle towers, mourning the cruel death of her husband. The festivities were carried through with great splendour, and the sounds of revelry must have reached her ears, even if she did not see what was going on when she looked out of the narrow windows of her prison room.

During this reign, the king, looking round the castle, saw many things that displeased him. The Clewer Tower, the Almoner's Tower, and Berner's Tower were greatly dilapidated, and he gave orders for them to be pulled down, so that the stone and timber, which was good, might be used for other purposes. He noticed that St. George's Chapel was in bad repair in spite of all that Chaucer had done. Looking across the river to Eton, he saw the beautiful College Chapel, and determined that as fine a building should be raised within the castle walls, and on the site of the old chapel.

Orders were given at once for the destruction of the chapel, and Bishop Beauchamp was directed to superintend the erection of the beautiful structure we see to-day. The building took many years to complete, although in five years it was ready for the bells; but not until Henry VII. was king was it said to be finished. Most of the stone was brought from Caen in Normandy, "whence large supplies of stone were often obtained for ecclesiastical edifices in the middle ages." But a great quantity came down the river from a place called Tainton, in Oxfordshire. The timber came from the forest close at hand.

In Edward's time the eastern portion of the church

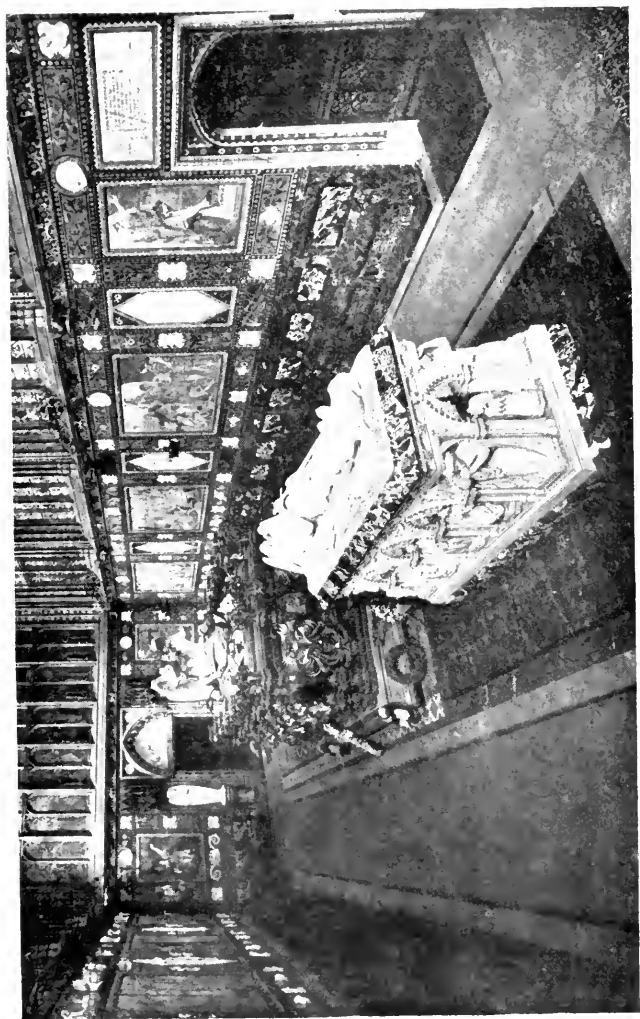


ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL : WEST FRONT.
(From an old painting in Alderman Barber's Museum.)

was roofed, but the choir was not completed. Everything was being done on too beautiful a scale to admit of hurry. It was the ambition of the king and the architect to make it a monument of architectural beauty. Even Beauchamp did not live to see the completion of his task. Sir Reginald Bray succeeded him, and so interested did he become in his work, that when money was hard to get from the king, he found it out of his own fortune, and at his death left all he had to make it possible to render the chapel as beautiful as he desired to make it. Sir Richard Holmes has spoken of this splendid chapel as the culminating glory of Edward's reign.

Henry VII. carried on the work, and also began the "Tomb-house," which is now known as the Albert Memorial Chapel. He intended it to be his tomb, but altered his mind, and built one instead at Westminster Abbey. Henry VIII. gave the Tomb-house to Cardinal Wolsey, who made it more beautiful yet, thinking to make it serve as his own burial-place. He arranged that the mausoleum should be made of "white and black marble, with eight brazen columns around it, and four others in the shape of candlesticks."

The other Tudors and the first two Stuart kings made various alterations, but they did not affect the general structure. They added, however, to the beauty of the place. The dean and chapter trembled for the chapel when the Civil War came, for men knew how the so-called Roundheads, or Cromwell's soldiers, ruined churches and cathedrals throughout the land, smashing beautiful windows



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL.
(Originally Henry VIII's Tomb-house.)

and ornaments, because they deemed them part of a superstitious worship, which ought to be destroyed. The clergy of St. George's feared the coming of the Roundheads, but Cromwell, who was with them, prevented anything like wanton destruction. Everything, however, in the way of beautiful ornament was taken away, so that when Charles II. came back to England after his long exile, he and his friends, on entering the place, did not know it. Colonel Venn, who was in charge of the chapel, recommended Cromwell to turn out the dean, canons, minor canons, and others who belonged to the chapel, and the order was given. But they were allowed to take their goods after they had been searched. Venn then began to take possession of the valuable things in the chapel to turn them into money. He carried off Edward IV.'s coat of mail, "and his surcoat of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls, and decorated with rubies, which had hung over his burial-place from the time of his funeral." He also tore up the seats of the Poor Knights, and other woodwork, spoiling the painted windows and the organ. The gold and silver that was found was sent up to London to be coined into money.

When Charles II. came to Windsor at the Restoration in 1660, he looked round the castle in dismay, and especially when he saw what the Cromwellian soldiers had done to St. George's Chapel. It seemed at first a hopeless task to make the chapel beautiful again, but none the less he gave orders for the work to be begun, and for the musical service to



CHOIR AND ORGAN OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WITH THE
BANNERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER

be revived. In the days of James II. an organ was brought to the chapel from Winchester.

In George III.'s reign, the interior of the chapel was restored at the expense of the king. It is said that the chapel was re-paved, "a new altar screen, organ-loft, and organ were erected, and a considerable portion of the carving renewed, including several entire stalls." Since those days there have been constant repairs in the chapel and the cloisters. Sir Richard Holmes speaks of St. George's Chapel as the centre of the great pile, meaning Windsor Castle, and its crowning ornament, the wonder and admiration of every beholder.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TUDOR KINGS IN WINDSOR.

NOTHING of importance happened in Windsor after the magnificent funeral of Edward IV., until Henry VII., the first of the Tudor sovereigns, came to the throne. Henry greatly enjoyed life in Windsor, if one may judge by his frequent residence there. It was a glorious place for the costly pageants, and although the king never loved to spend money, yet he was tempted greatly to part with it for the sake of adding to the splendour of the occasion.

Such an occasion arose when Philip, King of Castile, visited Windsor Castle. It must have been a sight worth seeing, not merely to have witnessed the reception, but the ceremony of electing the royal visitor a Knight of the Garter. Those who knew King Henry wondered at his readiness in spending his money, since he was so miserly, and never hesitated to fine his subjects for trifling faults in order to put money into his treasury. But in time men understood. He spent this money at Windsor in order to make great gain. He made it an opportunity for concluding a treaty of commerce, by

which the greater part of the profits was for the English King.

But one thing which was to the shame of both monarchs chanced while they were staying at Windsor. Henry asked Philip to surrender Edmund de la Pole, Edward IV.'s nephew. De la Pole was hiding in Spain, since he knew that if Henry could lay hands on him his life would be in danger. Philip had told him that he might live in safety in his dominions.

"I would have him in my own keeping," said Henry, when the two sovereigns were talking about the young prince.

Philip protested that he could not in honour give up De la Pole, but when Henry pressed him he agreed to send the prince back to England on condition that Henry would not take his life. So far as that was concerned Henry kept his promise, but he left instructions to his son that when he was dead the new king should behead him. Nothing more disgraceful was ever done in Windsor than that, and to the lasting shame of the dead king and the new one, De la Pole was executed.

In Henry VIII.'s reign a greater monarch yet came to Windsor on a visit to the king, in 1522, the Emperor Charles V. of Spain. While in Windsor, the emperor went to St. George's Chapel, wearing his mantle of the Garter. On that occasion he sat in his own stall. Before he left Windsor, Charles "covenanted among other things to take to wife the Lady Mary, daughter to the King of England, but afterwards, upon consideration, his mind changed,

for the which the Englishmen sore murmured against him."

Henry often came to Windsor, which was his birthplace, and saw to the well-keeping of the castle. He built the great gateway which bears his name, and also added some Datchet land to the Home Park. While in Windsor, once, he showed how he could display his dislike for those who excited his displeasure, and how vindictive he could be. Edward, Duke of Buckingham, was charged with treason, and justly or unjustly, one scarcely can say which, was condemned, in 1521, to be deprived of his Garter knighthood. This deprivation was an unpleasant ceremonial. Two men, in the presence of the king and all who were in St. George's, brought in a ladder on their shoulders, took it into the choir, where they reared it against the stall of the disgraced earl. That being done, Rouge Croix, one of the officials of the Order, mounted the ladder, and read from a parchment the sentence which declared the earl a traitor, and therefore that he was deprived of the high honour of Knight of that famous Order. That done, Rouge Croix tore the earl's banner of arms from its place, and flung it to the ground. The brass plate, which recorded his rank as Knight of the Garter, was wrenched away, and fell with a loud clang upon the floor. It was followed by the sword, helmet, mantle, and crest. Garter King-at-Arms waited at the foot of the ladder, and as Rouge Croix began to descend, he stepped forward and spurned the things which lay upon the floor with his foot, kicking them down the nave, out of the west door

of the chapel, down the steps, and through Henry's gateway, and so without the precincts.

Henry's royal father had been miserly, but the young king spent his father's immense fortune, equal to more than three millions of present-day money, with all the carelessness of a spendthrift. His pageants at Windsor meant spending money like water, and Henry loved more than anything to display the splendours of the Order of the Garter.

Often there came to Windsor the man who was the most powerful in all the realm—Cardinal Wolsey. Wolsey, who was a butcher's son, became immensely rich, and loved to display his greatness and his wealth. Whenever he came to Windsor he came as a king would come, with splendour and great ceremony. He had five hundred servants, among whom were ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty esquires. As we have seen, the king gave him the Tomb-house, and Wolsey accepting the princely gift, began to convert it into the most gorgeous mausoleum that money could make possible. In his own mind he resolved that it should be more splendid than the chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster, and he employed a Florentine artist named Benedetto to carry out the work. The gilding alone had cost Wolsey more than £1,000, and was not even half completed when the cardinal fell into disgrace. It "long stood a splendid ruin." When Cromwell came into power at the time of the Commonwealth, the sarcophagus, or stone coffin, was carried away and thrust into a lumber hole, where it stayed until someone found it. Its value



HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY ON THE LEFT. TIME, EARLY VICTORIAN.

being understood, it was used to form part of Nelson's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral, "so that one of England's greatest heroes now rests under the identical slab intended for England's proudest Churchman."

The fall of Wolsey was due to a lady of the court whom King Henry afterwards brought to Windsor as his queen. He had seen this beautiful woman among the queen's maids of honour, and in order to make Anne Boleyn his wife, he wanted to divorce the queen. The Pope refused his permission, and Wolsey, like a man between two stools, anxious to please the king, and afraid to displease the Pope, did what he could to delay the divorce. The king, knowing this, became angry, and put him out of his offices. He did yet more, for he determined to ruin him. He seized his palace and his wealth, and in a few days Wolsey had lost nearly all. The Cardinal died of a broken heart. Later, Henry married Anne Boleyn, having brought her to Windsor Castle.

While Windsor saw the coming of the new queen, whom later the king sent to be beheaded, the people some years later witnessed in the streets the coming of a funeral procession, such as had never been seen in the town before. It was the funeral of the king's wife, Jane Seymour, who had died in October, 1537. The body was brought down from Hampton Court "with all the pomp and majesty that could be." The description given by one who saw it amazes us. "The corpse was put in the chair covered with a rich pall, and thereupon the representation of the queen in her robes of estate, with a rich crown of



OLD HOUSES IN CHURCH STREET. HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY IN
THE DISTANCE ; NELL GWYNNE'S HOUSE ON THE RIGHT,
AND THE KING'S HEAD MUSEUM.

(From a picture in Alderman Barber's Collection.)

gold upon her head, all her hair loose, a sceptre of gold in her right hand, and on her fingers rings set with precious stones, and her neck richly adorned with gold and stones; and under the head a rich pillow of cloth of gold tissue; her shoes of cloth of gold, with hose and smock, and all other ornaments. The said chair drawn by six chariot horses trapped with black velvet: upon every horse four escutcheons of the king's arms and queen's, beaten in fine gold upon double sarcenet; and upon every horse's head a shaffron of the arms."

When the Reformation came because of Henry's displeasure with the Pope, the abbeys and churches round about Windsor suffered greatly. The king had been as active as any man in Europe in showing his hatred for the Reformers, and wrote a famous book against Martin Luther. The Pope was so pleased that he gave Henry the title of Defender of the Faith, and the letters F.D. are now seen on all our English coins. When the Pope refused to grant the divorce of Catherine of Aragon, Henry began that great religious revolution in England which is known as the Reformation. He drove the abbots and monks out of the monasteries, seized the wealth which belonged to them, and threatened with hanging and burning any who dared to acknowledge the power of the Pope. The decree went forth that all were to consider Henry, and not the Pope, the head of the Church in this country. Many refused, and Windsor, like other places, had its martyrs. In 1542, James Mallet, who had been a canon of Windsor since 1516, was put to death for "having

spoken adversely at his own table" of the king's dealings with the monasteries and other matters. A treacherous guest told the king, and Mallet had to die. Robert Testwood, Henry Filmer, and Anthony Pearson, the year after, were burnt in Windsor. John Marbecke, a musician of Windsor, would have been burnt also, had it not been for Bishop Gardiner, who begged the king to pardon him.

In the crowd that gathered round to see the martyrs burn at the stake was the Vicar of Bray, a village not far from Windsor. Fuller tells the story of this turncoat clergyman thus: "The vivacious vicar hereof, living under King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being charged for being a turncoat, and an inconstant changeling, 'Not so,' said he, 'for I always kept my principle, which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray!'" This story led to the writing of the old song, the refrain of which is this :

" And whatsoever king may reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir."

The abbeys of Berkshire suffered greatly in Henry's reign, and since there were so many the destruction was very noticeable. Eton College only saved itself by declaring for the king's supremacy. In the "*Annals of Windsor*" we read

that "further to the west lay Burnham Abbey, while in the horizon the eye approached the Abbey of Reading, one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom, and holding the manor of Windsor Underoure, close to the walls of Windsor Castle. On the other hand, descending the river, the Priory of Ankerwyke lay on its left bank ; and further on, the ancient mitred Abbey of Chertsey ; while in the forest of Windsor, on the south, lay the less wealthy and recently abandoned Priory of Broomhall, a small convent of Benedictine nuns."

The abbey lands were all taken away. Lambourn tells us that when the abbey lands went thus two colleges were built with the money, namely Christ Church and Trinity. "Six new bishoprics were endowed, one of which was the diocese of which Berkshire forms a part. Most of the wealth was sold or given to the king's favourites. Henry took Reading Abbey to be a palace for himself. Abingdon Abbey went to Sir Thomas Seymour, the king's brother-in-law. The abbot's country estate at Cumnor was granted to George Owen, physician to the king, but the abbot, Rowland Pentecost, was allowed to live at Cumnor Hall, and was granted a pension till his death." Hugh Cook, the abbot of Reading, was hung, drawn, and quartered, because he "stoutly denied the king's authority over things dedicated to God," and refused to give up the abbey placed in his care.

When the Commissioners went out in all directions, and brought in their reports, those who came to Berkshire had this to say about things in

Windsor: that there were "nine hundred houseling folk, 'and above,' in the Royal Borough"; the vicarage was worth only £8 a year, and there was no provision for helping the parish work, save the priest who was paid by the members of the Guild of the Holy Trinity for "the general ease of the inhabitants."

St. George's Chapel lost greatly by the Reformation, for it lost at least a thousand marks a year. Since a mark was worth thirteen shillings and fourpence, the loss came to nearly £700. As money was worth a great deal more in those days than now, the real loss must have been more than £2,000 a year. There was a further loss of £1,500 a year by the cutting off of "the offerings of Sir John Shorne's shrine at Northmarston, in Buckinghamshire."

When Henry VIII. died, he was buried at Windsor with great funeral splendour. To make the way clear for the passing of the body on the road from London to Windsor, orders were given to cut all the overhanging boughs of the trees on the roadside, lest they should tear the silken banners. The state chariot on which the body lay was drawn by eight great horses, "trapped with black," and on each rode a child, carrying a king's banner. The body of the king was robed in state, the Order of the Garter, jewels, crimson, gold, with the sword and sceptre, and other signs of kingliness. The procession was four miles in length, those who were in it being the great men of the kingdom. Windsor never witnessed such a ceremony.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN ELIZABETH WAS QUEEN.

PASSING by the reign of Edward VI., we come to the two Tudor queens, Mary and Elizabeth. As a princess, Mary had often resided at Windsor Castle, but when she came as queen she brought her husband with her, Philip of Spain. She had been married to him a few days before at Winchester; this was on July 25th, 1554.

When the royal pair drew near to Windsor they saw the mayor of the town waiting with his councillors in their robes, at the bottom of Peascod Street, up which their Majesties would ride in order to enter the castle. A silver trumpet called for a halt, and then the mayor spoke a welcome from himself and from the citizens who were crowding round. At the close of his speech there was a mighty cheer. Queen Mary thanked the people for their splendid welcome, after which the way was cleared, and the royal procession moved on. But as their Majesties rode on many shook their heads, for they cared not for the Spaniard, whom they felt would be no friend to England.

Elizabeth's reign meant much for Windsor. She was fond of the place, for many of her girl days were spent there. But when Mary was queen the princess went to Bisham Abbey, Great Marlow. In reality she was a prisoner there, and in charge of Sir Richard Hoby, whom Mary held responsible for her safe keeping. Knowing that he would lose his head if Elizabeth escaped, Hoby guarded her well. He had her watched day and night, and meanwhile knew that his prisoner might at any time be sent to the scaffold. Her own relief must have been great when news came to her that her jealous sister was dead, and that she was not only free, but was queen.

Windsor Castle was in a dilapidated state when she came to see it. Things had gone very wrong in Mary's reign. "The Chapel had no Dean, the Keep no Constable. . . . Roofs, doors, and windows were decayed. Pigeons had pecked through the leads, and choughs filled up the pipes. Garden and slope had come to waste. The prison and the bridge were equally unsafe."

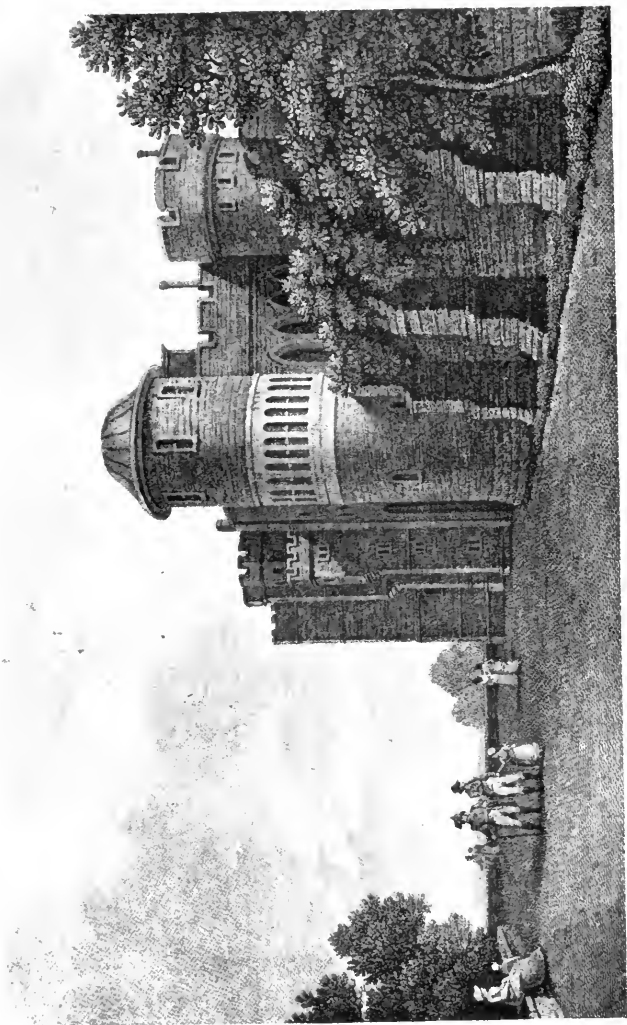
Hence, when once she was queen, Elizabeth began to add to the buildings of the castle. What is now the North Terrace was made in her reign. Before the terrace had been formed there had been a bank kept by a mere wooden railing and fence, but the railing and the fence had rotted away, and must have been an eyesore to the queen, who had seen it in the best condition. Although, like her grandfather, fond of money, and disliking to spend it, Elizabeth was determined to make things look

better. Therefore she spent what must have been a great sum of money on the terrace. Here, says a writer who lived in the queen's days, "she walked an hour every day before dinner, if not prevented by windy weather, to which she had a great dislike."

The terrace has been described by Paul Hentzner, who visited England while Elizabeth was alive, as "a walk of incredible beauty, 380 paces in length, set round on every side with supporters of wood, which sustain a balcony from whence persons of distinction can take the place of seeing hunting and hawking in a lawn of sufficient space. For the fields and meadows, clad with a variety of plants and flowers, swell gradually into hills of perpetual verdure up to the castle, and at the bottom stretch out in an extended plain that strikes the beholder with delight." On this terrace a beautiful part of the castle was built, a new gallery and banqueting house. This portion is now in use as the Royal Library. The Hundred Steps were also begun by the queen.

It must have been a pretty scene to witness the queen with her maids of honour and her courtiers walking up and down the terrace in the sunshine with their "ruffs and hoops and embroidered petticoats, intermingled with satin doublets, bright-coloured hose, velvet cloaks, and gracefully plumed caps."

Whether the queen complained of the state of the Windsor streets it is impossible to say, but this is known, that in her reign an Act was passed in Parliament for paving the town. The Act had this



THE GREAT TERRACE: IN ITS PRESENT FORM IT IS KNOWN AS THE NORTH TERRACE.
THE TWO TOWERS FORM PART OF THE NORMAN GATEWAY.

(From Alderman Barber's Collection.)

sentence in it, that "the Streetes of the Queenes Majesties Towne and Borrough of New Windsor . . . are yearely ympaired and made noysome and foule by reason of the greate and daily carriages" that come and go. The streets were paved. A market house was also built, and strangely paid for by using up the money which would have been spent on the Corporation banquets. The mayor put down a big sum of money to pay for the market house which would have been spent in great dinners for the councillors. Possibly some of them grumbled sorely at the loss, but the queen praised the mayor, and he was content.

Her Majesty seems to have made a great many alterations at Windsor, for there was so much that was not to her liking. Many a time she grumbled because her dinner was served up cold instead of hot, and when the reason was given she found that the royal bakehouse was in the town, half-way down Peascod Street.

The people were very loyal to the queen, and attentive to her also. Whenever she came to the castle in state the town was decorated "with tapestry and pictures, and flowers, and groups of allegorical figures, with giants and dragons stationed here and there to meet her highness; and boys and girls starting forth from some place of concealment to repeat their verses and present their offerings; while the firing of cannon, the beating of drums, the ringing of bells, and the huzzas of the people rent the air." Not only so. The mayor and corporation came in their robes, and the gilded mace was carried. While

they knelt the mayor declared that the people of Windsor offered freely and joyfully, and not grudgingly, all that they had for the queen's disposing. Fortunately she did not take the mayor at his word.

The members of Eton College displayed their pleasure because the queen often went over the river to visit the place, and on every such occasion the boys showed their loyalty by their addresses to her. "One boy addressed the queen as a blooming rose, and the light of the world, without whom the whole earth would perish," while another "praised her beauty, wealth, and wisdom, as the united gifts of Venus, Juno, and Minerva."

Many famous men came to Windsor to see the queen—ambassadors from other lands ; some to ask her to marry their royal masters, others to tell her of the strange deeds they had done on the ocean, and on the far-off Spanish Main ; others to talk with her on matters of State, and especially of the cruel doings of the Spaniards who were England's greatest enemies at the time. Drake was among them, and Hawkins, and Raleigh. But none were more famous than Shakespeare, the immortal bard, as he is called. He came at times to read his plays to the queen, or to act before her in the castle.

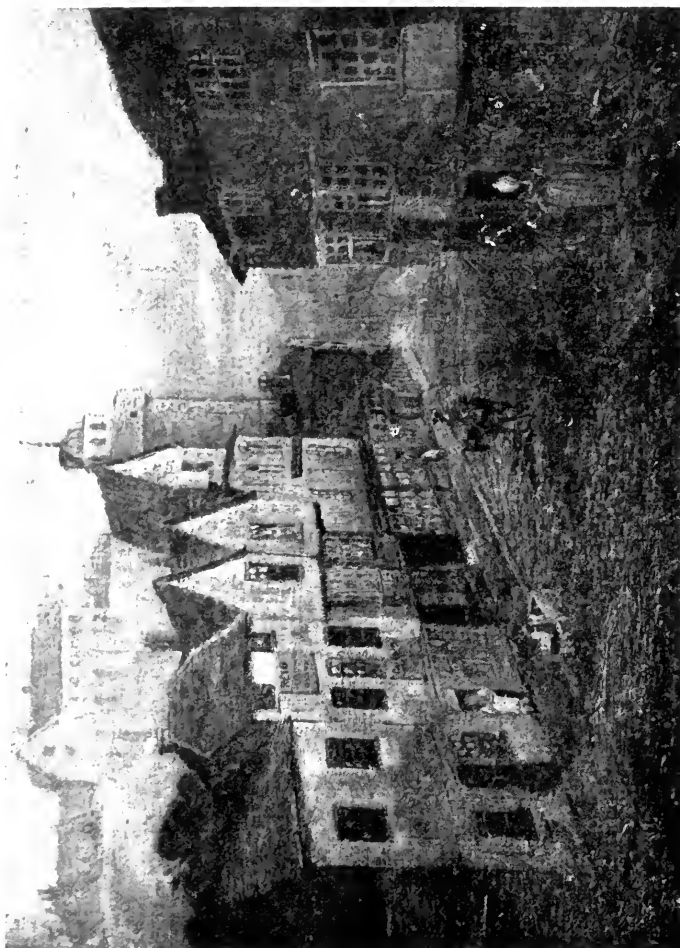
One of his plays especially concerns Windsor—a play written at the queen's command. It was done in fourteen days, and was called "The Merry Wives of Windsor." It was played before her majesty in the new gallery she had had built in the castle.

We are told that Windsor at the time was a town

of taverns, and that "facing the castle gate stood the two chief hostelries, the White Hart and the Garter, while the Antelope was in Peascod Lane, and the Crown at the bottom of the Hundred Steps." The White Hart was the most important, for the peers and knights who attended the court and could not find room in the castle, lodged there. At the Garter the gentlemen in attendance on these great men put up. In this inn Shakespeare lodged, and possibly in some quiet room wrote in the fourteen days "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which brings in the legend of Herne the Hunter.

Herne, or as some call him, Richard Horne, was a keeper in the Great Windsor Forest, and by some mishap was wounded while about his daily work by one of the deer. It is said that he did some wrong—possibly killing deer which belonged to the king, which rendered him liable to severe punishment. This preyed upon his mind, and he became insane.

In his madness he hung himself from the branch of an oak which bore his name in the years that followed. But his spirit could not rest, and the story ran to this effect, that he tied the horns of a deer about his head, and went about naked in the forest, becoming a terror to everyone who met him. It was said by those who lived in those days, that the demon hunter walked at nightfall round the great oak which went by his name, and that while he walked men saw his great stag horns. If all were true that was said about him, his presence was mischievous, for one of Shakespeare's characters said that Herne the Hunter blasted a



THAMES STREET IN THE OLDEN TIME.
(From Alderman Barber's Collection.)

tree here and there, and took the cattle, and made the cows yield blood instead of milk, and in the dead of night people could hear him shaking a chain, which sounded terrible as it broke the silence. Sometimes, so it was said, Herne rode madly through the forest at night on a weird-looking figure, a large owl flying before him, and two great black dogs ran beside him. They showed their terrible teeth if anyone came near.

Many attempts have been made to fix the position of the famous tree which was called Herne's oak. It is said to be a great oak which stood in the Little Park on the right of the footpath near what is known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk, in Frogmore. The tree was cut down and Queen Victoria planted another at the same spot. King Edward VII. planted another in its place.

During Elizabeth's reign Windsor was becoming an important and busy place, and was larger than it had ever been. Yet even then it was not more than "a country town sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour, the castle." Thames Street, at the time, was steep and straggling, with picturesquely gabled houses on either side, and all red tiled. At the bottom of Castle Hill was the Cross, and standing with one's back to it, Peascod Street could be seen winding its way downwards, and full of houses as quaint as those in Thames Street.

In what is now High Street was the market house, strange in its appearance, since it stood on high arches. The topmost part was evidently an inn, for an innkeeper paid to the Corporation a

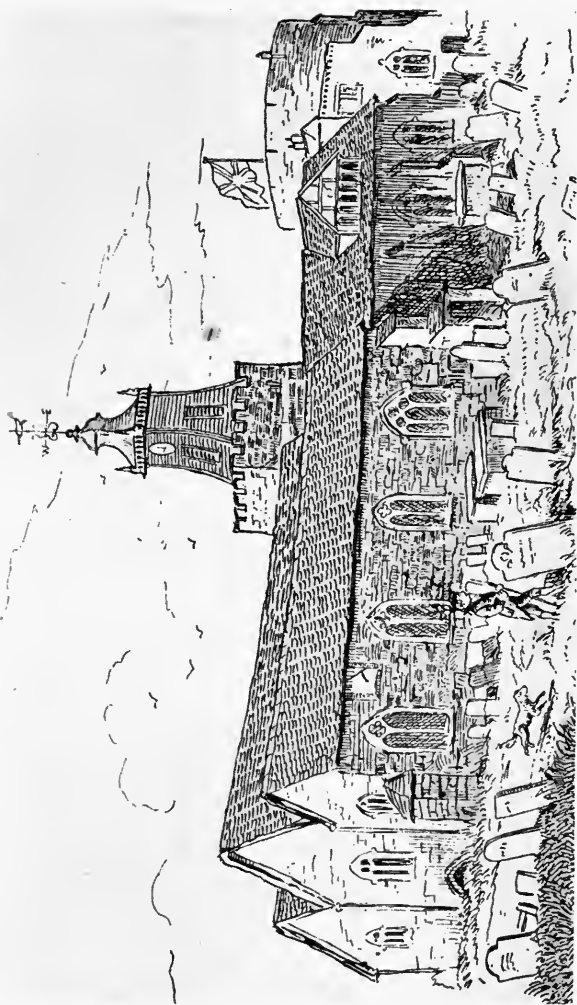


TOWN HALL.

(From an old picture in Alderman Barber's Museum.)

yearly rent of six pounds; people coming up Peascod Street could see the end of the building, and its peculiar archways, and witness the busy scene on market days. Lower down the High Street, not then known as such, was the pillory, where offenders were placed to receive the taunts of the passers-by. If the pilloried one chanced to be unpopular, rotten eggs, dead dogs and cats, and all kinds of filth were thrown at him. Close by on the castle side, was the Town Hall, where the Mayor and Corporation transacted the business of the town. Beyond this again, on the same side of the street, stood the parish church of St. John the Baptist, a church with an interesting history. Following on for a hundred yards one came to the open country, to the magnificent park which stretched on and on, as part of Windsor Great Forest.

The parish church was a prominent building in the street, and standing well back to the view, must have been most picturesque. No one seems to know how long since a church belonged to the royal borough, but it must be counted among the oldest in Berkshire, or anywhere in the counties around, since it is definitely mentioned that in 1189 Richard I. granted the church of St. John the Baptist at New Windsor, with its chapels at Windsor, to the Abbey of Waltham. This is certain. But it is said that it formerly belonged to the Abbey of Bisham in Berkshire, but no one can say whether this was so or not. What is known is, that the rectorial tithes of St. John the



WINDSOR PARISH CHURCH.

(From a picture in Alderman Barber's Museum.)

Baptist's Church in New Windsor were alienated, with the bishop's permission, by Richard I., in 1189, to Waltham Abbey. They remained in the hands of the Abbey until the dissolution of the monasteries.

It may seem surprising that the grant should be made to Waltham in Essex, but the explanation is, according to entries in the "Victorian County History," that Waltham Abbey had several manors dotted about the country, and one of the manors was West Waltham, in Berkshire. In 1306 a grant was made to the same Abbey of one acre of waste in Windsor Forest, to build a house in which to put the tithes belonging to the churches of Old and New Windsor. The tithes which thus came were cut off in Edward III.'s time. The land referred to had been thrown into the Park, but by way of compensation, the king, in 1365, granted a third of the manor of Great Parndon. Even then the St. John's parish church was not severed from Waltham Abbey, for in 1517 the patrons were the abbots and convent of that religious house, and they appointed the vicars.

In 1749 the parish church was spoken of as a spacious ancient building, which had within it many neat and stately monuments of several good families. The present church replaced the old building in 1820, but all through the centuries the parish church had been the centre of Windsor's religious life. Men and women were liberal from time to time, leaving money at their death, but many gave freely while they were alive. The present Vicar of Windsor, the

Rev. J. H. J. Ellison, pointing to the eight hundred long years of certain history, said some time since, that the people of the royal borough are inheritors of a great tradition. They are also the inheritors of many costly gifts, and chiefly those left by Archbishop Laud and Theodore Randue, for education, charity, and other objects.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THE MELANCHOLY REIGN OF CHARLES I."

COMING to the Stuart days, one may quickly pass by the reign of James I., for very little happened in Windsor to call for our attention. The historians speak somewhat disrespectfully of this king who was called the "most learned fool in Christendom." He is described as fidgeting about in his trunk hose, and in the hot evenings of the dog days, when he came to Windsor, holding learned discussions about the most trifling things.

James came to the castle now and again, and hunted in the forest, but he brought such a number with him on his first visit that it is said that "there was some squaring at first between our English and Scotch lords for lodging." James had an occasional quarrel with the people of Windsor, who were jealous of their privileges, which the king thought little of, but the people would not yield, and the king had to own himself beaten. He also had a dispute with the dean and canons of St. George's over a part of the castle wall which had been blown down in a gale. The king sent orders to the dean to have it repaired, but the reply was that it was the

king's business, and not the dean's and canons'. The king was angry and went to law, but the judges decided against James, who had to put the wall right. Now and again a gorgeous procession of horsemen came down from London, and rode through the town and in at the castle gates. The king had come to invest someone with the Order of the Garter.

Little happened in the town when Charles I. came to the throne, but one event shows what a strange view the law took of crime. In 1629 a boy named John Dean, aged eight years, was tried at Abingdon Assizes, and hung for having set fire to two houses in Windsor, "the youngest person ever executed in England."

Some things were done towards the order and cleanliness of the town; for example, "dunghills were ordered to be removed from the streets and lanes, as well as all other obstructions to the thoroughfares, such as carts, timber, blocks, heaps of stones, 'or other offensive lumber.' Swine were not permitted to wander loose in the market place; washing was prohibited in the streets;" and many other orders were issued, which show that Windsor must have been a very untidy town even when royalty came.

People also were compelled to go to church or pay a fine. This went on for years. In Charles II.'s days, called also "The Golden Days," men were not at liberty to please themselves on such points. A master was compelled to see that his apprentices went to church, or pay a fine of one shilling to the churchwardens, who gave the money to the poor.

The apprentices of Windsor must have been a great worry to their masters when there was the park to walk in, and the beautiful river in which to bathe on a glorious summer day.

None thought in the early days of the reign of Charles of the trouble that was in store, and that some day the castle into which the king rode in such splendour was one day to be his prison. He began by making great alterations at the castle. "Elizabeth's banqueting-house was pulled down, the east end of the terrace was enclosed by a wall and gate, and the magnificent fountain erected by Queen Mary was demolished." Charles intended to have these in more handsome style, but was not able to begin the work.

He had too many things on his mind to think of building at the castle. His quarrels with his parliament took up all his thought. Sometimes, when he walked about the castle, he may have recalled the troubles which had come to the Scottish kings from whom he had descended, for the Stuarts were an unfortunate race. James I. of Scotland was a prisoner in Windsor for many years, and when he went back to Scotland quarrelled with his lords who murdered him. James II. was killed in war; the third James was killed by some of those who encouraged his son to rebel against him; the next James was killed in battle, and James V. died of a broken heart. Charles' grandmother, the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, was a captive in England for twenty years, and then Elizabeth had her beheaded. And now came these troubles in his

own country, which ended in his own beheading. The reign is now often called "the melancholy reign of Charles I."

Charles began badly. He made the people pay unjust taxes—taxes which were against the law—and when the parliament complained, and the king would not listen, the people split up into two great parties—the Royalists or Cavaliers, and the Parliamentarians, sometimes called the Roundheads, because they cropped their hair so closely.

The quarrel grew so hot that the only way of ending it was by war, and thus began the great Civil War. Battle after battle was fought, and the contest ended in the ruin of the king, and his beheading at Whitehall.

Berkshire experienced its share of the war. Again and again the rival armies marched through the county, which was mostly Royalist. The people of Berkshire chiefly rallied round the king, at all events at the outset. It is said that "all the county save the 'barren district' near Windsor, was favourable to the king, who had also in his hands the garrisons of Abingdon, Wallingford, and Reading."

While Charles was at Reading, trying to come to some arrangement with his enemies, when neither party would yield anything, the Earl of Essex, the Parliamentarian general, was at Windsor, gathering together a great army of "honest, disjointed fellows," whom he drilled into fine soldiers, so that he might suddenly sweep across the county, some twenty miles, and shut up the king in Reading.

But the king heard of his coming and was gone, when the banners of the earl were seen from the walls of the town. The garrison of three thousand men refused to surrender when Essex came to the Newbury Gate. Yet the earl had three thousand horsemen, and fifteen thousand foot-soldiers. With these he surrounded the town, intending to starve it into surrender, whilst he sent his cannon to Caversham Hill. From thence he shot into the town, the cannon balls dropping into the streets. Starvation led the people to open the gates, but the garrison marched forth with all the honours of war, carrying with them their arms and flags.

All this time Windsor was in the hands of the king's enemies. Again and again the soldiers marched through the town to fall on some company of Royalists, who had the daring to come so near. In September, 1643, the Parliamentary army hurried across to Newbury, where the king was badly beaten, and lost many of his finest officers.

Windsor seems to have been the gathering place for the army of the king's enemies during the Civil War, and the starting-point when the Earl of Essex marched through and through Berkshire and Oxfordshire. By the beginning of 1644 nearly all Berkshire was in the hands of the Roundheads. Then Oliver Cromwell began to make himself felt, and the Cavaliers suffered terribly at his hands everywhere, but in Berkshire particularly. Before the year 1644 ended the king was beaten again at Newbury, and the whole county of Berkshire was in "a miserable condition; hardly a sheep, hen, hog, oats, hay,

wheat, or any other thing was left for man to feed on."

It seems a strange thing that Windsor, the home of England's kings, should be the head-quarters of the Roundhead army, and that in Windsor Town Hall Cromwell and his chief officers should discuss the future campaign. But it was so. In 1645 Cromwell's great army marched out of Windsor, and defeated Charles again and again until he was ruined, at Naseby.

When the war was drawing to a close, the army and the parliament were at variance. The army leaders were anxious, and met at Windsor Castle to talk matters over. Then happened one of those remarkable things which made the war so different from any other. The Roundheads never went into battle without prayer, and on this occasion, when there were such anxieties, as to the course that ought to be pursued, the officers met together, and, as one of their number says: "spent one day together in prayer . . . Coming to no further result that day . . . we met again in the morning, where many spake from the Word, and prayed." The prayer-meeting lasted the whole day through, and yet, when night came no agreement could be come to, the opinions of the men who were present being so different. They met again the third day, when Major Goff preached, and showed the officers how they had sinned, so that the Lord was against them. The meeting lasted from nine in the morning till seven at night, and at the end of the day, those who were present became of one mind.

The dispute between the parliament and the army was, as to what should be done with the king, who was now a prisoner in the hands of Cromwell. When the prayer-meeting ended, each officer present was of the opinion that it was their duty to "call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account, for that blood he had shed, and mischief he had done, to his utmost against the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations."

When once Cromwell's men captured Windsor Castle, on the 28th October, 1642, it was shut to the king, until he was brought to it as a prisoner in December, 1648. It was one of the saddest home-comings one can imagine. "That monarch in captivity, within his own beautiful castle, once the scene of domestic enjoyment, guarded by sentinels pacing under the very gateway at the end of the terrace which he had himself built, is a truly mournful and touching spectacle."

Charles had hoped to escape while on the road, and his friends planned for it, but his keepers were prepared for all such things. The king was placed in the middle of a hundred horsemen, every soldier having a loaded pistol in his hand.

The king was not kept long in Windsor, a few days only. Then he was taken to London under a strong escort, lest his friends should attempt his escape. Once in the capital, he was never lost sight of, until his head was struck off on the scaffold at Whitehall, on January the 30th, 1649. A few days later the body of the dead king was "privately carried to Windsor, without pomp or noise," and laid

by his loving and weeping lords in the vault of St. George's Chapel, side by side with the coffins of Henry VIII. and his queen, Jane Seymour.

Throughout those unhappy years of strife many prisoners of war were brought to Windsor. Some of them were Cavaliers of high rank—men like the Duke of Hamilton, and were lodged in various places in the castle. Probably the most important were placed in the Norman Tower, where James of Scotland had stayed. Sir Edward Fortescue had been there also, and carved his name on the wall, with his coat of arms and the legend, "Pour le Roy," "For the King." It was a bold thing for a man to do who was in the hands of the king's enemies.

Cromwell, the Protector of the Commonwealth, often came to Windsor, and stayed in the castle, bringing his aged mother and his family with him. Parliament resolved to sell the castle, the houses, parks, and lands, and place the money which came from the transaction in the nation's purse. But it was never offered for sale, possibly because no one would purchase such a big place.

Even that stern soldier, Cromwell, took a delight in the beauty of the noble building and the country all around. Evidently the Little Park was sold, for as Lord Protector, Cromwell re-bought it. "He planted and improved the forest; he opened St. George's Chapel for public worship; he kept an eye on the college lands, and he partially restored the royal house."

But while he was in Windsor many a prisoner languished in the dungeons. They were not all

Cavaliers. "General Brown, formerly Puritan Governor of Abingdon, Mr. Ashburnham, and Colonel Legg, who assisted in the attempted escape of Charles from Hampton, Earls Lauderdale, Kelly, and Rothes, and many other Scottish and English prisoners, were detained here. The three earls were prisoners during the whole nine years of the Commonwealth, while numbers of the private soldiers were transported beyond the seas."

Greater days were in store for Windsor when Cromwell died.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RESTORATION AND REVOLUTION.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell died there was a desire on the part of the English people to have a king again, and Charles, the dead king's son, who was in exile, was sent for. He came in 1660, entering London on May 9th. He was received with joy, and was crowned king as Charles II.

He must have been amazed and angry at what he saw when he came to Windsor, for so much had been taken away that was beautiful, and the castle looked almost ruined. It had lost some of its most valuable pictures, the costly tapestries, and other things that were of priceless value. Everything in St. George's Chapel which would have reminded him of the splendours of the Order of the Garter, was gone. It is said that he was filled with grief when he saw the proofs of the wanton destruction.

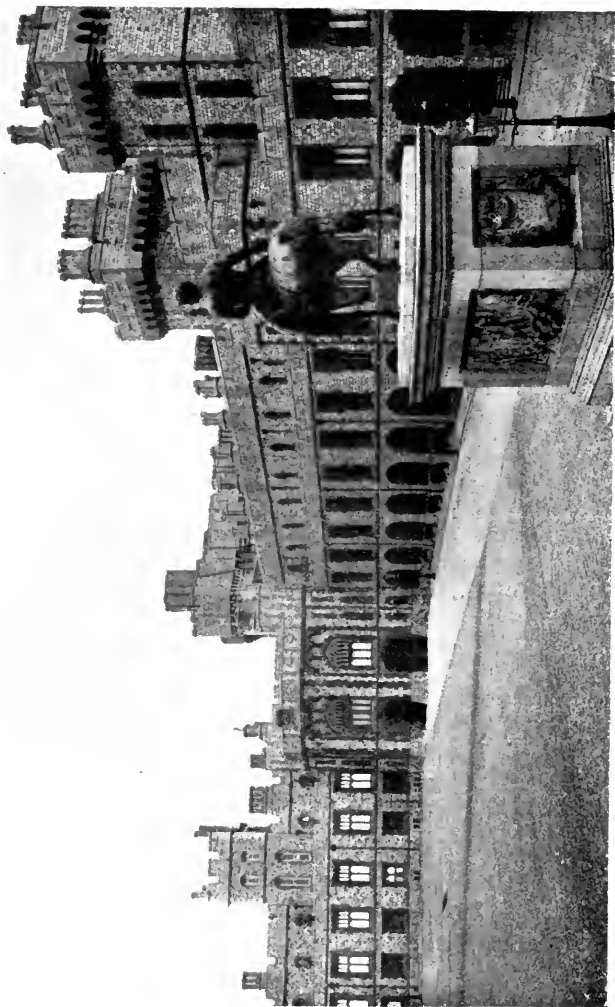
He lost no time in removing all that was unsightly, and at once he ordered everyone out of the place who held any office or privilege granted by Cromwell, whether rich or poor. After that, the king filled up the vacancies in the Order of the Garter. Some of these he had filled up while he was in exile

at the court of Louis XIV., of France, but now they were installed with great splendour.

After that the king made Windsor his summer residence, and he spared no expense to make this princely castle worthy of being a home for kings. Prince Rupert, as Constable of the Castle, began to make improvements, "to trim up the keep, or high Round Tower," and also handsomely adorned the hall "with furniture of arms, which was very singular," as Evelyn says in his diary, "by so disposing the pikes, muskets, pistols, bandoleers, holsters, drums, back, breast, and head pieces, as was very extraordinary." But the king, quietly watching these improvements, sent for Sir Christopher Wren, who was the greatest architect living, told him that he wanted the castle restored, and left him to follow out his own will in making Windsor Castle the most beautiful palace in the world. Wren had plenty of money at his disposal for the work:

The architect changed the outward appearance greatly in some parts, and the north terrace was newly faced with stone, and greatly extended. It was carried to the east and south sides. It was said at the time that this great terrace was the noblest walk in Europe, being 1870 feet in length, and affording a most lovely view, not only of the Thames, but of the country beyond for many a mile.

As for the interior of the castle, it was most richly decorated. The windows were made larger and more regular, a large chamber was prepared to serve as a magazine of arms, and those who saw it declared it most beautifully arranged. Many ugly



THE GRAND QUADRANGLE, WITH EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHARLES II

apartments were made delightful, and on the walls were hung large and costly paintings. Thus this palace by the Thames had not its equal anywhere in Europe at the time. Visitors came from all parts to see it. They came the more readily because a stage coach began to run from London to Windsor. The starting of the stage coach made many begin to grumble, because they said it took away the business of the watermen, who had hitherto brought visitors to the castle by the river.

Other changes were made to render the palace a yet more beautiful place. A theatre was fitted up, and this, as well as the state chambers, was gorgeously painted by Verrio, the most famous artist of the day.

Charles was not a monarch whom anyone could admire or have any respect for, especially when one thinks of the stories that were told of his doings in Windsor. It is said that at times, in mad frolic, he amused himself by running about the streets of Windsor with others of the court, disguised with masks, and entering the houses of the people, where they did unheard of things. Strange to say, while Charles spent money so lavishly on the castle, never troubling himself as to where that money was to come from, he was not at all anxious as to the appearance of Windsor's chief ornament, namely, St. George's Chapel. He allowed it to remain in its neglected state. He cared more to watch the building of Cumberland Lodge, and Cranbourne Lodge, in the Great Park. During this reign one of the king's servants, named Toby Rustot, placed the

great equestrian statue of King Charles in what is now known as the Great Quadrangle, and close by the foot of the Round Tower. It is said that it cost him £1,300, a great sum for those days.

One day in September, 1679, there was tremendous excitement in Windsor and in London. The king was in Windsor at the time. The cause of the excitement was that a conspiracy had been discovered. Four ruffians were paid to go down to Windsor, get into the castle, and kill the king. When the news came all were on the alert. Everyone who came was challenged before being allowed to pass through the gate. A proclamation was read at the market cross, at the top of Peascod Street, offering one hundred pounds to any who helped to capture the would-be murderers. But the men, either hearing the proclamation, or finding that the plot was discovered, never entered. It is said that they fled from the country to save their necks from the hangman.

One of the finest sights in Windsor is the so-called Long Walk, which runs from the York and Lancaster Towers, straight as the crow flies, for three miles, ending at the statue known as the "Copper Horse." Charles had this magnificent avenue made, causing elms to be planted, two rows on either side, the whole of the way, and no less than 240 feet wide. William III. completed it during his reign.

It is said that Charles left little to be done to the castle except the painting of the apartments, which was carried on by his successors, James II. and

William III. In the latter's reign the whole was completed. Queen Anne made several additions to the castle, the flight of steps on the East Terrace being one of them.

James II., when he came to the throne in 1685, granted a charter to the town, and in it Windsor Castle was spoken of as one of the principal residences of the king, and those who had reigned before him. The charter can never be forgotten because it appointed Sir George Jeffreys as Recorder of Windsor. His work as recorder was to act as the judge at the Quarter Sessions in Windsor. This was the Judge Jeffreys who was so intensely cruel when dealing with those who had taken part in the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion. Someone said of this judge: "We know not from which the mind recoils with deepest horror, the merciless judgment of this fiend in human form against the innocent and the guilty, or his heartless levity in the midst of the sufferings he inflicted. We search in vain the pages of history for a name that has descended to a more infamous immortality than that of Jeffreys. His court has been variously spoken of as 'Jeffreys' Campaign,' the 'Bloody Assize,' and the 'English Reign of Terror.' Its first victim was a woman, seventy years of age, Alice Lisle, a widow. She was beheaded for giving food and lodging to a flying rebel, on whom she had mercy when she saw how distressed he was." Another woman, Elizabeth Gaunt, was burned to death for the same offence, while many were whipped, half naked, from town to town, for the purpose of showing the people what



THE LONG WALK.

came of going against the king. The people of Windsor scowled when this cruel judge rode into the castle, and hated the thought that he was not only to be their recorder, but that he was also their near neighbour, since he lived at Bulstrode, only six miles away. They thought of the terrible sentences he would pass for the smallest offences in Windsor. When he rode through the castle gates to see the king and tell him what he had done to the rebels, he was a rich man because of the pardons he had sold to those who would have been hung or burnt. He boasted that he had "hanged more for high treason than all the judges of England since William the Conqueror." Yet when he told his story to the king he received the seal which appointed him Lord Chancellor of England. It was the highest honour the king could give him.

In this reign the old market-house was in such bad repair that it was pulled down and the materials sold, and Sir Christopher Wren finished building the Town, or Guildhall, with the money so received, a large amount from the Corporation, and some subscriptions which amounted to £680. There is a story told as to the way in which Wren had some fun at the expense of some of the town councillors who had a fear that without pillars underneath the floor, the great hall would fall when the place was filled with people. Wren put up some pillars, but not one of them came within reach of the floor by an inch or two. There was thus a space left between, but the nervous ones, not knowing the trick that had been played on them, were perfectly



THE TOWN HALL: PRESENT DAY.

(Showing T.M. King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra riding through the town).

content. Years after, when the cement which hid the space from the people's eyes had worn away, it was known what the architect had done.

Windsor, and indeed the whole nation, was amazed when the king, who was a Catholic, invited the Pope to send his nuncio, or ambassador, to Windsor Castle, to talk over the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion in England. D'Adda, the nuncio, who received a public reception in Windsor by the king, on July 3rd, 1687, came in great pomp.

There was discontent everywhere, and the Duke of Somerset, who was First Lord of the Bed-chamber, refused to formally introduce the nuncio to the king, although it was a part of his duty to do so. James was enraged when it was said by the duke that the coming of the nuncio was contrary to the law.

"Do you not know that I am above the law?" cried the king.

"You may be, your Majesty, but I am not," said the duke.

In spite of this the king persisted, and the nuncio came. Such a scene had not been witnessed in England for 150 years. Macaulay says that multitudes flocked to the little town. "The visitors were so numerous that there was neither food nor lodging for them, and many persons of quality sat the whole day in their carriages, waiting for the exhibition. At length, late in the afternoon, the knight-marshal's men appeared on horseback; then came a long train of running footmen, and then in a royal coach was seen Adda, robed in purple,

with a brilliant cross on his breast. He was followed by the equipages of the principal courtiers and ministers of state."

It was a fatal step for the king to take. He made the people of England angry, since so vast a majority of them were Protestant, and were resolved that Romanism must not become the religion of the kingdom again. Going on from step to step, just as his father had done, James roused the people to so much anger, that they said he should no more be king. They sent over an invitation to William, Prince of Orange, to come to England and take the throne. William was the king's son-in-law, having married the Princess Mary, the daughter of James. William came. On the 5th of November, 1688, he landed at Torbay, and an army gathered about him instantly. It grew and grew as he moved through the country, and the king, seeing that his own army and his own children had deserted him, fled. He threw the great Seal of England into the Thames, and hurried out of the country by night, going down the Thames in a ship which his friends had waiting for him.

Thus came the Great Revolution of 1688. Leaving Torbay, the Prince of Orange had marched through Sherbourne and Salisbury. On the 17th of November he was in Hungerford, and began to march through Berkshire, after a long halt in that town, hoping to hear that James had fled, since the king's flight would save bloodshed. There was some fighting near Reading, a mere skirmish, and then William went to Abingdon. After that he marched along

the river bank to Wallingford and Henley. From thence he went to Windsor. The prince stopped his march at Windsor, and there held a council of the great men of the kingdom. William was not as yet king, for there were many things to settle before that could be; things to be done that would safeguard the liberties of the people of England. But at last all was ready, and James having fled, William was proclaimed king, and his wife the queen, the two to reign together.

Beyond that important stay in the castle, when the Revolution was brought to a successful ending, Windsor did not play any great part in the king's reign. Things happened of no great importance, but interesting, however. We hear that in 1693, his Majesty granted £50 a year to the mayor and churchwardens of Windsor, to aid the church and the poor people of Windsor parish. The money was payable out of the rents of a certain district. But the grant was one thing, while the payment was quite another, for in 1698 the money was three years in arrear.

William's alterations in Windsor Castle amounted to very little, although Sir Christopher Wren was asked to prepare plans for great things. They were never carried out, "fortunately," says Sir Richard Holmes. As it was, "much was done in the Little or Home Park, where the whole circuit towards Datchet was enclosed by a brick wall, traces of which can still be seen near the Victoria Bridge. This did away with the Datchet Mead, immortalised by Shakespeare, and with the old racecourse where,

as may be seen in an old print, Charles II. was wont to exercise his running horses."

Meanwhile, Windsor went on its usual way, doing its business, but wishing that the king and queen would come to the castle oftener. The corporation was very jealous of its dignity at the time, and we hear how a man named William Herring, junior, was heavily fined for speaking disrespectfully of the corporation. The fine was twenty nobles, and from the fact that a noble was worth six shillings and eightpence, it will be seen that the corporation held its dignity at a pretty high figure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN ANNE WAS QUEEN.

WILLIAM did not care much for Windsor, his thoughts being centred on Hampton Court, on which he spent his money freely. But Anne loved Windsor greatly, and spent nearly all the summer months there. Even before she was queen she lived in a house on the Castle Hill, near to the spot where the present royal stables stand. When she came to the throne she began to spend money freely on the great castle, and would have spent more if she could have afforded it. As it was she spent £40,000 in repairs, had the double steps made in the centre of the East Terrace, and planned a garden there. She also had the Grand Staircase painted by Sir James Thornhill, and the carriage road made through the Long Walk, a bridge built across the river at Datchet, and the "Queen Anne's Walk" planted in 1707.

The queen never liked London. The beauty of the great park, the shining river, and the meadows, bounded by the distant Chiltern Hills, charmed her, and she never tired of them. It was while she was

sitting with the Duchess of Marlborough in a little alcove in what is now the royal library, that a horseman rode up to the castle in hot haste. Men saw as he rode through the town that he came with great news, for his horse was covered with foam. The tired creature staggered with fatigue when the dust-covered rider slipped out of the saddle.

"Where is the Duchess of Marlborough?" he cried.

When he was shown into the queen's presence, in what is now known as *Queen Anne's Closet*, he drew from his bosom a crumpled piece of paper, torn roughly from the Duke of Marlborough's pocket-book. On it were pencilled a few words. But they were words which spoke of one of the most famous victories the English army ever won. The great general wasted no words in telling of the battle of *Blenheim* on the banks of the *Danube*. The note ran :

"Aug. 13, 1704.

"I have not time to say more, but to beg you will give my duty to the Queen, and let her know that her army has had a glorious victory. M. Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it, in a day or two, by another, more at large.

"MARLBOROUGH."

It was truly a magnificent victory. The English were fighting side by side with the troops of the

German Emperor against the French, in what was called the "War of the Spanish Succession." The battle began at one o'clock in the afternoon. When it ended at night the enemy was so beaten that out of the fifty-six thousand that went into the fight, forty thousand were dead or taken prisoners, to say nothing of those who were drowned in the Danube in the hurried retreat. Among the prisoners were the great French general, Marshal Tallard, and more than a hundred of his officers. It was the proud boast of Englishmen that Marlborough never besieged a fortress that he did not take, nor fight a battle which he did not win.

A fac-simile of the letter Marlborough wrote is now hung on the wall of the little room in which the queen and the duchess sat when the messenger brought the news. In the guard-room of the castle hangs a little flag above the bust of Marlborough, emblazoned with the lilies of France. At first it was placed in Queen Anne's Closet, but George IV. had it removed to the guard-room, where it is seen by the thousands of visitors who come to the castle.

Opposite it is another bust, of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, and a flag over it in like manner. A new flag is brought to be placed over the busts every year to replace the old one. The flags must be brought to the castle and placed in position on the anniversary of the various battles; if this were not done, the great estates which were given to each of the two victorious generals by the nation, would pass out of the hands of the family.

The victory of Blenheim made such an impression on the queen that she had her garden at the castle laid out with trees to represent the famous battle-field, so that she had the reminder of it every day, when she looked out of the palace windows.

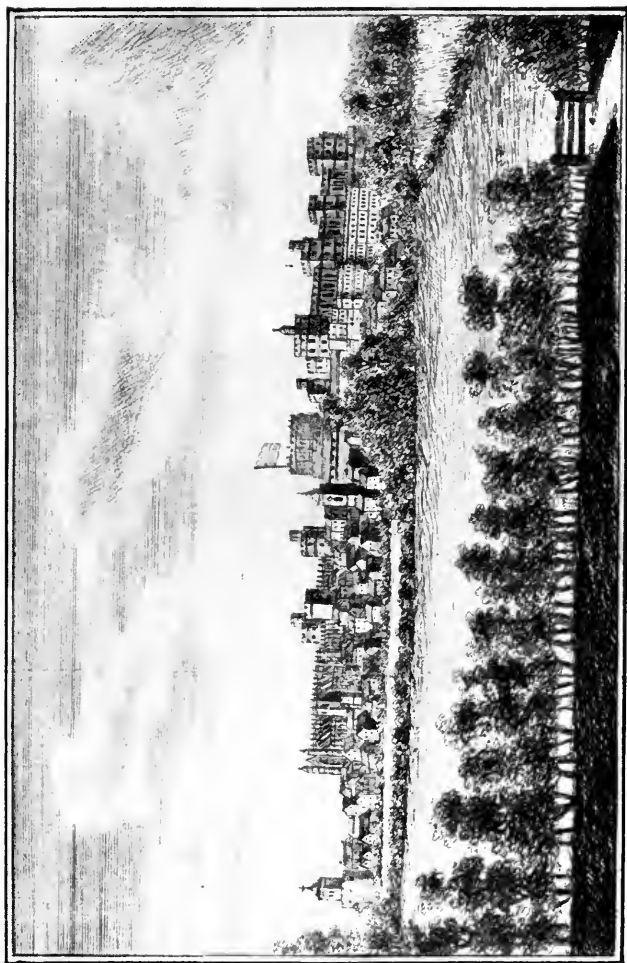
One other event must be mentioned in connection with Anne's reign. This was the visit of Charles III., King of Spain, in 1703. He arrived at Spithead, and was received with royal honours, but before landing, a messenger stepped on board the ship to say that her Majesty wished to see him at Windsor. A stately journey was taken thither, and within the castle he was received by the queen at the head of the Grand Staircase. It was a short but memorable visit so far as court splendour was concerned, and much was made of it at the time. It was a friendly visit, such as takes place often in these days, when some one of the monarchs comes to this country.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WINDSOR UNDER THE EARLY HANOVERIANS.

THE first two Georges did not much care for Windsor, if we are to judge from the rarity of their visits to the famous castle on the Thames. There were times when, in a sense, they were compelled to come, as when the Order of the Garter called for their attention. They loved Hampton Court more, and it was a trouble to them to come as far as Windsor, even in the summer-time, when the country round is so full of beauty, and the park and forest have so many charms.

So far as great events were concerned Windsor was quiet for years. The everyday life went on, but when royalty came down on rare occasions there was a general bustle on the part of the people to make the town more tidy. If the truth must be told the Windsor people were slipshod in their habits when the court was away. What we have already read as to the dirty streets held good in the days of the Georges. The pigs still strayed about in the streets, and people flung out-of-doors things which made the air foul, and bred disease. The corporation had to pass by-laws compelling the inhabitants to keep the town more tidy, since such a state of things was a

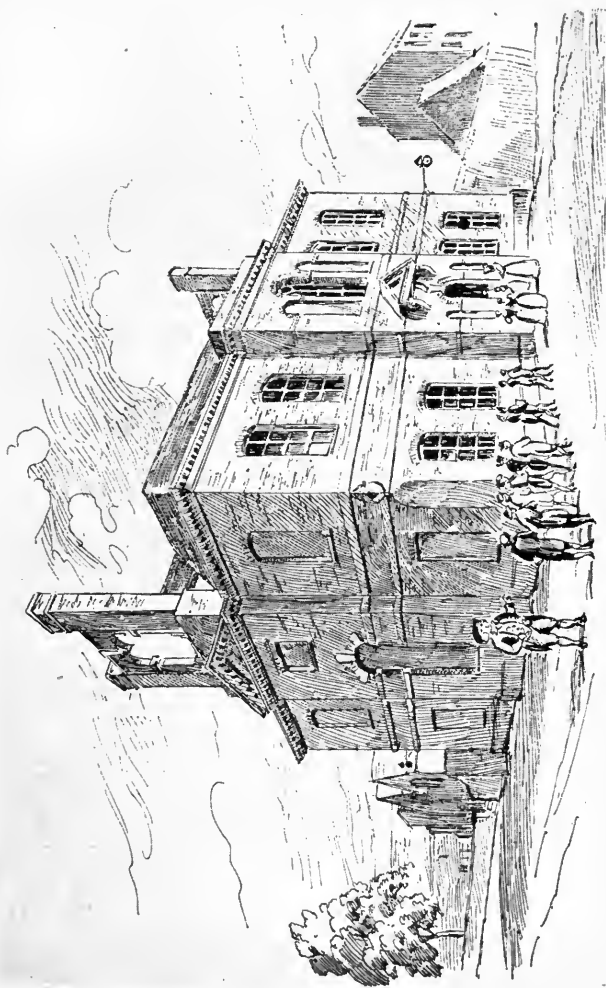


WINDSOR CASTLE AND TOWN : SOUTH-WEST VIEW. TIME, 1785.

disgrace to the town. Shopkeepers and house-dwellers in the royal borough had to shovel and brush up all dirt, dust, and other annoyances on Saturday afternoon, and again they were told that they would be fined if they tossed out stinking fish, or rotten vegetables into the street, or made dung-hills there. Every night, also, the householders had to hang out candles at their doors, to light the street. The people were slow at first to obey the by-laws, but the mayor put on some heavy fines, and things grew better.

The Windsor of those days was very different from what it is to-day. The people of this twentieth century are different in their habits, and are in every way more sober and law-abiding. In the days of the Georges the corporation rarely did any business at the council meeting without going at the end of it to the White Hart or the Garter for dinner or wine. And no tradesmen ever thought of doing business with traders without closing the bargain by going to the tavern to have some of the Windsor ale which was famous in those days. The drinking habits of the town were such that we constantly read of money paid by the corporation to repair the damage done by drunken persons to "the town-hall windows, the hasps of the market-gate, and other matters."

There was plenty of amusement. The inhabitants of Windsor were as fond as any who could be found in England of some of the cruel sports which marked those olden days; bear-baiting and even horse-baiting and bull-baiting [were often to be seen.



THE MASONIC HALL, USED BY THE BRETHREN OF THE "WINDSOR CASTLE" LODGE.
(Built by Christopher Wren as a Charity School for 30 boys and 20 girls; now the Royal Free Schools in Bachelors
Acre. The Lodge is "looked upon by Freemasons generally as being almost unique in its arrangements.")
[Alderman Barber's Collection.]

When May-day came Peascod Street was gay with festivity. The Maypole was fixed in the wider part of the street, which was half-way down, somewhere near Sun Passage, and gay doings followed. Bonfires blazed whenever any festivity came. When royalty was coming the corporation had banquets in honour of the occasion, and "beef and bacon, and veal and mutton, and pullets, and a hundred other things for the table" are mentioned in the town expenses book. It all cost money, for at one time we read of four women being paid to help the cook at one of the inns for fourteen days to celebrate the arrival of the prince.

The cucking-stool, or ducking-stool, as it was sometimes called, had its place in Windsor in those olden days. "The cucking-stool," says one, "was an engine invented for the punishment of scolds and unquiet women, by ducking them in the water, after having placed them in a stool or chair fixed at the end of a long pole," by which they were suddenly let down into some muddy or stinking pond.

In the reign of the first George, in 1725, a school-house was erected in the churchyard, large enough to accommodate forty boys and thirty girls. It was built with some money which was left by Theodore Randue. It was built on the north side of the churchyard. This building, said to have been erected by Sir Christopher Wren, stands in the corner of the graveyard, in St. Alban's Street. It is no longer used as a school, but is the lodge of the Freemasons. One part of the building is utilised at the present time as a Drill Hall by the Territorials.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN "FARMER GEORGE" WAS KING.

WHEN George III. came to the throne he would have nothing to do with Hampton Court. The story runs that he hated the place because once he had been cruelly beaten while there by his father, and the court was always associated in his mind with that unpleasant experience.

Windsor Castle had gone into dilapidation to a shameful extent, for while money was supposed to have been spent upon it, George found it decayed and unfit for habitation. So much was this the case that he was not able to accommodate his family at the castle, and had to build a lodge on the town side of the castle, where the mews now stand. The cost of this new building was £44,000.

The castle must have been in a deplorable condition when we read that in 1730 the roof of the Round Tower was in danger of falling in, and that in the following year the stairs were in such a bad state that it was unsafe to mount them. Things grew worse and worse, and in 1752 the great stones were falling from the curtain of the Round Tower.

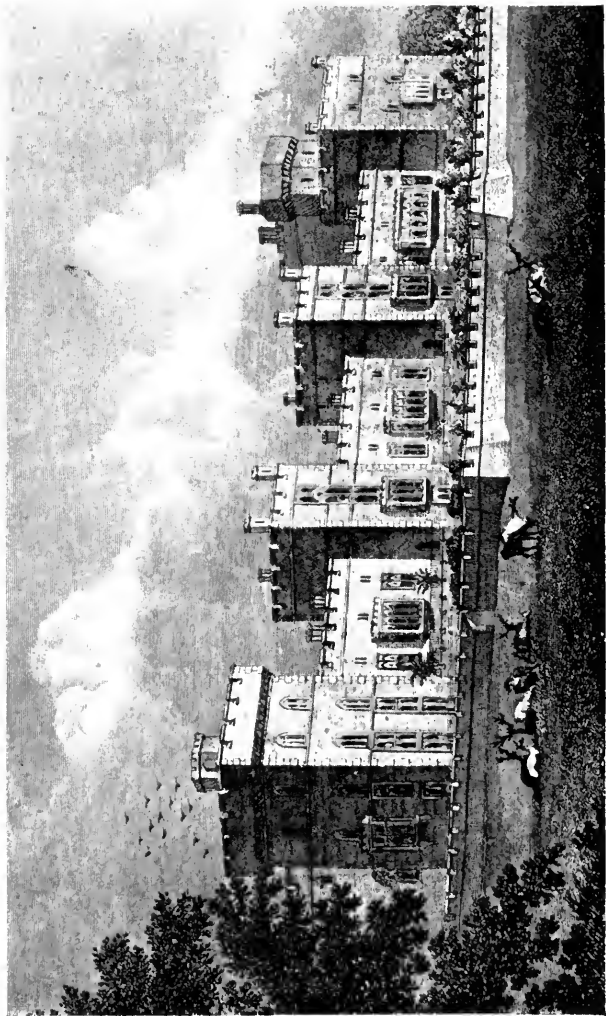
Because of this the parapet wall was in danger of tumbling down.

St. George's Chapel was also in a bad state. In one of the old volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786, a letter described what someone saw who visited it in that year. The writer had just visited Eton, where he found everything at the college in an excellent state. He came straight up to Windsor Castle and was amazed. This is what he says :

"Here a new scene presented itself ; an elegant and neglected Gothic chapel, perhaps the first in the world for beauty and splendour, but dirty and disregarded to such a degree as to become a nuisance to the eye, and a reproach to the sextons, who, I am told, receive daily, handsome donations for showing it, yet are regardless to the greatest degree of shame, not so much as dusting the monuments, or washing the chapel. An elegant monument of the Beaufort family is at this moment tumbling into ruins ; some of the principal figures thereon being supported by common cords or ropes."

The writer said a great deal more, but ended by declaring that the pavement of this royal chapel would be disgraceful to a barn. The chapel was repaired in 1790, was re-paved, and a new altar screen, an organ loft, and an organ were provided, the carving renewed, and some new stalls put in where necessary.

Whenever he was in Windsor, George III. lived more like a country gentleman than a king, and since



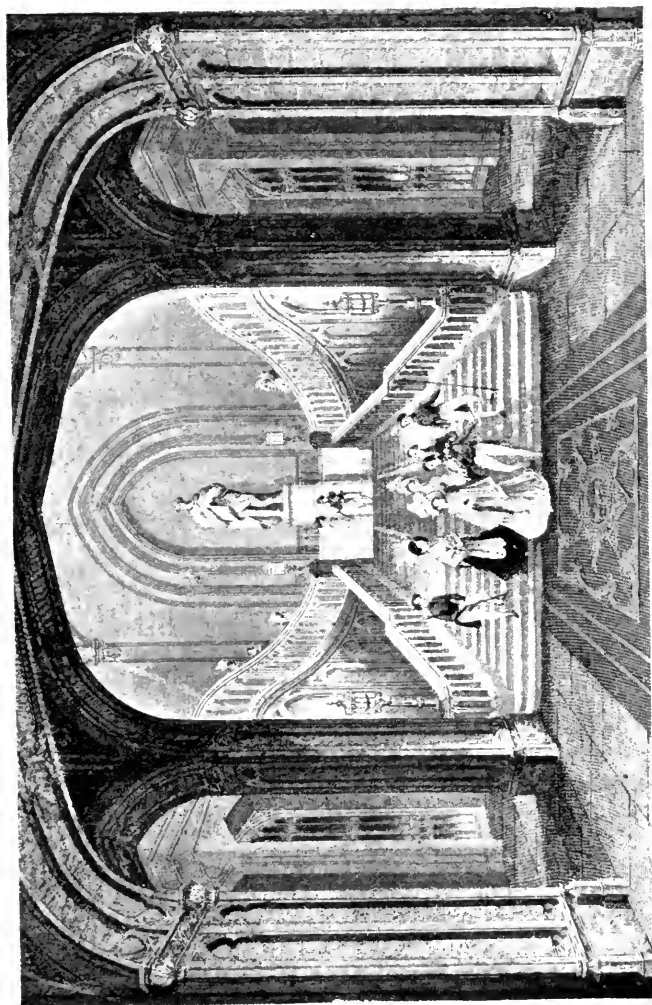
EAST FRONT. TIME, ABOUT 1820. HIS MAJESTY'S APARTMENTS

he ploughed some of the land in the Great Park, and made a farmstead there, people affectionately called him "Farmer George." He took a personal interest in this sort of work, and planned out many farms which were dealt with after the Norfolk and Dutch methods of husbandry. Hence the establishment of the Norfolk and Flemish Farms.

Just as the castle had become a discredit to the nation, so the town itself seems to have become a discredit to the corporation and people of Windsor. It was necessary, in the ninth year of the king's reign to pass an Act of Parliament for the better paving, cleaning, lighting, and watching of the streets and lanes of Windsor, and for putting an end to the intolerable nuisances and annoyances there. The Act permitted the corporation to pay the wages of six able-bodied men to serve as watchmen and constables, and put an end to obstructions in the streets, and call on their owners to keep their pigs in their styes. Those pigs seem always to have been a trouble, but this piece of legislation stopped the nuisance.

Many things show that Windsor was not the most orderly place in England. In 1780 a great riot happened at Windsor. The militia quartered in the town and the people fought savagely, and the fight could not be stopped until the cavalry were called out.

The king was greatly annoyed to find that the magnificent castle had been allowed to fall into such a state. He called on Mr. John Wyatt, the great architect of the day, to make the castle all

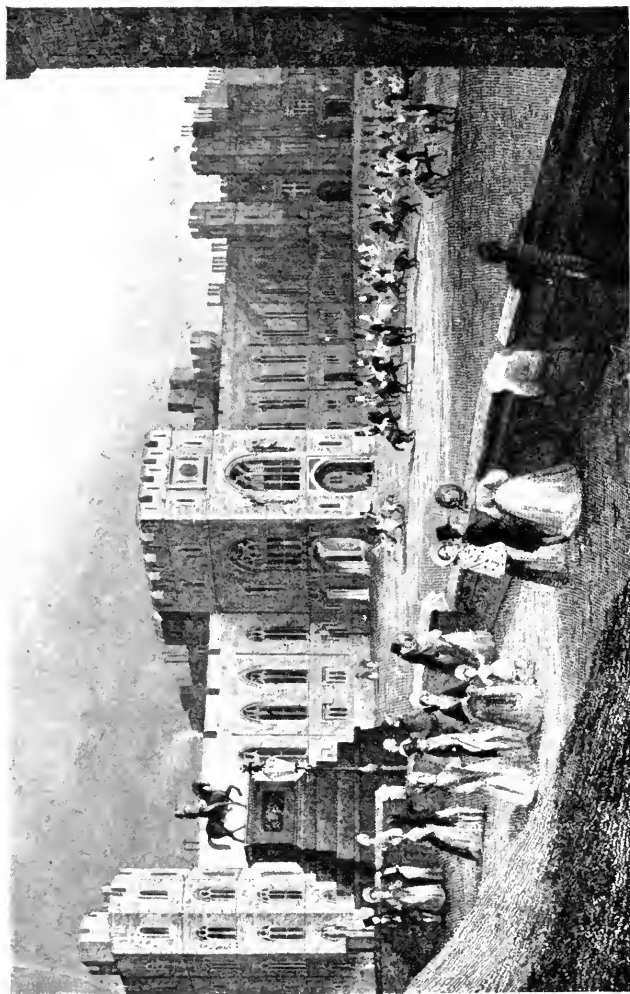


THE GRAND STAIRCASE : ABOUT 1839.

that it ought to be, and to suggest what he thought would add to its splendour. Many thousands of pounds were spent in repairs and improvements. The king mentioned some of the things he wished to see changed, having made architecture a study. But what was chiefly done in George III.'s time was more in the way of beautifying than in great alterations. The Grand Staircase was finished in the most superb style, the balustrades being "composed of polished iron inlaid with brass, gilt and chased," of beautiful workmanship. Everything was fitted up in modern style, yet all in keeping with the building. By the time the king was satisfied many years had passed. The library also was arranged while the alterations were going on, and some valuable paintings were brought to the castle from Hampton Court and elsewhere.

It was in George's reign that the old custom of beating the parish bounds was revived. This practice had been dropped for many a long year, but in 1801 the mayor and corporation began the custom afresh. The idea was to go round the boundaries, and halt at certain places to "Give thanks to God for His great benefits, and for the increase and abundance of His fruits upon the earth." During this walk round the boundaries the vicar was to pronounce the customary curses, but chiefly this: "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark."

The ceremony began by the assembling of the vicar and churchwardens at the Guildhall where the mayor and corporation were waiting for them.



STATE ENTRANCE IN GRAND QUADRANGLE, AT THE TIME OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION.

There they had wine, bread and cheese, and then set forth, joined by the charity children and such of the townspeople as chose to go with them. This was on the 10th of May, 1801, and the first place of call having been reached, the first curse came from the vicar's lips. This halt was made at a house at the bottom of Peascod Street. The proceedings were strange. When some of the boys had entered the parlour by the window, a collect was read, and a psalm sung. After that Mrs. Bryer, the tenant, who knew of their coming, sent wine to those who were outside. The whole company then went through the house, into the garden, scrambled over the palings, went along the ditch, and after that moved on from point to point. At every halting place a collect was read, a psalm was sung, and wine was sent out as before.

At the riverside the company got into punts, and pulling across the stream, floated down close by the Eton side to Tangier's Creek, landed on the Ait, went through the same ceremony, and passed on after having cut a bound mark in the ground. After that the punts went down the river to Datchet Bridge, the company always taking wine at the various halting places, together with rolls and butter. Going from point to point they came at last to Frogmore House, where the halt was a long one. For here an "elegant dinner was provided," and Major Price did the honours of the table. The dinner was a liberal one, consisting of roast beef and plum pudding, with hams, veal, fowls, and other appetising dishes. Then came the drinking of the king's health, and cheers



THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, 1781. NOW DEMOLISHED.

(*Adlerman Barber's Collection.*)

followed, three times three. When the wine came on the table, the people who had been following the procession were served with what was left, and the charity children also had a good meal on the lawn. Some humorous songs were sung, and the company proceeded on their way again. They went, with music playing, and colours flying, to the market-place.

The bounds were not all beaten in one day, for the ceremony lasted three whole days. At the end of all the walking and feasting a barrel of Windsor ale was tapped at the market-house, for the people, "Who loudly huzza'd and finished the business." The idea of beating the bounds in this fashion was to make a public claim to what land belonged to the town, as well as to keep the privileges which the charters had granted. It was then declared that anyone who violated the privileges should be flogged at the stocks, and then he should be fastened in an iron cage to be the laughing-stock of all who passed by.

The old king was very popular in Windsor, and when the fiftieth year of his reign was completed, the bachelors of the town set up an obelisk in Bachelors' Acre, "As a tribute of their gratitude for the particular esteem he had on all occasions manifested for their native town."

Yet, in the midst of all this pleasant home life, where the king and queen were the central figures of Windsor, while the nation was at war with almost the whole world, and threatened with ruin because of her many enemies, a great trouble came on King

George. He became insane for a time, and his son had to take up the duties of the monarch, and rule as prince regent. It was necessary to remove the old king to a quiet place. With a great deal of trouble he was induced to leave Windsor, and go to Kew. In all the story of the royal borough nothing seems so sad as this departure of an old man whom everyone loved for his simplicity and honesty, and his quiet, manly, and good, and gentle life. It is said that "almost all Windsor was collected round the rails to witness the mournful spectacle of his departure, which left them in the deepest despondence, with scarce a ray of hope ever to see him again."

But one day he came back on horseback, once more well. He had a reception that told of the joy the people had on seeing him again. The bells rang loudly, and the day became one of holiday.

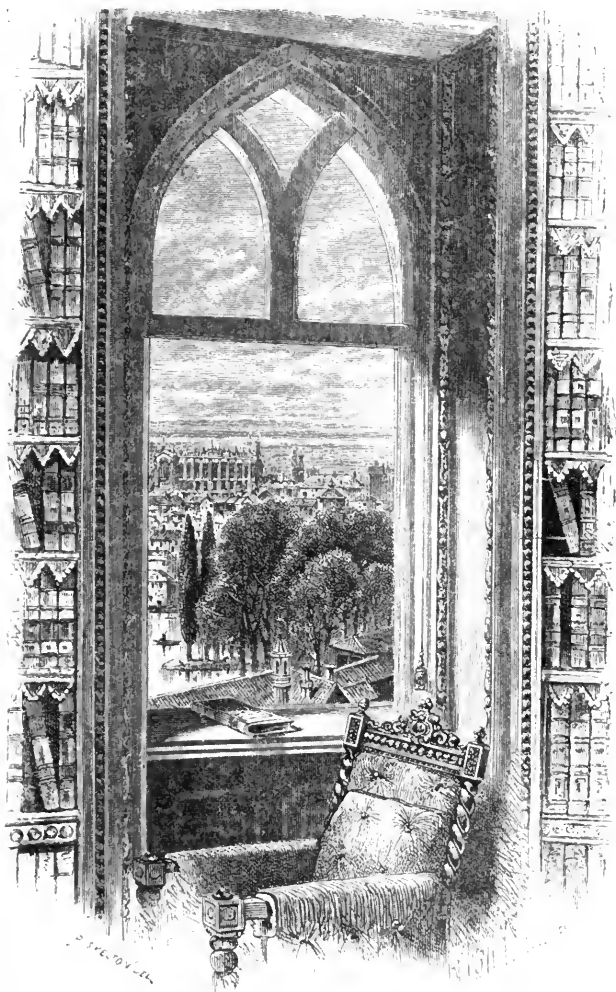
CHAPTER XXX.

WINDSOR'S LATER GLORIES.

GEORGE IV. did great things for Windsor Castle, for the whole building underwent a change. His father had begun the work of restoration, and the new king, when he took up his residence in the castle, in 1823, determined, as Sir Richard Holmes says, on a "thorough renewal of the whole fabric, which by long neglect and imperfect repairs in former reigns had become not only inconvenient as a royal residence, but was absolutely dangerous, roofs, floors, and foundations being rotten and decayed."

Some went so far as to advise the king to pull the castle down altogether, and build another in its place. But Wyatt prepared plans which greatly pleased the king. Parliament made a grant of £300,000 to meet the cost. This did not prove enough by any means. By the time William IV. had done all that was contemplated, £771,000 was the grant made, to say nothing of £281,000 for furniture—more than a million pounds.

Wyatt, who was knighted as Sir Jeffry Wyattville



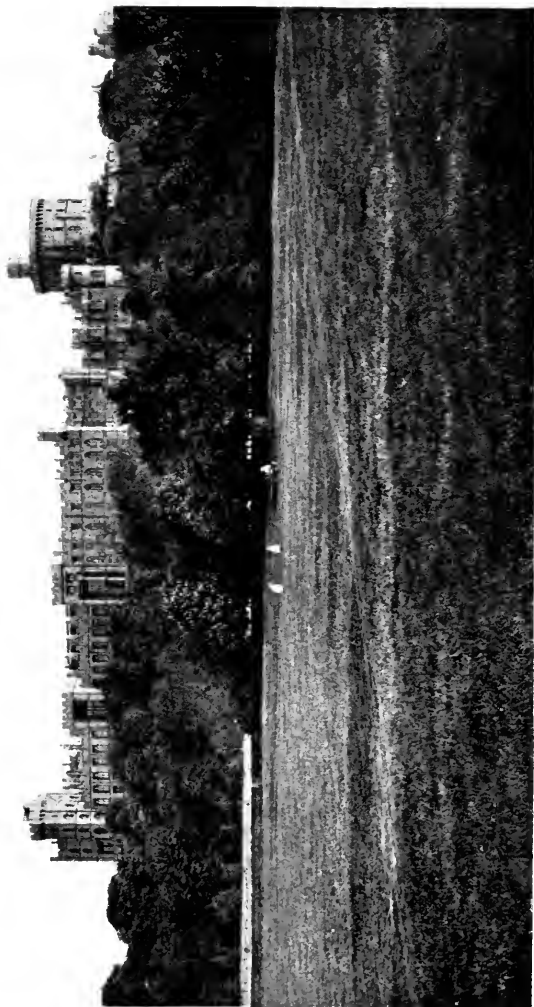
Windsor Castle: View from the Library Window.

having the means put into his hands to do the work as splendidly as money could make it, converted the castle into the magnificent palace we find it to-day, save for a few improvements made by Queen Victoria. The entire eastern half of the castle was renewed, and other parts brought into harmony with it.

Holmes tells us of the part which William IV. took in this work of transforming a ruined building into the finest in the world. Entering what was then the room where the pictures of some beautiful women were hanging, he said, "I am the only sovereign in Europe without a library, and these rooms shall be mine." The change was made. Henry VII.'s room and the Elizabethan Gallery were set aside, and a beautiful library made, to which valuable books were brought from time to time, as well as drawings and miniatures of great value. Much in the way of rare and costly books has been added since then.

Other changes took place, not only in the castle, but in the town. The parish church had to come down, and was re-built as we see it to-day, while the bridge over the Thames, joining Eton to Windsor, and which was built of wood, and was unsafe for traffic, was replaced by one of stone. The Duke of York, High Steward of the borough, laid the corner stone on July the 10th, 1822.

From that time onwards great alterations were made where changes called for them. The Round Tower now has the Flag Tower added, and on it floats the great banner of England when the

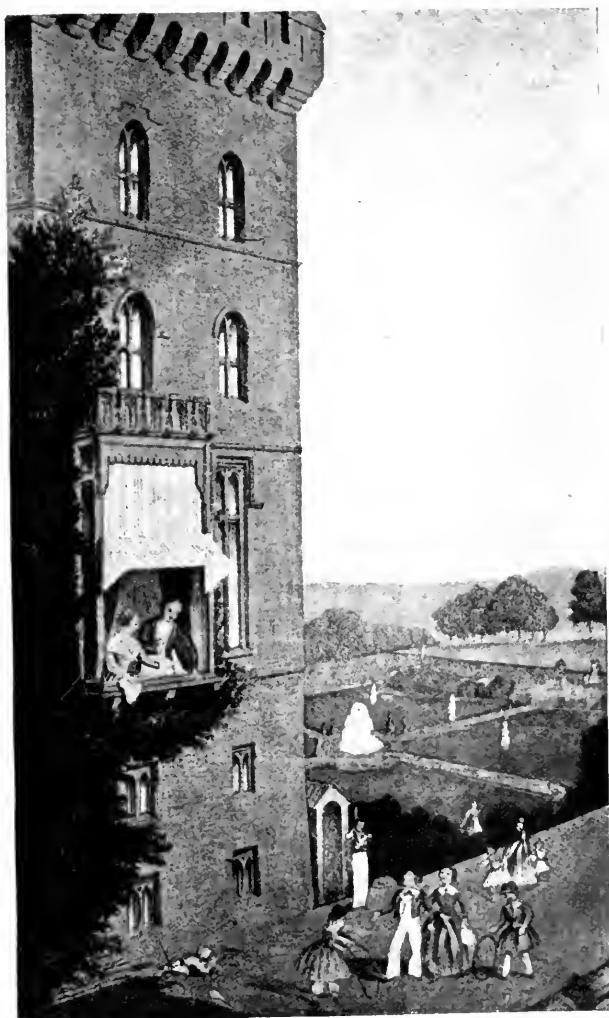


WINDSOR CASTLE : NORTH FRONT.

sovereign is in residence. On all other days when the monarch is absent, the Union Jack flies. The houses which once stood on the castle side of Thames Street, with their backs to the castle, were pulled down in the days when Queen Victoria ruled, and a fine pavement took their place. The old public roads through the Little Park were closed, the old bridge to Datchet was removed, and the Victoria and Albert bridges were built.

As the castle stands to-day, it is esteemed one of the most magnificent of European palaces. It is described as being nearly a mile in circumference, and covers more than twelve acres of land within the walls. Queen Victoria, always considerate of the town, did not forget the pleasures of the people of Windsor, when she set aside seventy-five acres of the Home Park for a recreation ground.

Queen Victoria, during her splendid reign, made the castle not only her frequent home, but "the great centre of court life, and the scene of many historical receptions and pageants." To tell of all that happened in castle and in town is altogether impossible, since the royal borough became the centre of so many important and historical celebrations. One cannot tell of the famous personages who came from all parts of the world to see the greatest monarch of all time. There were exiled sovereigns among them; they had come to England to find a safe home. But the most noble of them all, who had active dealings with Windsor, and took a keen interest in its welfare, was Albert, Prince Consort, the husband of the queen, and father of our present



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.
(*Alderman Barber's Collection.*)

king. The whole nation was in sorrow when, after a brief illness, he died in 1861. He was buried in the St. George's Chapel, in the royal vault, only to rest there, however, until the gorgeous mausoleum at Frogmore could be built.

The Prince Consort had done many things which displayed the keen interest he took in Windsor. He built a riding school, and new stables were erected under his direction; also he established model farms in the park, and saved from destruction the Fishing Temple and other places of interest.

Windsor greatly prospered while Victoria was queen. It was her wont when in residence in the castle to set aside her royal state as far as possible. There were days of pageant—days when the splendour of royalty seemed to dazzle the spectator—as when great foreign potentates came to see her Majesty at Windsor; but on ordinary occasions she drove out almost unattended. Foreigners wondered to see the mighty empress riding along the country lanes, and on the public highways, without any ostentation. When she died the whole Empire, and not Windsor only, was overwhelmed with grief.

She was laid to rest in that splendid mausoleum which she had built for her dead husband and herself. Few would imagine that the white marble building, which stands amid firs and laurels, and yews and other trees, was one of the historic structures of the world, the resting-place of so mighty a ruler.

When the great Queen died she was succeeded by her son, who took the title of Edward VII. He began his reign in 1901, with every promise of splendour, and all the hopes and proud expectations of the Empire were amply realised. By his supreme sagacity and statesmanship the King won for himself not alone the affectionate loyalty of his people, but the regard of all the nations. When after a glorious reign of nine years he died with a suddenness which sent a shock of consternation through the world, it was declared on every hand that he had won a place among the greatest monarchs of all time, and had made himself a lasting name as "King Edward the Peacemaker."

He was succeeded on the day of his death—May 6th, 1910—by his son, the Prince of Wales, under the title of King George V. The prayers of the nation are that he may experience a long and glorious reign.

The story of Royal Windsor must end here, although there is much to tell, were it not for want of space. We have seen how from small beginnings the castle about which the royal borough clusters has grown to be the most famous palace in the world. It is now the state residence of England's King, George V.

The palace may be looked upon as the centre of the Empire, and in a sense the centre of the world. This much is certain, that one may walk through any of the world's "stately homes" and mark their beauty and grandeur, and marvel at the wealth which they contain—but none can vie with this

magnificent castle on Windsor's mound. For here one reads the story of a nation coming out of obscurity into unequalled greatness, into the great compactness of an Empire, the like of which the world has never seen before.

SELECTIONS FROM

Jarrolds' Publications

SUITABLE FOR PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

THE HEROIC READERS,
WITH COLOURED FRONTISPICES.

BOOK I.	FOR BOY AND GIRLS.	128 pages, strongly bound, 8d.
BOOK II.	FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.	144 pages, strongly bound, 11d.
BOOK III.	FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.	224 pages, strongly bound, 1/2
BOOK IV.	FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.	240 pages, strongly bound, 1/4
BOOK V.	FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.	272 pages, strongly bound, 1/6
BOOK VI.	FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.	272 pages, strongly bound, 1/6

THE KING'S ENGLISH AND HOW TO WRITE IT.

Eleventh Edition. For the use of Students and others. A comprehensive text-book of Essay Writing, Precis Writing, and Paraphrasing, with hints for a practical course of reading. By John Bygott and A. J. Lawford Jones. 1s. 6d. nett.

POINTS IN PUNCTUATION.

A Manual for Students, Business Men, and others. By John Bygott and A. J. Lawford Jones. Paper, 6d. nett; boards, 1s. nett.

OBJECT LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

With an Appendix on the correlation of Studies with Object Lessons. By Edward Snelgrove, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, with many illustrations suitable for reproduction on the Black-board, 3s. 6d.

**OBJECT LESSONS IN BOTANY; FROM FOREST,
FIELD AND GARDEN.**

(First Series, for Teachers of Young Pupils.) Standards I. and II. By Edward Snelgrove, B.A. 30 Lessons, 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. (2nd Edition.)

**OBJECT LESSONS IN BOTANY; FROM FOREST,
FIELD, WAYSIDE AND GARDEN.**

(Second Series, for Standards III., IV., and V.) A three years course of Lessons. By Edward Snelgrove, B.A. 100 Lessons, 153 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**OBJECT LESSONS IN BOTANY; FROM FOREST,
FIELD, WAYSIDE AND GARDEN.**

(Third Series, for Standards VI. and VII.) By Edward Snelgrove, B.A. 50 Lessons, 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

WORKS BY
ELISABETH BOYD BAYLY,

Author of "Jonathan Merle," etc.

Ian Mac'aren.—"I take this opportunity of letting you know the great enjoyment I received from reading 'Jonathan Merle,' and how much I appreciate reading your books."

The Glasgow Herald.—"The author's outstanding quality is a power of glorifying common-place things by a new way of putting them that is infinitely attractive."

Aberdeen Free Press.—"Graceful and refined in style. The gifted authoress can write charmingly."

Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D.—"I have enjoyed and profited by your books, from 'Alfreda Holme' onwards."

SPECIAL UNIFORM EDITION WITH PORTRAIT.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt, **3/6** each,
unless otherwise stated.

Jonathan Merle. *Twelfth Edition.*

Alfreda Holme. *Sixth Edition.*

Zachary Brough's Venture. *Fourth Edition.*

Forestwyk; or, Ten Years After. *Fifth Edition*

A Bit of Wool; or, Old Days and Now-a-Days.

Honor Greenleaf. *Third Edition.*

Truth, Unity, and Concord: A Discussion on the
Question of Religious Education in Elementary Schools.
Price 1/- net.

Nancy and Her Small Holding. Price 1/- net.

LONDON: JAKKOLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

DR. MAURUS JÓKAI'S FAMOUS NOVELS.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATIONS.

Mr. W. L. Courtney of the "Daily Telegraph" says:—"Jókai in force and fire and prodigal variety reminds one of the elder Dumas."

Literary World says:—"A book by Maurus Jókai is always so rich in stirring episodes, sidelights of humour, and keen touches of genial sarcasm. We are reminded of Dickens when we observe Maurus Jókai's treatment of petty detail. Rarely has a mind been so wonderfully on the *qui-vive*."

Daily Chronicle.—"A series of strong, vivid pictures of Hungarian life, executed by the hand of a great master."

The Scotsman.—"The bounding vitality, the overflowing good humour and invention, carry away the reader irresistibly."

LIBRARY EDITION. 6/- each volume.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

THE GREEN BOOK; OR, FREEDOM
UNDER THE SNOW.

PRETTY MICHAL.

THE LION OF JANINA; OR, THE
LAST DAYS OF THE JANIS-
SARIES.

A HUNGARIAN NABOB.

DR. DUMANY'S WIFE.

THE NAMELESS CASTLE.

THE POOR PLUTOCRATS.

DEBTS OF HONOR.

HALIL THE PEDLAR.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

EVES LIKE THE SEA.

'MIDST THE WILD CAR-
PATHIANS.

THE SLAVES OF THE PADI
SHAH.

TALES FROM JÓKAI.

NEW POPULAR EDITION.

Crown 8vo, Red Cloth, Gilt, 2/6 Net each volume.

With Photogravure Portrait of Dr. Jókai.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

Also published at 6d. in Paper Cover.

THE GREEN BOOK; OR, FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW.
A Thrilling Story of Russian Intrigue.

PRETTY MICHAL.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

Fascinating Stories about Animals.

CHARMING GIFT BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Elegant, Profusely Illustrated
by Celebrated Artists.

3s. 6d. each.

BLACK BEAUTY. *350th Thousand.*

The Autobiography of a Horse. By ANNA SEWELL.

*Recommended by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
as the best animal story ever written.*

MERRY JACKO.

The Amusing Adventures of a Monkey. By WARREN
KILLENWORTH.

THE LITTLE COLONEL'S HERO.

The Story of a Newfoundland Dog. By ANNIE FELLOWS-
JOHNSTON. A Book every Dog-lover should possess.

THE CHRONICLES OF BABA. *Second Edition.*

A Canine Teetotum. By M. MONTGOMERY-CAMPBELL,
Author of "Two Lovable Imps," etc.

"As a glimpse of real dog life nothing could be more entertaining and in-
structive."—*Glasgow Herald.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A SIBERIAN CUB. *Third Edition.*

By A. SLIVITSKI. Translated from the Russian by LEON
GOLDSCHMANN.

SHIREEN AND HER FRIENDS. *Ninth Edition.*

Pages from the Life of a Persian Cat. By DR. GORDON-
STABLES.

BEAUTIFUL JOE. *562nd Thousand.*

The Autobiography of a Dog. By MARSHALL SAUNDERS,
Author of "Tilda Jane," "Beautiful Joe's Paradise," etc.

BEAUTIFUL JOE'S PARADISE; *Eighteenth Thousand.*

Or, The Island of Brotherly Love. Sequel to "Beautiful
Joe." By MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

UGLY POLLO. *Third Edition.*

His Story. By HAROLD HICKMANN. A Fascinating Story
of Dog Life.

Recommended by the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

TOPSY'S TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES. *Second Edition.*

By ISABEL WORTLEY, Author of "Topsy's Four Homes."

TO CENTRAL AFRICA ON AN ICEBERG. *Eighth Edition.*

Being the Travels of a White Bear. By CHARLES SQUIRE
and FRANK MACLEAN.

FOUR-FOOTED AND FEATHERED *Third Edition.*

FRIENDS. By ALBYN MULLOY. Illustrated by J. A.
SHEPHERD. ("Zig-zag Sketches from the Zoo.")

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

New Illustrated Reward Books

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Elegant, Charminglly Illustrated.

3s. 6d. each.

The Rising of the Red Man. *Second Edition.*

A Stirring Story of Adventure. By JOHN MACKIE, Author of "Tales of the Trenches," etc.

"A story that cannot fail to please."—*The Graphic*.

"A thrilling story. A fine piece of descriptive writing."—*Irish Times*.

"Exceedingly well told, a very spirited story."—*Ladies' Pictorial*.

The King's Blue Boys.

A Tale of the Giant Grenadiers of Prussia. By SHEILA E. BRAINE, Author of "The Turkish Automaton," etc.

"Must attract lads by force of its brightness and audacious encounters . . . holds every essential of the successful boy's story."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"A capital story."—*The Standard*.

For Duty's Sake. *Third Edition.*

By M. DOUGLAS. Profusely Illustrated.

"Tales from the life of Nelson, of Father Damien, of John Howard, of Sir John Franklin, and other famous men, well and concisely written."—*Morning Post*.

Called Back to Tsarland.

A Maze of Mystery, being the Hair-breadth Escapes of Boris in Russia, while seeking his lost Father. By FRED WHISHAW.

"The plot is cleverly contrived so as to form a series of exciting and astonishing situations."—*undec Advertiser*.

"Well and brightly told."—*Morning Leader*.

The Hero of the Hills.

By G. WALDO BROWNE, Author of "The Young Gun Bearer," etc.

"John Stark, the hero, was a real person, which makes his thrilling adventures all the more interesting."—*Daily Mail*.

"Admirably written and illustrated, it is thrilling from first to last."—*The World*.

The Boy Skipper. *Fourth Edition.*

A True Story of the Sea. By W. C. METCALFE.

"No more inspiring story of heroism for boys could be found."—*Daily News*.

"The volume will be acceptable as a true story of a British tar's pluck, energy, and resource."—*Morning Post*.

The Blues and The Brigands.

By M. M. BLAKE.

"From first to last the pages are animated and replete with interest, full of character and vitality."—*Court Journal*.

"As an historical romance it is a distinct success and well worth reading."—*Western Morning News*.

New Illustrated Reward Books.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Elegant, Charminglly Illustrated.

3s. 6d. each.

The Wild Ruthvens.

Twelfth Edition.

By CURTIS YORKE.

"An enchanting work. The story runs on with happy, blithesome tread to the end, which is reached all too soon."—*St. Stephen's Review*.

"Is most amusing."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The Chronicles of Baba.

Second Edition.

A Canine Teetotum. By M. MONTGOMERY-CAMPBELL, Author of "Worth the Struggle," etc.

"Cannot but prove attractive . . . is well written in an amusing style."—*Schoolmaster*.

Billy Boy.

By MRS. GERARD FORD (Mrs. Vesey Stockley), Author of "King Pippin," "Master Rex," etc.

"A real child's book. Billy is a delightful little fellow."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Sure to amuse and interest the youngsters."—*Bookseller*.

Harum Scarum.

Eighteenth Edition.

By ESME STUART.

"This is certainly one of Miss Stuart's best books."—*Star*.

"Such a relish, a bright, breezy story, told with unflagging vivacity . . . one of the brightest and merriest of recent novels."—*Publishers' Circular*.

Topsy's Travels and Adventures.

The Story of a Toy Terrier and its Friends. By ISABEL WORTLEY, Author of "Topsy's Four Homes."

The Bright Kernel of Life.

By ISABEL SUART ROBSON.

"Quite refreshing to come across a story like this, full of brightness and vivacity, and fairly brimming over with the cheeriest optimism."—*Glasgow Daily Mail*.

Trip.

Third Edition.

A Story from Life. By ADELA FRANCES MOUNT, Author of "Margery's Quest."

"The story of a London street girl . . . a tale of considerable interest and power."—*St. James's Gazette*.

The Glory and Sorrow of Norwich. *Third Edition.*

By M. M. BLAKE, Author of "Siege of Norwich Castle," etc.

"The style is terse and dramatic, and the plot cleverly constructed."—*Ladies' Field*.

HUMOROUS NOVELS

By R. ANDOM.

All Fully Illustrated from
Special Silhouette and other Drawings by A. C. GOULD,
LOUIS GUNNIS, CHAS. HARRISON, and HARRY EVANS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 3/6 each.

The humour of R. Andom is irresistible: it bubbles up in every sentence and forces the reader to laugh in spite of himself. The most despairing pessimist will laugh over the amusing incidents again and again. His books abound in extraordinary scenes and breezy conversations.

One Hundred and Fifth Thousand.

WE THREE AND TRODDLES.

A Comic Sketch of London Life. With Silhouette Illustrations by A. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

Forty-Fourth Thousand.

TRODDLES AND US AND OTHERS.

A Sequel to We Three and Troddles. With Silhouette Illustrations by C. HARRISON.

THE BURGLINGS OF TUTT. *Seventeenth Thousand.*

Some Exploits in the Life of an Expert. With Forty Illustrations by LOUIS GUNNIS.

MARTHA AND I. *Sixty-Second Thousand.*

Being Scenes from our Suburban Life. With Sixty-One Silhouette Illustrations by A. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

THE IDENTITY EXCHANGE. *Seventeenth Thousand.*

A Story of some Odd Transformations. With Silhouette Illustrations by C. HARRISON.

Twenty-Seventh Thousand.

THE CRUISE OF THE "MOCK TURTLE."

A Story of Lively Adventures Ashore and Afloat. With Fifty-Four Illustrations by HARRY EVANS.

THE MAGIC BOWL. *Just Published.*

With Fifty Illustrations by LOUIS GUNNIS.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

A List of Favourite Novels

By CURTIS YORKE.

Special Uniform Edition, Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt,

3/6 each.

The Times.—"Curtis Yorke in her many novels has a happy gift for portraying the tender emotions. There is always a charm about Curtis Yorke's books."

Morning Post.—"Whether grave or gay, the author is a *raconteur* whose imagination and vivacity are unfailing. Few, moreover, have in the same degree the versatility which enables her to provoke peals of laughter and move almost to tears."

THAT LITTLE GIRL.	<i>Fourteenth Edition</i>
VALENTINE. A Story of Ideals.	<i>Seventh Edition.</i>
HUSH!	<i>Eighth Edition.</i>
JOCELYN ERROLL.	<i>Sixth Edition.</i>
THE WILD RUTHVENS.	<i>Fifteenth Edition.</i>
A Special Illustrated Edition is also issued. 3/6	
CARPATHIA KNOX.	<i>Fifth Edition.</i>
DUDLEY.	<i>Eighth Edition.</i>
THE ROMANCE OF MODERN LONDON.	<i>Sixth Edition.</i>
ONCE!	<i>Ninth Edition.</i>
HIS HEART TO WIN.	<i>Eighth Edition.</i>
DARRELL CHEVASNEY.	<i>Fifth Edition.</i>
A RECORD OF DISCORDS.	<i>Fourth Edition.</i>
BECAUSE OF THE CHILD, with Sequel.	<i>Eighth Edition.</i>
A Story without a Plot.	
THE MEDLICOTTS	<i>Sixth Edition.</i>
A Special Illustrated Edition is also issued. 3/6	
BETWEEN THE SILENCES.	<i>Third Edition.</i>
THE BROWN PORTMANTEAU.	<i>Fifth Edition.</i>
A MEMORY INCARNATE.	<i>Third Edition.</i>
BUNGAY OF BANDILOO	<i>Third Edition.</i>

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

WORKS BY

Rev. W. Haslam, M.A.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt, 2/6 ; Cloth, Flush, Limp, 1/6 ;

Paper Boards, 1/- Net.

129th Thousand
FROM DEATH INTO LIFE ; or, Twenty
Years of My Ministry. Special Presentation Edition, 3s. 6d.

"This narrative is after our own heart in almost every respect, and we wish that thousands may read it. No one can read it without being the better for it."—*Sword and Trowel*.

39th Thousand.
YET NOT I ; or, More Years of My Ministry. Special
Presentation Edition, 3s. 6d.

"We earnestly desire for this work a yet wider circulation than has been attained by its predecessor, 'From Death into Life.'"—*The Record*.

10th Thousand.
GLEANINGS FROM THE HARVEST.
Special Presentation Edition, 3s. 6d.

"A most striking book—full of freshness and life. We wish it a wide popularity."—*British Weekly*.

19th Thousand.
THE LORD IS COMING.

"In many respects the best book that has appeared for some time upon the subject."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

12th Thousand.
FULL SALVATION, as seen in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's
Progress." With 42 Illustrations and Frontispiece.

"We have felt great interest in observing how the author has succeeded in making the 'Pilgrim's Progress' illustrate the Christian life."—*The British Friend*.

8th Thousand.
LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

18th Thousand.
THE THREE-FOLD GIFT OF GOD.

"We heartily thank God for this book. Mr. Haslam has added much to the great service he has done already to the Church of Christ in the publication of this book."—*Christian Progress*.

18th Thousand.
BUILDING FROM THE TOP. Twenty-four
True Tales of Conversion.

"Not only are these stories interesting in themselves, but in everyone the plan of salvation is clearly stated. We heartily commend the book ; it is one that should find a place in the Sunday School Library."—*The Christian*.

LONDON : JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

"One of the foremost writers of Modern Romance."

Fergus Hume's Sensational Novels.

Handsome, Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt,

3s. 6d. each, postage 4d. extra.

412th Thousand.

THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB.

Revised and expurgated by the author, with a most interesting preface, in which Mr. Hume gives a short history of the book, telling how it was written, and how first published, and also correcting many grave errors that have arisen as to the personality of the author.

"Is indisputably clever and fascinating."—*Court Journal*.

"One of the most successful books of the age."—*North British Advertiser*.

18th Thousand.

THE LONE INN. A Mystery.

"Keeps the reader from first to last in a maze of expectancy and doubt."—*The Morning Post*.

"Full of incident. . . . A series of extraordinary incidents and appalling adventures."—*The Scotsman*.

"Brightly written and weirdly fascinating."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

19th Thousand.

THE MYSTERY OF LANDY COURT.

"A lively and cleverly constructed story; ingenious and well told."—*The Queen*.

"An excellent example of his skill in weaving plots, and his cleverness in sustaining a mystery to a dramatic and unlooked-for conclusion."—*The Star*.

"Fergus Hume has given us a good many 'mysteries' now, but we confess we don't find any falling off in his ingenuity."—*Bradford Observer*.

4th Edition.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

"Very good reading."—*Athenaeum*.

"As strange and surprising a plot as Mr. Hume's imagination has evolved. The complex movements of the actors are cleverly managed."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

7th Edition.

THE EXPEDITION OF CAPT. FLICK.

"As audacious, ingenious, and cleverly written as anything from his pen."—*Saturday Review*.

"Contains an all absorbing mystery, which is maintained with all the cunning of a master in the art."—*Leicester Chronicle*.

A GUINEA WORK FOR 7/6.

FIFTEENTH (POPULAR EDITION).

Bate's Cyclopædia

Of Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

This work is published in order to supply a want felt by tens of thousands for a volume of illustrations, exhaustive and yet arranged with such simplicity that any desired illustration can be found at a moment's notice.

It is indispensable to the student, the man of letters, the preacher, and every Christian worker.

The volume is handsomely bound, substantial in appearance, printed in clear, readable type on good paper, and extends to almost 1,000 pages.

OPINIONS OF PURCHASERS, &c.

"I would like you to send me another copy for a friend who has seen mine and is pleased with it. I am delighted with it."—*Leeds*.

"I consider it one of the best works published for Ministers, Sunday School Teachers, and Local Preachers."—*Cornwall*

"Will you please forward another of the 'Bate's Cyclopædia'? I am very pleased with it. I have shown it to several friends who are all delighted with it."—*Cornwall*.

"Amid a host of younger rivals 'Bate's Cyclopædia' still holds its own. In its own particular line, it is without a compeer."—*Congregationalist*.

"Every important term connected with moral and religious truth will be found illustrated in this volume."—*Methodist Recorder*.

"The fulness and variety of its contents are truly astonishing."—*Primitive Methodist Magazine*.

"It is one of the cheapest books in the market, and it is also one of the most useful that a preacher or teacher can possess."—*Sword and Trowel*.

948 PAGES	}	7/6	HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH GILT, RED EDGES.
1,500 SUBJECTS			
7,000 ILLUSTRATIONS			
700,000 WORDS (estimated)			

PRESENTATION EDITION, LEATHER, GILT EDGES, 12/6 *Net*.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

WORKS BY THE

Rev. Robert Middleton.

Twenty-Fifth Thousand.

The Second Coming of Our Lord.

Paper, 3d. Cloth Limp, 6d. Boards, 1/-.

"There can be no question as to the importance of the subject and the industry and earnestness displayed by the author,"—*English Churchwoman*.

Glimpses of the Glory-land.

Fourth Edition.

Cloth, 2/- net. Paper Covers, 1/- net.

"Some helpful and spiritual thoughts on heaven, couched in simple but vivid language."—*The Christian*.

Nearing the End

Cloth, 1/- Boards, 6d. Paper Covers, 2d. net.

"Mr. Middleton seeks to divert the mind of the Church to the sign of the times, and especially in relation to the Second Advent."—*English Churchwoman*.

Twentieth Thousand.

The Experiences of a Country Curate.

Art Boards, 6d. Paper Covers, 2d. net.

The Experiences of a City Rector.

Art Boards, 6d. Paper Covers, 2d. net.

"The author is able to tell of spiritual signs following his work in the city. These and other matters are outlined in an attractive manner."—*The Christian*.

How the Blessing Came. *Sixty-First Thousand.*

By A TOWN VICAR. Art Boards, 6d. Paper Covers, 2d. net.

A Life Prayer.

Thirteenth Edition.

On Illuminated Cardboard, 2d. Also in leaflet form, 8d. per 100.

Gospel Teachings.

Twelve Leaflets. 8d. per 100, 4/- per 1000. Assorted packet, containing 12 of each, 1/-.

The above leaflets are printed on one side only, so they may also be used for printing announcements of Special Evangelistic Missions or Services.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

WORKS BY THE

Rev. Robert Middleton.

Fifty-Sixth Thousand.
Present Signs of the Times.

Price 1d.

"Some of the facts, notably those that refer to the return of the Jews to Palestine, are very startling."—*The Baptist*.

Is Christ Coming?

Price 1d.

Eighteenth Thousand.
Further Signs of the Times.

Price 1d.

"It is of grave import. The pamphlet should have many readers."—*The Christian*.

What do I Give? and Why?

A Few Plain Words to Christians. Price 1d.

Startling Second Coming Booklets.

Twelve assorted, in Packets. Price 6d.

The Revival that would not Come.

Paper Cover, 1d. Post free 1½d

Illuminated Chart.

By the REV. F. H. GIBSON, showing the Plan of the Second Coming at a glance. Price 1d.

A SELECTION FROM JARROLD & SONS'

Devotional Works.

The Nature of the Pentecostal Baptism.

With Diagrams Illustrating the Harmony of the Prophetic Systems of Old and New Testament, the Organization of the Camp of Israel, and the Present Position of the Church.

By the REV. DAVID MULLAN, B.A., Author of "Conditions of Effectual Prayer," "Short Papers on Great Questions," etc. 2/6 net.

"We especially admire in this work the rich store of Scriptural and historical facts."—*Life of Faith*.

"Deals powerfully and convincingly with the subject of the great apostacy predicted in the new Testament and brings it to bear practically on some of the religious systems and pretensions of the day."—*The Rock*.

Second Edition.

The Conditions of Effectual Prayer.

By the REV. DAVID MULLAN, B.A., Author of "The Nature of the Pentecostal Baptism," "Short Papers on Great Questions," etc., etc. 6d.

"An admirable statement of the subject; simple, searching, spiritual, suggestive, it is sure to be serviceable."—*Life of Faith*.

"Should receive wide circulation."—*British Weekly*.

"An admirable summary of such prayer as avails with God."—*Rev F. B. Meyer*.

How to Pray the Lord's Prayer.

By the VEN. ARCHDEACON G. ROBERT WYNNE, D.D.
Cloth Limp, 6d.

"The little book has some valuable suggestions."—*Guardian*.

God's Mark, Have I Missed it?

By H. TRACY. Cloth, 6d. Paper Cover, 2d. net.

"A striking arrangement of Bible Texts, presenting the essential doctrines of the faith in their personal and individual application to the soul."—*The News*.

Third Edition Now Ready.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF A CONVERSION.

The One-Eyed Smacksman: Donald Dorrington.

A CHARACTER SKETCH. By KERRISON JUNIPER, with Preface by AVARY H. FORBES, M.A. 6d. net.

"Donald Dorrington is the subject of one of the most thrilling brochures, illustrative of Christian fortitude and faith, we have ever read. Those who read it wish others to do the same, as invariably the same blessed results follow—confirmation of faith, strengthening of heart, and assurance of the truth."—*Sword and Trowel*.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

A SELECTION FROM JARROLD & SONS'

Devotional Works.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LOG BOOK;

or, Precious Pearls from Master Minds for Everyday Wear.

By M. E. HEAVISIDE PEAT. With an Introductory Preface, written by DR. J. E. C. WELLDON, formerly Head Master of Harrow, and Bishop of Calcutta. Cloth Binding, 5/- net; Special Bindings for Presents, 7/6 net; Morocco, 10/6 and 21/- net.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY writes:—"The Christian's Log Book' is likely to be of good service to many."

"We feel sure that many will warmly welcome this attractive volume. The selection has been made with much discrimination and care."—*The Record*.

"Cannot but be useful, as breathing high ideas into lives too often covered and darkened by common worldly cares."—*The Scotsman*.

THE MEANING OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

With some Remarks as to its History, and on Prayers for the Departed.

By the REV. JOHN C. VAWDREY, M.A. With a Preface specially written by the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON PEROWNE, B.D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, 2/6 net.

"A careful reading of Mr. Vawdrey's book will well repay thoughtful minds."—*Church Bells*.

"The discussion on prayers for the dead contains much learned information."—*The Rock*.

NATURE STUDIES FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

THE WITNESS OF CREATION.

By the HON. M. CORDELIA LEIGH, Author of "Simple Lessons from Nature," etc. Beautifully Illustrated, 2/6.

"An excellent first book in the study of Nature in its widest sense, simply and clearly expressed, and effectively illustrated."—*The Churchwoman*.

"A series of Nature studies very well and carefully worked out; with full spiritual applications."—*Life of Faith*.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

WORKS BY THE

Rev. G. S. Barrett, D.D.

THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.

Author of "The Bible and its Inspiration," "Family Worship," etc. Crown 8vo, Cloth, 1/6.

"Clear in style, fresh in thought, devout in tone, practical in aim, and spiritual in teaching, these meditations will be acceptable to many."—*Life of Faith*.

"A clear, logical, intelligent, and spiritual exposition, which may be helpful alike to the personal student and to those who have to prepare addresses on these undying words of the dying Saviour."—*Church Family Newspaper*.

Third Edition.

THE BIBLE & ITS INSPIRATION:

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE HIGHER CRITICISM.
Author of "The Intermediate State," "The Temptation of Christ," etc. Crown 8vo, Cloth 2/- Paper Cover, 1/6.

"Dr. Barrett has done excellent service by his clear and manly exposition. The book is full of spiritual vision and reverend common sense."—*Speaker*.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Third Edition.

MORNING AND EVENING. By the REV. DR. BARRETT, Author of "The Bible and its Inspiration," "Religion in Daily Life," etc. Gilt edges, 3/6; or Cheaper Editions, 3/-; and Plain Edges, 2/6.

"An excellent collection of prayers for use at family worship. Sound in doctrine, reverent in tone, and beautiful in phraseology. Nonconformists could hardly desire a better book."—*Methodist Times*.

A FLOWER SERVICE.

Containing Appropriate Hymns and Chants, a condensed Litany, and Verses and Scripture. Price, 2d.

"A scriptural exhibition of Divine goodness in nature."—*Bond of Union*.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

Dr. Gordon-Stables'

HEALTH MANUALS.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 2/6 each, postage 3d. extra; or the Set of Six in Handsome Case, 15/- net.

Now Ready.

THE PARENT'S GUIDE TO CHILDREN'S AILMENTS.

An invaluable work for all parents who value the well-being of their children.

Second Edition.

THE MOTHER'S BOOK OF HEALTH AND FAMILY ADVISER.

"A valuable 'Family Adviser,' and as such deserves to be welcomed in the household."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

Fourth Edition.

THE WIFE'S GUIDE TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

"The advice given is sensible and up to date. Dr. Stables handles delicate and difficult subjects with great skill."—*Medical Monthly*.

Fourth Edition.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

"Straightforward, manly talks, pregnant with wise counsel. Our advice is, let every boy get the book."—*Christian Age*.

Fourth Edition.

THE GIRL'S OWN BOOK OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

"Dr. Gordon Stables writes of health in a healthful manner, and young women can only derive profit from the study of his precept."—*The Queen*.

Fourth Edition.

SICKNESS OR HEALTH; or, the Danger of Trifling Ailments.

"A number of excellent suggestions for retaining health are here offered by a medical man."—*Gazette*.

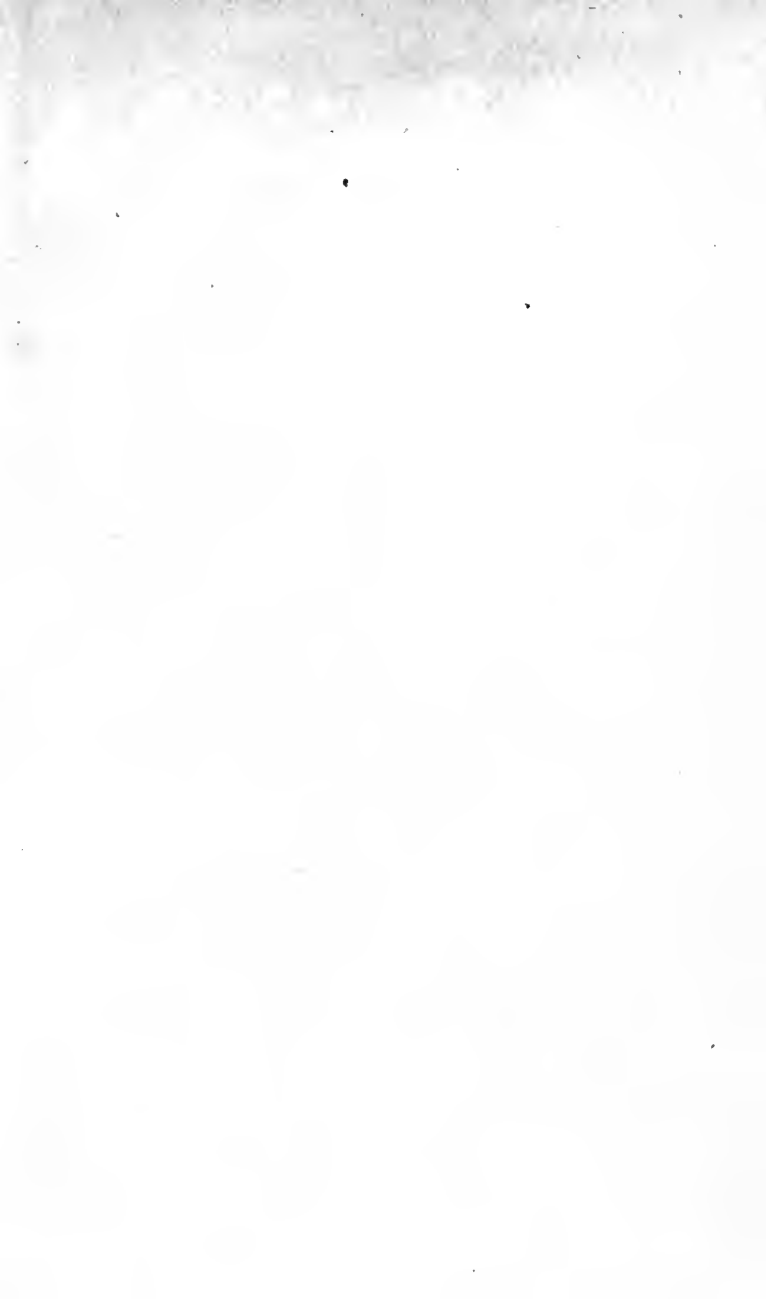
THE FRESH AIR TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION AND NERVOUS AILMENTS.

Stiff Cover, 1/6.

HEARTHSTONE TALKS ON HEALTH AND HOME.

By GORDON-STABLES. Stiff Cover, 1/-

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.





105351

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 718 419 5

